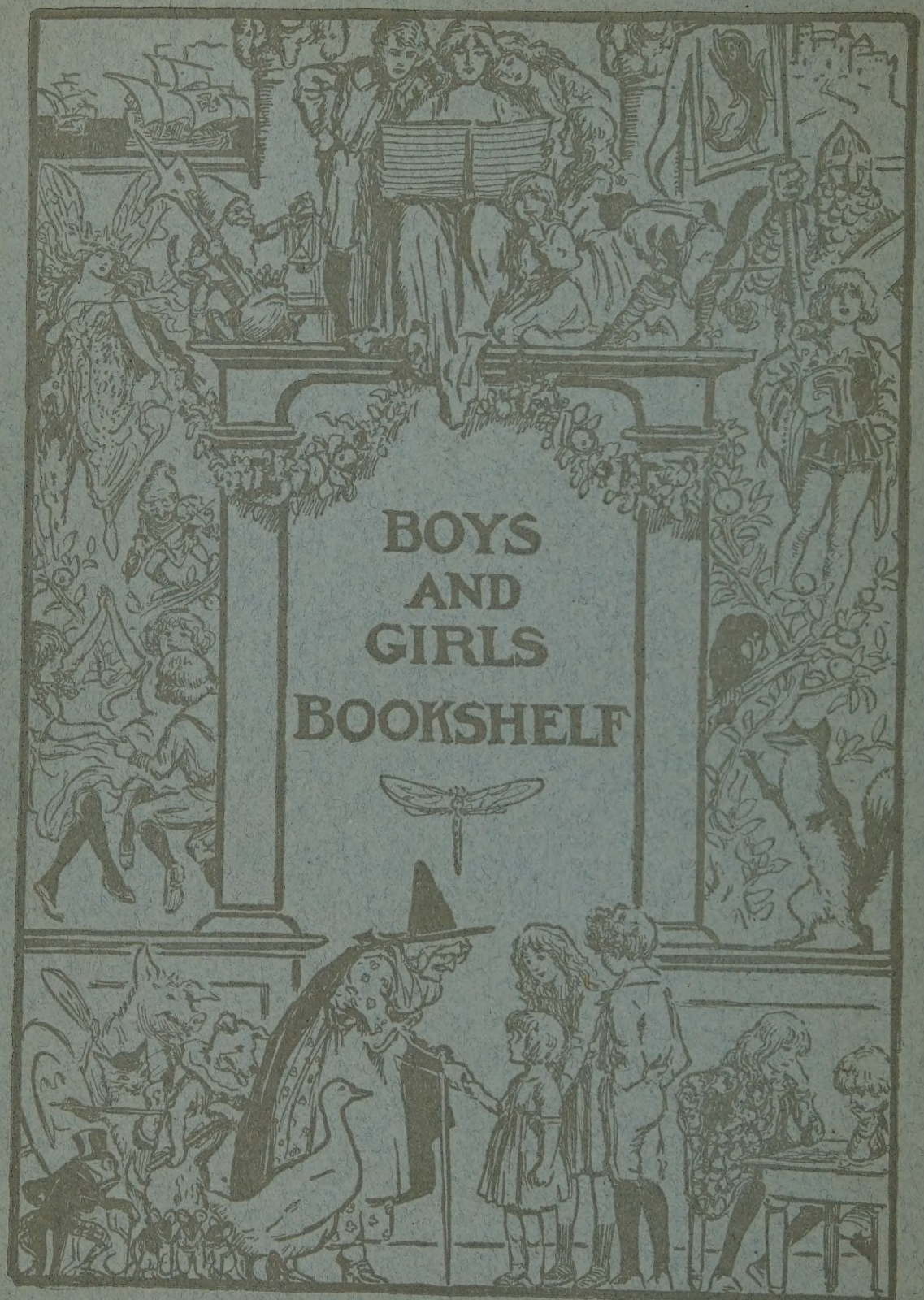
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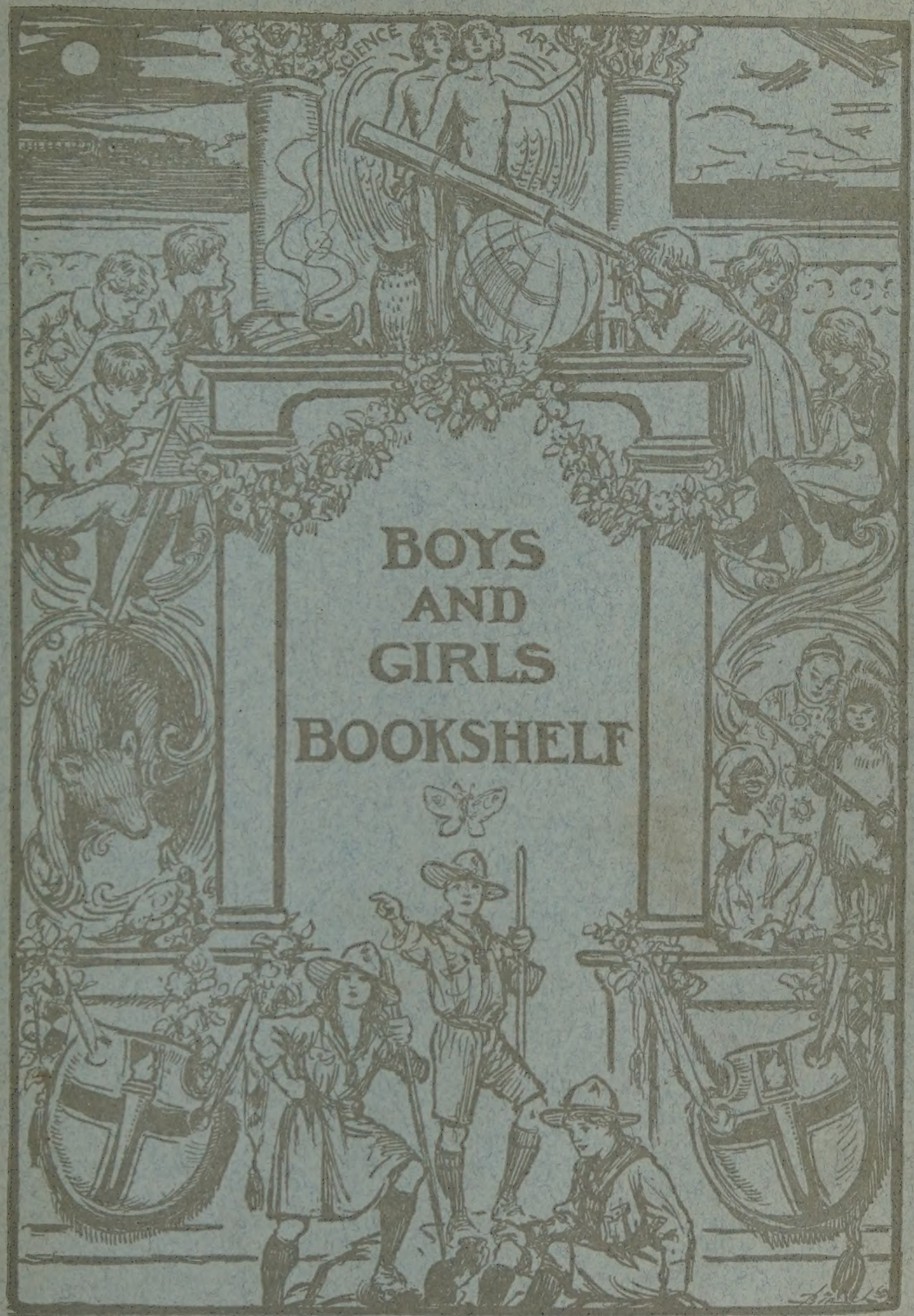
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BOOKSHELF

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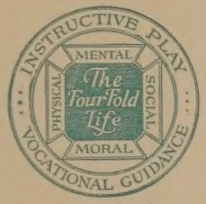
PETER AND WENDY IN THE TREETOP HOUSE

BOYS AND GIRLS BOOKSHELF

A Practical Plan of Character Building

Little Folks' Section



Prepared Under the Supervision of

THE EDITORIAL BOARD *of the* UNIVERSITY SOCIETY

Volume III

FAMOUS TALES AND NATURE STORIES

THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY
INCORPORATED
New York

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INTRODUCTION

LEARNING to read seems to some of us who have practised the art so long a dim and mysterious one. Yet, given the right incentive, it is not difficult to a young child who has an attentive teacher.

It is now recognized that the best approach to reading is the child's own desire. As soon as books become to him a felt need, they are as eagerly sought and mastered as his playthings. When he recognizes that he can express certain thoughts or designs that he wants in his play by letters through his fingers, or can know stories through books when adults have not time to read them to him, he will not be denied until he gains the mastery of this magic art. The BOOKSHELF gives you both a Primer and a First Reader, composed from the modern viewpoint. It does more than this. As the special introduction to the Primer shows, the best Primer is one that the child makes himself, and you are taught here how you may use the pictures and stories of the BOOKSHELF, as well as the child's own play-interests and playthings, to extend his reading ability. The reading process is to be encouraged and carried on, and in this volume is the material for doing the work.

A most important portion of this third volume is the long section devoted to the children's classics. We can hardly be too early in introducing our children to the masters of verse and story, who have written for children or have written what children can appreciate. The foundation of a fine literary taste is best laid in early childhood. There is no reason to give children the second-rate, when the best has been made available to them.

So far as possible, these famous stories and verses are given in the original language, but where a book is too long or in its first form was suited almost wholly to adult intelligence, it has been carefully and freshly rewritten.

The closing pages of the volume are devoted to some simple nature-stories. They contain just the sort of information that will be interesting to a young child who desires to know the farm and home animals, or who goes occasionally to the zoo or to the circus. Intermingled are a few funny verses and pictures that have to do with "unnatural" as distinct from natural history. But the children will be quite able to tell them apart, and will not accuse the Editors of "nature-faking."

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A B C COMPANY

GUESS what wonder I have heard,—
It is true, upon my word,—
Twenty-one men, I understand,
Marching up and down the land,
Fair and handsome to behold,
But no two alike, I'm told;
Free are all from fault or stain,
But not one can speak out plain,
And for this they've taken thought,—
Five interpreters they've brought:
Deeply learned men are they.
The first is wonderment all day,
Opens his mouth and says, "A! A!"
The second like a mouse you see,
He goes on squeaking, "E! E! E!"
The third's a selfish man,—and why?
He always talks of "I! I! I!"
The fourth comes forward, hobbling slow,
As if in pain, with "O! O! O!"
The fifth, I don't think speaks quite true:
He says he's not himself, but "U!"
And all together—they're so strong—
They go on talking all day long.

To the Mother:

This little Primer is intended to help any mother, after the reading-interest has developed, to show her child how to gain real reading-power.

The mother should begin by encouraging the child to print single words in type, and then, as she reads some of the stories in this volume, to pick out the words with which he has become familiar. This will immensely help reading-*interest*, but interest alone is not power, though it leads to power.

The first step in the use of the Primer is to take the first picture, and print on a card the name of the object illustrated in it. It is a dog. Find other pictures of dogs, and place the printed name under it wherever it is found, to associate the symbol with the picture. Do this to two or three pictures. Shuffle the cards containing these different nouns and rearrange them, until the child never makes a mistake.

Print a few action-words the same way, such as "like," "see," "find," "jump," etc., and use them likewise.

Make little booklets, with cut-out pictures found about the house, and help the child to print such illustrative phrases as "jump," "dog," "run," "cat," etc. Leave room under each picture on a page for other phrases to be added as the child masters them.

Tell the simplest possible stories, giving the substance of the first page in the Primer, and review it by having the child point out the words.

A great many play-devices are given by Miss Harris in our HOME KINDERGARTEN MANUAL for learning to enjoy finding new words.

A Primer is of course not in itself inspiring as literature. It is just a convenient storehouse of the simplest words and phrases. The mother will not necessarily use these in turn. She will devise and print little stories of her own, with the child's help. For example, just after she has helped the child read the stories about dogs and cats she will print some more cat-and-dog stories, and then go on to the next group. The stories given are simply suggestive to the mother, being useful chiefly for their pictures and their hints as to incidents, words and phrases.

The best Primer is the one that mother and child make together, and the home-made cards and booklets are better than any Primer can possibly be.

Some of the later pieces are not arranged in cycles, in order that the mother may build up her own arrangement. About such themes as "calf," "brother," "school," "book," "work," it will be easy, with the aid of other pictures of these objects in these volumes and around the house, to gather simple stories, which the mother and child will print in their own Primer-booklet.

This is not the only Primer in THE BOOKSHELF. The Mother Goose rhymes and many of the simpler stories in the first volume will yield abundant material for the beginning reader. Children soon cease to be satisfied with the "I see the Cat" kind of literature, and crave stories containing action, humor, and result. Just as soon as they have, with careful practice in card-reading and book-making, learned the technique of the art, their vocabulary begins to grow by leaps and bounds, and they are ready for our First Reader and much of the material in the second and third volumes of THE BOOKSHELF.

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THE LITTLE ROGUE

FROM A PAINTING BY VON BREWER

I LOVE MY DOGS

I love my dogs.
My dogs like me.
See my big dog.
See my little dog.
See the mother dog.
See the baby dog.
The mother dog loves the baby dog.
Do you like my dogs?
Do you like me?

SEE MY DOGS

See my dogs.
I like my dogs.
See! I have two dogs.
I have a mother dog.
I have a baby dog.
The mother dog is Jane.
The baby dog is Joe.
Jane likes Joe.
Joe likes Jane.
Do you like Joe and Jane?
See Jane run.

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"DON'T BE AFRAID!"

FROM AN ENGRAVING OF THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR J. ELSLEY.

I LIKE MY CAT

I like my cat.
My cat likes me.
My mother loves me.
My mother likes my cat.
My cat likes milk.
Do you like my cat?

DO YOU LIKE CATS?

Do you like cats?
Do you like black cats?
Do you like white cats?
See my black cat.
See my white cat.
My white cat likes my black cat.
Cats do not like dogs.
My cats do not like Jane and Joe
My dogs run.
My cats run when they see my dogs.
I like to see my cats eat milk.

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"MAKE HASTE!"

FROM AN ENGRAVING OF THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR J. ELSLEY.

FOX AND DOG AND CAT

The fox does not like the cat.
The cat does not like the fox.
The fox likes the cat's milk.
The dog does not like the cat.
The cat does not like the dog.
The dog likes the cat's milk.
The fox cannot get the cat's milk.
The dog cannot get the cat's milk.
Do you like the fox?
Do you like the dog?
Do you like the cat?

CAT AND KITTENS

See the mother cat.
See the baby cats.
The mother cat loves the baby cats.
The baby cats like milk.
The baby cats do not like the dog.
Do you like the baby cats?

"IF MASTER FOX'S CHAIN WERE LONGER HE COULD GET SOME OF PUSSY'S MILK, TOO!"

FIDO: "IF MY MISTRESS WOULD ONLY TAKE OFF THIS MUZZLE I COULD HAVE SOME, TOO!"

FIVE LITTLE BIRDS

One, two, three, four, five.
We are five little birds.
Where is the mother bird?
The mother bird has gone for a worm.
The worm is for the little birds.
Who wants a worm?
"Peep, peep!" the little birds say.
"We want a worm."
Come, mother bird, come.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND HER SHEEP

See the sheep.
One, two, sheep.
The little girl has two sheep.
Sheep like milk.
The sheep like the little girl's milk.
"Drink my milk," the little girl says.
Will the sheep drink the little girl's milk?

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE DONKEY

See the little boy.
See the little girl.
See the donkey.
The little boy and the little girl like the donkey.
The little boy and the little girl ride on the donkey.
Can the donkey run?
Yes, the donkey can run fast.
The donkey likes the little boy and the little girl.

WHERE?

Where is Mother?
Where is Dolly?
Where is my Ball?
Where is Father?

Where is my Cat?
Where is Baby?
Where, oh, where, is my Ball?
Where, oh, where, is my Cat?

GOOD-NIGHT

Good-night,	n ight
Sleep tight,	t ight
Wake up bright,	br ight
In the morning light,	l ight
To do the right,	r ight
With all your might.	m ight

bright	night	tight
right	might	light

STAR LIGHT

Star light, star bright,	br ight
First star I see to-night;	n ight
I wish I may, I wish I might,	m ight
Have the wish I wish to-night.	n ight

Ruth M Hallock

POLLY, PUT THE KETTLE ON

Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
We'll all take tea.

Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
We've all had tea.

SOME THINGS TO GUESS

It is little.
It is round.
It is red.
It is not good to eat.
I can catch it.
What is it?

It is little.
It is round.
It is red.
It is good to eat.
I can eat it.
What is it?

It is little.
It can play.
It likes to play with baby.
It likes to play with me.
It says "Bow! bow!"
What is it?

SOME THINGS TO FIND

Find a girl.
Find a boy.
Find a dolly.
Find a kitten.
Find a dog.

Find a ball.
Find a book.
Did you find it?
I did.

The Dancing Class

By
Esther H. Staples

"One, two," the professor said.
"And again, a one two three.
One, two, and a one two three,
Is the polka time" said he.

"One, two, three", professor said,
"And again a one, two, three.
One, two, three, and one, two, three,
Is the waltzing time" said he.

FLY, LITTLE BIRD

Fly, little bird,
Fly to the tree;
Sing, little bird,
Sing to me.

GUESS WHO I AM

I am little.
I am brown.
I live in a tree.
I can fly.
I like worms to eat.
Who am I?

BIRDS

See the blue bird.
It is a jay.
See the gray bird.
It is a dove.
See the little bird.
It is a wren.
Do you like tne jay?
I like the jay.
Do you like the dove?
I like the dove.
Do you like the wren?
I like the wren best.

THE JAY AND THE DOVE

Where do you come from, Mr. Jay?
From the land of play.
From the land of play.
Where is that, Mr. Jay?
Far away. Far away.

Where do you come from, Mrs. Dove?
From the land of love.
From the land of love.
How do you get there, Mrs. Dove?
Look above. Look above.

THE BIRD IN THE TREE

See the bird up in the tree.
The bird lives in the tree.
The bird has a nest in the tree.
Can you see the nest?
What is in the nest?
Eggs are in the nest.
One, two, three, four eggs.
The mother bird sets on the eggs.
The eggs will be baby birds some day.
The bird is a wren.
Do you like birds?
Do you like the little wren?
I would like to see the baby birds.

"WE'LL GO TO THE WOOD," SAYS RICHARD TO ROBIN

"We'll go to the wood," says Richard to Robin,
"We'll go to the wood," says Robin to Bobin,
"We'll go to the wood," says John, all alone,
"We'll go to the wood," says every one.

"What to do there?" says Richard to Robin,
"What to do there?" says Robin to Bobin,
"What to do there?" says John, all alone,
"What to do there?" says every one.

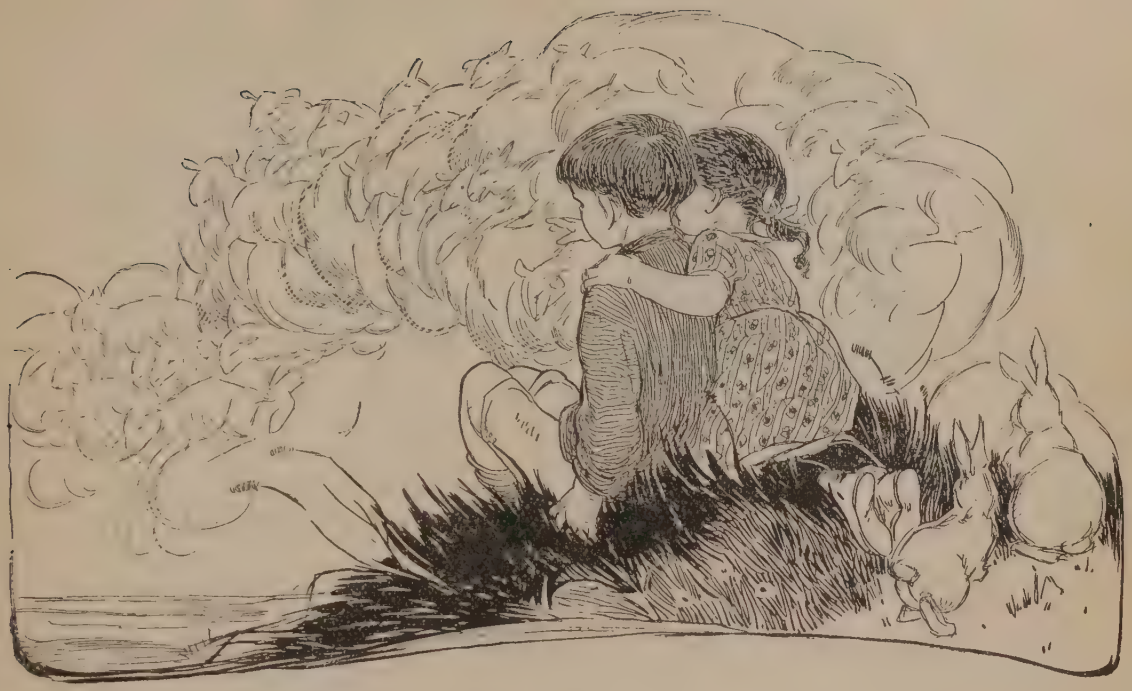
"We 'll look for a wren," says Richard to Robin,
"We 'll look for a wren," says Robin to Bobin,
"We 'll look for a wren," says John, all alone,
"We 'll look for a wren," says every one.

"Oh, here is the wren," says Richard to Robin,
"Oh, here is the wren," says Robin to Bobin,
"Oh, here is the wren," says John, all alone,
"Oh, here is the wren," says every one.

"Here are three pretty eggs," says Richard to Robin,
"Here are three pretty eggs," says Robin to Bobin,
"Here are three pretty eggs," says John, all alone,
"Here are three pretty eggs," says every one.

"They 'll soon be singing birds," says Richard to Robin,
"They 'll soon be singing birds," says Robin to Bobin,
"They 'll soon be singing birds," says John, all alone,
"They 'll soon be singing birds," says every one.

Then merrily home went Richard and Robin,
And merrily home went Robin and Bobin,
And merrily home went every one,
And left the mother bird all safe and alone.



THE CLOUDS

WHITE sheep, white sheep,
On a blue hill,
When the wind stops,
You all stand still.
You walk far away,
When the winds blow;
White sheep, white sheep,
Where do you go?

A STORY

THERE was an old man,
And he had a calf,
  And that's half;
He took him out of the stall,
And tied him to the wall,
  And that's all.

ANOTHER STORY

I'LL tell you a story
About Mary Morey,
  And now my story's begun.
I'll tell you another
About her brother,
  And now my story's done.

THE CROOKED FAMILY

THERE was a crooked man,
And he went a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence
Upon a crooked stile:
He bought a crooked cat,
That caught a crooked mouse---
And they all lived together
In a little crooked house.

MARY'S CAT

Mew! mew! mew!
How do you do?
I am Mary's cat.
Mew! mew! mew!

BABY-LAND

"How many miles to Baby-land?"
"Any one can tell:
Up one flight,
To the right;
Please to ring the bell."

"What can you see in Baby-land?"
"Little folks in white---
Downy heads,
Cradle-beds,
Faces pure and bright!"

"What do they do in Baby-land?"
"Dream and wake and play,
Laugh and crow,
Shout and grow;
Jolly times have they!"

"What do they say in Baby-land?"
"Why, the oddest things;
Might as well
Try to tell
What a birdie sings!"

"Who is the Queen of Baby-land?"
"Mother, kind and sweet;
And her love,
Born above,
Guides the little feet."

THIS IS THE WAY

THIS is the way
I go to school,
Go to school,
Go to school;
This is the way
I go to school,
So early in the morning.

This is the way
I read my book,
Read my book,
Read my book;
This is the way
I read my book,
So early in the morning.

This is the way
I do my work,
Do my work,
Do my work;
This is the way
I do my work,
So early in the morning.

THE LITTLE RED HEN AND THE GRAIN OF WHEAT

THE Little Red Hen found a grain of wheat.

"Ho," said the Little Red Hen. "Here is food for winter's store. Now who will plant the grain of wheat?"

"Not I!" said the Cat.
"Not I!" said the Cock.
"Not I!" said the Duck.
"Not I!" said the Drake.
"Not I!" said the Dog.
"Not I!" said the Goose.
"Then I will!" said the Little Red Hen.

So the Little Red Hen scratched about in the garden and planted the grain of wheat. By and by tiny green blades began to come through the ground, and the Little Red Hen saw it and cried: "Now have we a wheat field of our own! Who will tend the field of wheat?"

"Not I!" said the Cat.
"Not I!" said the Cock.

"Not I!" said the Duck.

"Not I!" said the Drake.

"Not I!" said the Dog.

"Not I!" said the Goose.

"Then I will!" said the Little Red Hen.

So she scratched about the blades of wheat and tended them for long months, and they grew, and flourished, and blossomed, and at last the wheat was ripe for cutting.

"Now who will cut the field of wheat?" asked the Little Red Hen.

"Not I!" said the Cat.

"Not I!" said the Cock.

"Not I!" said the Duck.

"Not I!" said the Drake.

"Not I!" said the Goose.

"Not I!" said the Dog.

"Then I will!" said the Little Red Hen. So she used her sharp bill and cut down all the stalks of wheat and stacked them neatly in the corner of the garden.

"Now who will take the wheat to the thrasher?" asked the Little Red Hen, for she was very busy and her chickens were calling her.

"Not I!" said the Cat.

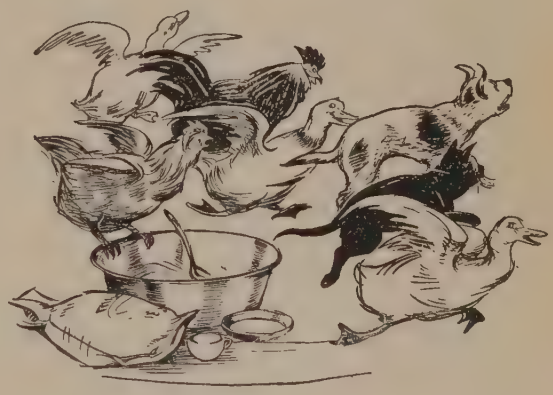
"Not I!" said the Cock.
"Not I!" said the Duck.
"Not I!" said the Drake.
"Not I!" said the Goose.
"Not I!" said the Dog.

"Then I will!" said the Little Red Hen. So she left her chickens in the garden and carried off the stack of wheat to the thrasher.

The next day the wheat was to be taken to the miller to be made into flour.

"Now who will carry the wheat to the mill?" asked the Little Red Hen.

"Not I!" said the Cat.
"Not I!" said the Cock.
"Not I!" said the Duck.
"Not I!" said the Drake.
"Not I!" said the Goose.
"Not I!" said the Dog.



"Then I will!" said the Little Red Hen. So she left her chickens again in the garden and took the stack of wheat and carried it to the miller, and when it was made into flour she brought it home again.

"Now here is fine white flour to be made into bread,"

said the Little Red Hen. "Who will set and bake the bread?"

"Not I!" said the Cat.

"Not I!" said the Cock.

"Not I!" said the Duck.

"Not I!" said the Drake.

"Not I!" said the Goose.

"Not I!" said the Dog.

"Then I will!" said the Little Red Hen. So she set the bread, and made a fire, and baked the loaf, and brought it all nice and white and light out of the oven.

"Now here is fine white bread to eat," said the Little Red Hen. "Who will eat this loaf?"

"Mew, mew," said the Cat, "I will!"

"Cock-a-doodle-do," said the Cock, "I will!"

"Quack, quack," said the Duck, "I will!"

"Quock, quock," said the Drake, "I will!"

"Gwo, gwo," said the Goose, "I will!"

"Bow, wow," said the Dog, "I will!"

"Cluck, cluck," said the Little Red Hen. "No, you won't! I will!" And she called all of her chickens together and they ate up the loaf, even to the very last crumb.

There was once a youthful Undine
In the kingdom of ultramarine.
Often week after week
She would play hide and seek,
In the weeds with an ugly sardine.

IF ALL WERE ONE

If all the seas were one sea,
What a *great* sea that would be!
And if all the trees were one tree,
What a *great* tree that would be!
And if all the axes were one axe,
What a *great* axe that would be!
And if all the men were one man,
What a *great* man he would be!
And if the *great* man took the *great* axe,
And cut down the *great* tree,
And let it fall into the *great* sea,
What a splish splash *that* would be!

THE DOG AND HIS IMAGE

ONCE a big dog stole a piece of meat from a little dog.
"You shall not have this meat," said the big dog.
So the big dog ran to the brook.
He looked down into the water. He thought he saw another dog there.
When he moved, the other dog moved.
When he stood still, the other dog stood still.
The other dog had a piece of meat, too.
"I will have that piece of meat, also," said the big dog.
He opened his mouth and snapped at the other dog's meat.
Then his own meat fell out of his mouth into the brook.
So the big dog did not have any meat at all.
And the little dog laughed.

THE LOST KITTY

BY ELIZA LEE FOLLEN

"WHERE is my little basket gone?"
Said Charlie boy one day.
"I think some little boy or girl
Has taken it away.

THE DOG AND HIS IMAGE

FROM A DRAWING BY BESS BRUCE CLEVELAND

"And kitty, too; I can't find her.
Oh, dear! what shall I do?
I wish I could my basket find,
And little kitty, too.

"I'll go to mother's room and look,
I think I'll find her there;
For kitty likes to take a nap
In mother's easy chair.

"Oh, mother, mother, come and see!
My kitty 's gone to sleep.
She 's in my little basket, here,
All cuddled in a heap."

BILLY BOBS

ONCE upon a time a boy named Billy went out to seek his fortune.

He had not gone far on the road when he met a cow.

"Moo, moo, moo!" said the cow, as she looked at him. "Where are you going, Billy Bobs?"

"Oh, I am going to seek my fortune," said Billy.

"May I go, too?"

"No, I think not."

"Oh, please say yes."

"Well, then, come along."

So the cow followed on after Billy Bobs.

They went along a little way and met a dog.

"Bow, wow, wow!" said the dog. "Where are you going, Billy Bobs?"

"Oh, I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go, too?"

"No, I think not."

"Oh, please say yes."

"Well, then, come along."

So the dog followed on after Billy Bobs.

They went along a little way farther and met a pussy cat.

"Meow, meow, meow!" said the cat. "Where are you going, Billy Bobs?"

"Oh, I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go, too?"

"No, I think not."

"Oh, please say yes."

"Well, then, come along."

So the cat followed on after Billy Bobs.

They went along a little way farther and met a turkey.

"Gobble, gobble, gobble!" said the turkey. "Where are you going, Billy Bobs?"

"Oh, I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go, too?"

"No, I think not."

"Oh, please say yes."

"Well, then, come along."

So the turkey followed on after Billy Bobs.

They went along a little way farther and met a hen.

"Cackle, cackle, cackle!" said the hen. "Where are you going, Billy Bobs?"

"Oh, I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go, too?"

"No, I think not."

"Oh, please say yes."

"Well, then, come along."

So the hen followed on after Billy Bobs.

All day long they walked together through the fields and meadows.

And that evening, just as it was growing dark, they came to some woods.

"I am not afraid of the dark," said Billy. "If anything should frighten me I will just begin to whistle."

"And I will begin to moo," said the cow.

"And I will begin to bark," said the dog.

"And I will begin to mew," said the cat.

"And I will begin to gobble," said the turkey.

"And I will begin to cackle," said the hen.

"Very well," said Billy. "We need not be afraid."

So on they went into the woods.

They had not gone far when they heard a great noise.

Billy thought it was a bear.

Then he began to whistle.

The cow began to moo.

The dog began to bark.

The cat began to mew.

The turkey began to gobble.

The hen began to cackle.

And they all made such a noise that the bear, or whatever it was, ran away as fast as it could go.

By and by Billy and his friends came to a hill in the woods; and on the hill there stood a house.

"What a fine place to stay all night!" said Billy Bobs.

"But what if there should be some people living in the house?" said the cow.

"I will go and peep in at the window," said the cat. "With my green eyes I can see in the dark."

So the cat went up to the window and peeped in.

Soon she came back and said, "There is no one at home, and it does n't look as if any one had lived there for a long, long time."

So Billy and his friends went into the house.

They were all so tired that soon they were fast asleep.

When Billy awoke the next morning he found a nice garden at the side of the house.

Then he said, "Here is everything I need. This is my fortune. I am not going any farther to seek it."

So Billy and his friends lived in the house for many years.

And there they live to this day.

THE STORY OF THE THREE LITTLE PIGS*

THERE was once an old sow with three little pigs, and as she had not enough to keep them, she sent them out to seek their fortune. The first that went off met a man with a bundle of straw, and said to him:

"Please, man, give me that straw to build me a house."

Which the man did, and the little pig built a house with it. Presently along came a wolf, and knocked at the door, and said:

* From "English Fairy Tales," collected by Joseph Jacobs; used by permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"THEN I' LL HUFF, AND I' LL PUFF, AND I 'LL BLOW YOUR HOUSE IN."

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

To which the little pig answered:

"No, no, by the hair of my chiny chin chin."

The wolf then answered to that:

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he blew the house in, and ate up the little pig.

The second little pig met a man with a bundle of furze, and said:

"Please, man, give me that furze to build a house."

Which the man did, and the pig built his house. Then along came the wolf, and said:

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair of my chiny chin chin."

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he puffed, and he huffed, and at last he blew the house down, and he ate up the little pig.

The third little pig met a man with a load of bricks, and said:

"Please, man, give me those bricks to build a house with."

So the man gave him the bricks, and he built his house with them. Then the wolf came, as he did to the other little pigs, and said:

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair of my chiny chin chin."

"Then I 'll huff, and I 'll puff, and I 'll blow your house in."

Well, he huffed, and he puffed, and he huffed, and he puffed, and he puffed, and he huffed; but he could *not* get the house down. When he found that he could not, with all his huffing and puffing, blow the house down, he said:

"Little pig, I know where there is a nice field of turnips."

"Where?" said the little pig.

"Oh, in Mr. Smith's home field, and if you will be ready to-morrow morning I will call for you, and we will go together, and get some for dinner."

"Very well," said the little pig, "I will be ready. What time do you mean to go?"

"Oh, at six o'clock."

Well, the little pig got up at five and got the turnips before the wolf came (which he did about six), when he said:

"Little pig, are you ready?"

The little pig said: "Ready! I have been there and come back again, and got a nice potful for dinner."

The wolf felt very angry at this, but thought that he would be up to the little pig somehow or other, so he said:

"Little pig, I know where there is a nice apple-tree."

"Where?" said the pig.

"Down at Merry-garden," replied the wolf, "and if you will not deceive me I will come for you at five o'clock to-morrow and get some apples."

Well, the little pig bustled up the next morning at four o'clock, and went off for the apples, hoping to get back before the wolf came; but he had farther to go, and had to climb the tree, so that just as he was scrambling down from it, he saw the wolf coming, which, as you may suppose, frightened him very much. When the wolf came up he said:

"Little pig, what! Are you here before me? Are they nice apples?"

"Yes, very," said the little pig. "I will throw you down one."

And he threw it so far that, while the wolf was gone to pick it up, the little pig jumped down and ran home.

THE LITTLE PIG JUMPED DOWN AND RAN HOME

The next day the wolf came again, and said to the little pig:

"Little pig, there is a fair at Shanklin this afternoon. Will you go?"

"Oh, yes," said the pig, "I will go; what time shall you be ready?"

"At three," said the wolf. So the little pig went off before the time, as usual, and got to the fair, and bought a butter-churn, which he was going home with when he saw the wolf coming. Then he could not tell what to do. So he got into the churn to hide, and by so doing it

turned round, and it rolled down the hill with him inside, which frightened the wolf so much that he ran home without going to the fair. He went to the little pig's house, and told him how frightened he had been by a great round thing which came down the hill past him. Then the little pig said:

"Hah, I frightened you then. I had been to the fair and bought a butter-churn, and when I saw you, I got into it, and rolled down the hill."

Then the wolf was very angry indeed, and declared he would eat up the little pig, and that he would get down the chimney after him. When the little pig saw what he was about, he hung on the pot full of water, and made up a blazing fire, and, just as the wolf was coming down, took off the cover, and in fell the wolf; so the little pig put on the cover again in an instant, boiled him up, and ate him for supper, and lived happy ever afterward.

FROGS AT SCHOOL

BY GEORGE COOPER

TWENTY froggies went to school
Down beside a rushy pool;
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests so white and clean.

"We must be in time," said they,
"First in study and then in play;
That's the way we keep the rule,
When we froggies go to school."

Master Bullfrog, grave and stern,
Taught the classes in their turn;
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive.

From his seat upon a log
Taught them how to say "Kerchog";
Also how to dodge the blows
From the stones the bad boy throws.

Twenty froggies grew up fast,
Bullfrogs they became at last;
Not one dunce among the lot,
Not one lesson they forgot.

Polished in a high degree,
As each froggie ought to be;
Now they sit on other logs
Teaching other little frogs.

THE BOY AND THE SEA-SHELL

THERE was once a little boy who lived in a great town, and once a year he went with his mother and father to the seaside.

At the seaside he ran about to pick up the pretty things which he saw lie here and there.

One day he was just going to put his foot on a pretty shell that looked like a tiny curl on the beach.

But he heard a noise like the hum of a bee, and he could not tell at first where it came from.

He stopped and looked round; then he found that the sound came from the shell, and soon he could hear a weak little voice.

"Do not crush me," said the voice; "I am a fairy king shut up in a wee shell by a cruel witch. Throw me into the water, please, where I live.

"When you come back here once more, you will find a gift which I shall leave for you, and which will make you rich and good for ever and ever."

The little boy did as he was bid, and at once threw the shell as far as he could into the waves.

Next day he got out of bed as soon as the sun was up, and went to the beach.

When he got to the place where he had found the shell before, he looked hard, and there he saw the same shell once more.

He was sad not to find something nicer, but he put the shell in his pocket and went home.

He did not like to tell his mother where he had been so early in the day; and when she said, "Where have you been, Jack?" he nearly said that he did not know.

But he felt the shell burn in his pocket, and he then knew that the fairy king meant to warn him to tell the truth.

So he told his mother where he had been, and the shell sang to him a little

song as sweet as silver and as soft as the whisper of a brook.

And for long after that, if ever he thought he would do something wrong, the shell told him not to do it.

And if he did something which the fairy king thought very good, the shell sang a little song as sweet as silver and as soft as the whisper of a brook.

So he grew up good and strong, and when he was a man he did not need the shell any more.

JOHNNY'S BEST DAY

JOHNNY had been ill all winter, and had not been able to go out of the house. He had a bad cough, and he grew very thin, and could not eat much.

Most of the time he was in bed, and he lay there from morning to night quite still, with nothing to amuse him.

When his sister came home from school she would go up and sit by the bedside, and tell him all about their lessons and their play.

"I wish I could play with you," said Johnny, "but I am too tired."

"Perhaps you will have rested by summer," said Patty. "I heard father say that the sunshine was good for sick people."

"I don't know," said Johnny; "but I often think of summer, and the bees, and the birds and the butterflies. And yesterday a robin came to the window and sang a song, and the words were: 'Make haste and get well, Johnny, for summer is coming!' "

"Yes, so it is," said Patty. "The snow has all gone, and the grass looks so green, and father says that the hedges will be budding soon. And then the butterflies will be here."

So Johnny and Patty talked for many

days, and the sun began to shine brighter and brighter, and Johnny could sit up in his chair and look out of the window.

How nice it looked outside!

"It gets warmer and warmer," said Patty; "and the swallows have come."

And one fine morning his mother said:

"I think I shall wrap you up well and carry you into the garden, Johnny, and then you can sit and look all about you."

So Johnny was put on the sofa, and he felt so happy that he said—

"This is the best day I ever had."

And a great white butterfly flew by, and Johnny thought he heard him say—

"A pleasant summer, Johnny."

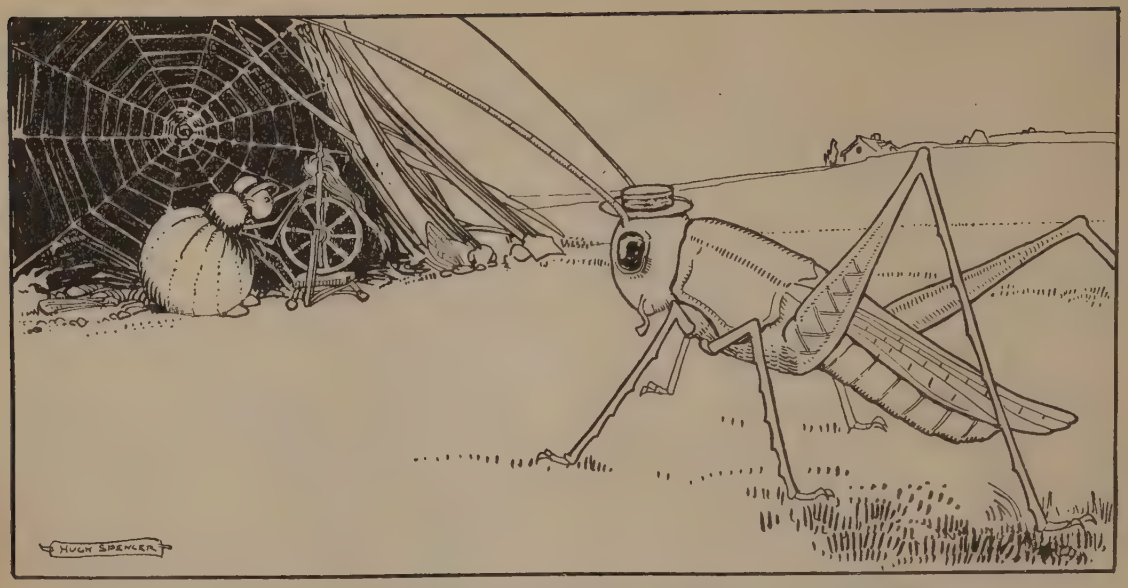
And before long a bee came by, humming and singing: "There will be plenty of honey this year."

And the birds sang songs to him.

And when his mother took him into the house again, he said to her—

"Mother, everything has been talking to me!"

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL
FROM A PAINTING BY LOUISE COX



GRASSHOPPER GREEN

GRASSHOPPER green is a comical chap;
He lives on the best of fare.
Bright little trousers, jacket, and cap,
These are his summer wear.
Out in the meadow he loves to go,
Playing away in the sun;
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
Summer's the time for fun.

Grasshopper green has a dozen wee boys;
And as soon as their legs grow strong,
Each of them joins in his frolicsome joys,
Singing his merry song.
Under the hedge in a happy row,
Soon as the day is begun,
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
Summer's the time for fun.

Grasshopper green has a quaint little house;
It's under the hedge so gay.
Grandmother spider, as still as a mouse,
Watches him over the way.
Gladly he's calling the children, I know,
Out in the beautiful sun;
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
Summer's the time for fun.

THE GOOD KING'S FEAST

A good and great king once sent letters to all parts of his kingdom to say that on his birthday he was going to give a feast and a purse full of money to all the poorest persons who would come.

So from all parts came poor folk who wanted to share in the king's good gifts; they came from east, and west, and north, and south.

One poor blind man was going slowly along the road, feeling his way—tap! tap! tap!—with his stick; but, of course, as he could not see, he could not go fast, and he feared that he would not reach the palace in time.

At last he fell against a lame man, who could only creep a step or two at a time, and who also was trying to get to the palace to share in the good king's gifts.

So the blind man said to the lame one, "If you will climb on to my back, you can tell me which way to walk, because you can see, and I can walk fast, so that we may both be in time after all."

And so they did. And the king was so much pleased when he heard how they had come, that he gave each of them twice as much as he gave to any one else.

THE TWO ROBINS

Two Robin Redbreasts built their nest
  Within a hollow tree;
The hen sat quietly at home,
  The cock sang merrily;
And all the little young ones said,
  "Twee, twee; twee, twee; twee, twee."

One day (the sun was warm and bright,
  And shining in the sky)—
Cock Robin said, "My little dears,
  'Tis time you learnt to fly";
And all the little young ones said,
  "I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."

I know a child, and who she is
  I'll tell you by-and-by;
When mother says, "Do this" or "that,"
  She says, "What for?" and "Why?"
She'd be a better child by far
  If she would say, "I'll try."

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

BY JANE TAYLOR

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveler in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark;
He could not see where to go
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark-blue sky you keep,
While you through my curtains peep,
And you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

BABY'S FIRST CHRISTMAS

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

Hang up the baby's stocking.
  Be sure that you don't forget.
The dear little dimpled darling
  Has never seen Christmas yet.

But I've told her all about it,
  And she opened her big blue eyes,
And I'm sure that she understood me,
  She looked so funny and wise.

Dear, dear! What a tiny stocking!
  It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
  Away from the frost and cold.

But then for the baby's Christmas
  It never would do at all.
Why Santa Claus wouldn't be looking
  For anything half so small.

I know what we'll do for baby.
  I've thought of the very best plan.
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,
  The longest that ever I can.

And you'll hang it by mine, dear mamma,
  Right here on the corner—so.
And write a letter to Santa,
  And fasten it on to the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking,
  That hangs in the corner here.

You have never seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year.

"But she's just the blessedest baby!
And now, before you go,
Just cram her stocking with goodies,
From the top clean down to the toe."

WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

WHAT does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie,
"Mother, let me fly away."

Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
"Let me rise and fly away."

Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

WHY THE BEAR HAS A STUMPY TAIL

ONE winter's day the bear met the fox, who came slinking along with a string of fish he had stolen.

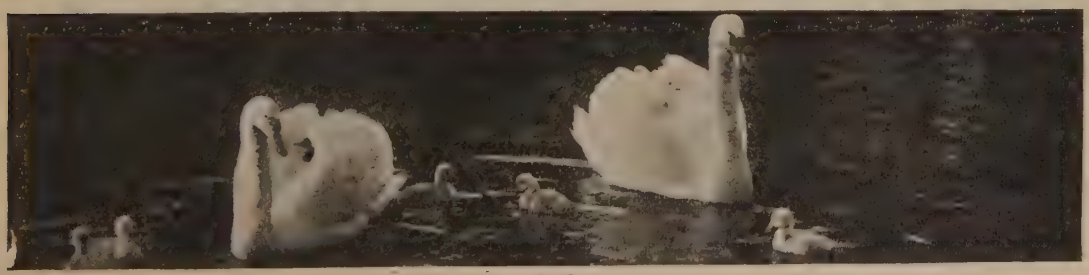
"Hi! stop a minute! Where did you get those from?" demanded the bear.

"Oh, my Lord Bruin, I've been out fishing and caught them," said the fox.

So the bear had a mind to learn to fish, too, and bade the fox tell him how he was to set about it.

"Oh, it is quite easy," answered the fox, "and soon learned. You've only got to go upon the ice, and cut a hole and stick your tail down through it, and hold it there as long as you can. You're not to mind if it smarts a little; that's when the fish bite. The longer you hold it there, the more fish you'll get; and then all at once out with it, with a cross pull sideways and a strong pull, too."

Well, the bear did as the fox said, and though he felt very cold, and his tail smarted very much, he kept it a long, long time down in the hole, till at last it was frozen in, though of course he did not know that. Then he pulled it out with a strong pull, and it snapped short off, and that's why Bruin goes about with a stumpy tail to this day!



SWANS

MANNERS

BY ANNIE W. McCULLOUGH

Now, Fido, stand and make your bow
To my new doll, as you know how.
She 's come to live with you and me;
Her name is Gladys Rosalie.

Her nice new dress you must not tear,
Nor tousle up her pretty hair.
You are the biggest, so be good,
And treat her as the biggest should.

If you will act just as I say
We three can have good times at play;
But if you don't, I promise you,
There 'll be good times for *only two!*

FIVE YEARS OLD

BY BESS GOE WILLIS

I HAVE pockets in my trousers.
They 're great! Now the boys can't say
That I 'm a baby any more:
I 'm five years old to-day.

WALKING THE PLANK

FROM A DRAWING BY HARRY ROUNTREE

JOCK AND I AND THE OTHERS

First of all, I must tell you who I am.

My name is Pe-nel-o-pe, but Jock always calls me Pen.

I am eight years old; Jock is half-past six.

We live with mother and father and Rover and Tibby in a house not very far from a large city.

Mother is the nicest person I know in all the world.

Father is a very big man. He always has lots of money in his pocket. He goes to business in a train every day.

We have a real farm, quite near to our house, where they keep cows, chickens, pigs, horses, and geese. Jock and I often go to see them all.

One day in summer we went to see the farmer. I had my blue dress on, so that the cows would not be angry when they saw me.

We met the farmer near the stable. "Come," he said; "I have something to show you to-day."

"What is it?" we said both at the same time.

"Come and see," was all that he would say.

Then he took us into the stable where he keeps Nobby, the big brown horse, who likes sugar.

Now Nobby was not there, but in the straw were seven little puppy dogs—oh, so sweet and cuddly!

Jock danced round and round the farmer. "May we have one?" he said.

"Ask mother," said the farmer, and off we ran at once.

Mother was at the garden gate.

We ran up to her. Jock was first, but it was nearly a dead heat. Mother opened the gate and said,—

"Well, what have you seen to-day?"

"O mother," said Jock, out of breath.

"O mother *dear*," I said, out of breath also.

"Farmer has such lovely puppies," we both said at once. "May we have one to keep?"

By this time we both had our arms round mother's waist, and she was laughing.

"Yes, we can," I said, for I *knew*.

"If *father* says yes," said mother. "You must ask him when he comes home."

So we went to the station to meet him. Jock took his bag, and I took his paper parcel to carry it home for him.

On the way home I asked him if he liked dogs, and he said, "Of course."

Then Jock said, "*Little* dogs?"

"Oh, yes."

"*Puppy* dogs?"

"One at a time is all right."

"One puppy dog with brown spots on white?" Jock went on.

"Where is it?" asked father, and his eyes were laughing; you could not see his mouth for his beard.

Then we told him, and he said "Yes," just at the garden gate. So that was how we got Rover.

* * * * *

Rover was very soft and downy when he first came to us. But he soon grew to be a big dog.

We put sugar on his nose, and he waits until we count One, Two, THREE.

Then he throws the sugar into the air and catches it.

THE STORY OF LITTLE BLACK SAMBO*

BY HELEN BANNERMAN

Once upon a time there was a little black boy, and his name was Little Black Sambo.

And his Mother was called Black Mumbo.

And his father was called Black Jumbo.

And Black Mumbo made him a beautiful little Red Coat, and a pair of beautiful little Blue Trousers.

And Black Jumbo went to the Bazaar, and bought him a beautiful Green Umbrella, and a lovely little pair of Purple Shoes with Crimson Soles and Crimson Linings. And then wasn't Little Black Sambo grand?

So he put on all his Fine Clothes, and went out for a walk in the Jungle. And by and by he met a Tiger. And the Tiger said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little Red Coat." So the Tiger said, "Very well, I won't eat you this time, but you must give me your beautiful little Red Coat." So the Tiger got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful little Red Coat, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

And Little Black Sambo went on, and by and by he met another Tiger, and it said to him, "Lit-

* From the authorized edition, published by F. A. Stokes Company, and used with their knowledge.

tle Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little Blue Trousers." So the Tiger said, "Very well, I won't eat you this time, but you must give me your beautiful little Blue Trousers." So the Tiger got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful little Blue Trousers, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle.

And Little Black Sambo went on and by and by he met another Tiger, and it said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little Purple Shoes with Crimson Soles and Crimson Linings."

But the Tiger said, "What use would your shoes be to me? I've got four feet, and you've got only two; you haven't enough shoes for me."

But Little Black Sambo said, "You could wear them on your ears."

"So I could," said the Tiger: "that's a very good idea. Give them to me, and I won't eat you this time."

So the Tiger got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful little Purple Shoes with Crimson Soles and Crimson Linings, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

And by and by Little Black Sambo met another Tiger, and it said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful Green Umbrella." But the Tiger said, "How can I carry an umbrella, when I need all my paws for walking with?"

"You could tie a knot in your tail and carry it that way," said Little Black Sambo. "So I could," said the Tiger. "Give it to me, and I won't eat you this time." So he got poor little Black Sambo's beautiful Green Umbrella, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

And poor little Black Sambo went away crying, because the cruel Tigers had taken all his fine clothes.

Presently he heard a horrible noise that sounded like "Gr-r-r-r-rrrrrrr," and it got louder and louder. "Oh! dear!" said Little Black Sambo, "there are all the Tigers coming back to eat me up! What shall I do?" So he ran quickly to a palm-tree, and peeped round it to see what the matter was.

And there he saw all the Tigers fighting, and disputing which of them was the grandest. And at last they all got so angry that they jumped up and took off all the fine clothes, and began to tear each other with their claws, and bite each other with their great big white teeth.

And they came, rolling and tumbling right to the foot of the very tree where Little Black Sambo was hiding, but he jumped quickly in behind the umbrella. And the Tigers all caught hold of each others' tails, as they wrangled and scrambled, and so they found themselves in a ring round the tree.

Then, when the Tigers were very wee and very far away, Little Black Sambo jumped up, and called out, "Oh! Tigers! why have you taken off all your nice clothes? Don't you want them any more?" But the Tigers only answered "Gr-r-rrrrr!"

Then Little Black Sambo said, "If you want them, say so, or I'll take them away." But the Tigers would not let go of each others' tails, and so they could only say "Gr-r-r-r-rrrrrrr!"

So Little Black Sambo put on all his fine clothes again and walked off.

And the Tigers were very, very angry, but still they would not let go of each others' tails. And they were so angry, that they ran round the tree, trying to eat each other up, and they ran faster and faster, till they were whirling round so fast that you couldn't see their legs at all.

And they still ran faster and faster and faster, till they all just melted away, and there was nothing left but a great big pool of melted butter (or "ghi," as it is called in India) round the foot of the tree.

Now Black Jumbo was just coming home from his work, with a great big brass pot in his arms, and when he saw what was left of all the Tigers he said, "O! what lovely melted butter! I'll take that home to Black Mumbo for her to cook with."

So he put it all into the great big brass pot, and took it home to Black Mumbo to cook with.

When Black Mumbo saw the melted butter, wasn't she pleased! "Now," said she, "we'll all have pancakes for supper!"

So she got flour and eggs and milk and sugar and butter and she made a huge big plate of most lovely pancakes. And she fried them in the melted butter which the Tigers had made, and they were just as yellow and brown as little Tigers.

And then they all sat down to supper. And

"HE SAW ALL THE TIGERS DISPUTING"

Black Mumbo ate Twenty-seven pancakes, and Black Jumbo ate Fifty-five, but Little Black Sambo ate a Hundred and Sixty-nine, because he was so hungry.

HANGING MAY BASKETS*

BY HELEN GRAY CONE

VIOLET and Maiden Hair,
Once in sunny weather,
Went to hang a May basket,
Straying off together.

Up the street and down the lane
They wandered, east and west,
But brought it back to mother's door,
Because they loved her best.

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FIVE PEAS IN A POD

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

THERE were once five peas in one shell; they were green, and the shell was green, so they believed the whole world must be green.

The shell grew, and the peas grew, and the peas all sat in a row. The sun shone and warmed the shell, and the rain made it clear and transparent; it was mild and agreeable in broad daylight, and dark at night; and the peas as they sat there grew bigger and bigger, and more thoughtful, for they felt there must be something for them to do.

"Are we to sit here for ever?" asked one; "shall we not become hard by sitting so long? It seems to me there must be something outside, and I feel sure of it."

And as weeks passed by the peas became yellow, and the shell became yellow.

"All the world is turning yellow, I suppose," said they—and perhaps they were right.

Suddenly they felt a pull at the shell; it was torn off, and held in human hands, then slipped into the pocket of a jacket in company with other full pods.

"Now we shall soon be opened," said one—just what they all wanted.

"I should like to know which of us will travel farthest," said the smallest of the five; "we shall soon see now."

"What is to happen will happen," said the largest pea.

"Crack," went the shell as it burst, and the five peas rolled out into the bright sunshine. There they lay in a child's hand. A little boy was holding them tightly, and said they were fine peas for his pea-shooter. And immediately he put one in and shot it out.

"Now I am flying out into the wide world," said the pea; "catch me if you can;" and he was gone in a moment.

"I," said the second, "intend to fly straight to the sun; that is a shell that lets itself be seen, and it will suit me exactly;" and away he went.

"We will go to sleep wherever we find ourselves," said the two next, "we shall still be rolling onwards;" and they did certainly fall on the floor and roll about before they got into the pea-shooter; but they were put in for all that. "We shall go farther than the others," said they.

"What is to happen will happen," exclaimed the last, as he was shot out of the pea-shooter; and as he spoke he flew up against an old board under a garret window, and fell into a little crevice, which was almost filled up with moss and soft earth. The moss closed itself around him, and there he lay, a captive indeed, but noticed by God.

"What is to happen will happen," said he to himself.

Within the garret lived a poor woman, who went out to clean stoves, chop wood into small pieces, and perform other hard work, for she was strong and industrious. Yet she remained always poor; and at home in the garret lay her only daughter, not quite grown up, and very delicate and weak. For a whole year she had kept her bed. Quietly and patiently she lay all day long, while her mother was away from home at her work.

Spring came, and one morning early the sun shone brightly through the little window and threw his rays over the floor of the room. Just as the mother was going to her work, the sick girl fixed her gaze on the lowest pane of the window. "Mother!" she exclaimed, "what can that little green thing be that peeps in at the window? It is moving in the wind."

The mother stepped to the window and half opened it. "Oh!" she said, "there is actually a little pea which has taken root and is putting on its green leaves. How could it have got into this crack! Well, now, here is a little garden for you to amuse yourself with." So the bed of the sick girl was drawn nearer to the window, that she might see the budding plant; and the mother went out to her work.

"Mother, I believe I shall get well," said the sick child in the evening, "the sun has shone in here so brightly and warmly to-day, and the little pea is thriving so well; I shall get on better, too, and go out into the warm sunshine again."

"God grant it!" said the mother, though she did not believe it would be so. But she propped up with a little stick the green plant which had given her child such pleasant hopes of life, so that it might not be broken by the winds; she tied the piece of string to the window sill and to the upper part of the frame, so that the pea-tendrils might twine around it when it shot up. And it did shoot up; indeed it might almost be seen to grow from day to day.

"Really, here is a flower coming," said the old woman one morning, and now at last she began to encourage the hope that her little sick daughter might really recover. She remembered that for some time the child had spoken more cheerfully, and during the last few days had raised herself in bed in the morning to look with sparkling eyes at her little garden which contained only a single pea-plant. A week after, the invalid sat up for the first time a whole hour, feeling quite happy by the open window in the warm sunshine, while outside grew the little plant, and on it a pink pea-blossom in full bloom. The little maiden bent down and gently kissed the delicate leaves. This day was to her like a festival.

"Our Heavenly Father Himself has planted that pea, and made it grow and flourish, to bring joy to you and hope to me, my blessed child," said the happy mother, and she smiled at the flower, as if it had been an angel sent from God.

And when the young maiden stood at the open garret window, with sparkling eyes and the rosy hue of health on her cheeks, she folded her hands over the pea-blossom and thanked God for what He had done.

A STORY FROM THE DESERT

"WHAT are you looking for?" said an Arab to a man who was walking fast across the desert, looking this way and that way and seeming to be in great trouble.

"I'm looking for my friend," the man replied. "We were traveling together, but this morning I slept too long and he started without me. All day long I have sought for him, but in vain. I can see him nowhere. And I am almost in despair."

"Was your friend," said the Arab, "a lame man and heavy?"

"Yes," said the stranger eagerly. "Have you seen him? When? Where? Oh, tell me, that I may find him!"

"Since sunset last night," said the Arab, "I have seen no man till I saw you. But your friend—was he lame on the right leg? and did he carry a stick in his left hand?"

"You must have seen him!" cried the stranger; "he limped badly, for he had hurt his foot. Which way did he go? Tell me, for without him I will die."

"Your friend," said the Arab, "I have not seen. But three hours ago such a man as you describe, clad in blue raiment, was leading a light-colored camel that was blind in one eye, and was laden with a burden of dates. He passed this spot on his way to Damascus. There, if you hasten, you will find him."

"Are you a wizard that you know all this?" cried the stranger. "You describe my friend, but you have never seen him. You tell me all about his old camel, and where he has gone. How do you know all about him?"

"Stranger," said the Arab, "God has given all men eyes, but only to a few has He given the power to use them. All that I have told you you might have seen for yourself if you had but used your eyes."

"Say not so," replied the other, "for I have looked everywhere, and could see nothing."

The Arab said nothing, but with a sign he motioned the stranger to follow him. As they walked a little way they came to the fresh track of a camel, and on the right-hand side the track of a man.

"See," said the Arab, "there are the foot-marks of your friend and his beast."

"Of a man and a camel truly," replied the other; "but how do I know that the man was my friend?"

The Arab trod on the sand by the footprints. "Look," he said; "do you see any difference between my footprints and his?"

The other looked for a time. "Your feet," he said, "sink equally into the sand, but the other's not equally. One foot sinks more deeply, much more deeply, than either of yours, the other less deeply."

Then said the Arab, "We all tread lightly on a lame foot, and a heavy man sinks deeper into the ground on one leg than a spare man on two."

"True," said the other; "but how do you know

the color of his camel, and the color of his garment, or the burden with which the beast was laden?"

"Is it so difficult, then," replied he, "to see the color of the fragment of apparel caught by the thorns, or the hairs that were left on the sand where the camel rested?" And as he spoke he pointed to where the traveler had left behind him a shred of his raiment.

"Yes, I see," said the other; "but how do you know the camel bore a burden of dates, and was blind in one eye?"

"Can you," replied the Arab, "not see the flies feasting on the date juice that dropped on the sand by the side of the camel's track? And wherever the camel browsed, it only grazed on one side, the side on which it could see."

"Verily I perceive thou art a man of wonderful discernment," said the stranger; "but answer me this also: How couldst thou tell that it is but three hours since my friend passed this particular spot?"

"Hast thou, then, eyes and seest not?" said the other scornfully. "Mark the spot where they lay in the shade of this spreading palm. The shadow of the palm tree is as the hand of the dial. It was three hours since any shade was possible on that spot. Farewell. Hasten along the road that leadeth to Damascus. There thou wilt find thy friend."

THE LITTLE DOVES

High on the top of an old pine-tree,
Broods a mother dove with her young ones three;
Warm over them is her soft downy breast,
And they sing so sweetly in their nest:
"Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest in the old pine-tree.

Soundly they sleep through the moonshiny night,
Each young one covered and tucked in tight;
Morn wakes them up with the first blush of light,
And they sing to each other with all their might:
"Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest in the old pine-tree.

When in the nest they are all left alone,
While their mother dear for their food has flown,
Quiet and gentle they all remain,
Till their mother they see come home again:
Then "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest in the old pine-tree.

When they are fed by their tender mother,
One never will push nor crowd another:
Each opens widely his own little bill,
And he patiently waits, and gets his fill:
Then "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
All in their nest in the old pine-tree.

Fast grow the young ones, day and night,
Till their wings are plumed for a longer flight;
Till unto them at the last draws nigh
The time when they all must say good-by:
Then "Coo," say the little ones, "Coo," says she,
And away they fly from the old pine-tree.

FRIENDS OR FOES?
Trials of the Early Settlers in Massachusetts

The Fairies' Trolley

By Anna K. Almy.

The Fairies laugh at mortals' folly
For boasting of their wondrous trolley,
For they were first, I know it well,
To run a line from dell to dell.

The spider spins, of course, the wire,
The fire-flies make the sparks of fire;
The line is hung from tree to tree,
And the motor-man is a Bumble Bee,

For he can hum and buzz, as well
As clang the gong, a big blue-bell:
His uniform is black and yellow,
He really is a handsome fellow.

The conductor's place the Wasp must take
For he can stinging speeches make.
"All aboard! Don't take all night!"
"Step lively, please. Go ahead! All right!"

So if you find the Fairy Dell,
Listen for the big blue-bell;
You'll *hear* the train go whizzing by,
But it's hidden, of course, from mortal eye.

THE LOST LAMB

BY THOMAS WESTWOOD

Storm upon the mountain,
Night upon its throne!
And the little snow-white lamb,
Left alone, alone!
Storm upon the mountain,
Rainy torrents beating,
And the little snow-white lamb,
Bleating, ever bleating!

Down the glen the shepherd
Drives his flock afar;
Through the mirky mist and cloud,
Shines no beacon star.
Fast he hurries onward,
Never hears the moan
Of the pretty snow-white lamb,
Left alone, alone.

At the shepherd's doorway
Stands his little son;
Sees the sheep come trooping home,
Counts them one by one;
Counts them full and fairly,—
Trace he findeth none
Of the little snow-white lamb,
Left alone, alone.

Up the glen he races,
Breasts the bitter wind,
Scours across the plain and leaves
Wood and wold behind;—
Storm upon the mountain,
Night upon its throne,—
There he finds the little lamb,
Left alone, alone.

Struggling, panting, sobbing,
Kneeling on the ground,
Round the pretty creature's neck
Both his arms are wound;
Soon within his bosom,
All its bleatings done,
Home he bears the little lamb,
Left alone, alone.

Oh! the happy faces,
By the shepherd's fire!
High without the tempest roars,
But the laugh rings higher.
Young and old together
Make that joy their own,—
In their midst the little lamb,
Left alone, alone.

BEN IN BEASTLAND

Ben was a naughty boy who was cruel to animals. He liked to hurt them and to see them in pain. It is hard to believe that this could be true of any one, yet it was true of Ben.

Ben had no brothers, but he had two little sisters younger than he. They were dear, merry little things. Many boys would have found it pleasant to play with them, but Ben did not.

One of his sisters said: "Ben does not care for us because we are only girls. So we have taken Nox for our playmate."

Nox was a big black dog. He liked to play with the little girls, but he liked best of all to swim about in the river near their home.

It was his delight to go into the water and bring out everything which he thought ought not to be there. He put all these things under an old willow tree by the side of the river.

I must tell you that Ben did not like Nox. This bad boy had tied stones around the necks of cats and dogs, and dropped them into the river. Nox had brought them out and put them under the willow tree, and so Ben had been found out and punished.

There was another dog at Ben's home. This was a little brown dog named Mr. Rough. He was used to blows. His eyes had been almost scratched out by cats, and his bark sounded as if he had a bad cold.

If Ben liked any dog, it was Mr. Rough. Yet he treated him worse than he did Nox. Mr. Rough was small, and Nox was too big to be ill-used.

But one day Ben did play a trick on Nox. The big dog was asleep. Ben crept near, so as to prick his lip with a fine needle. This hurt poor Nox sadly, and he jumped up with a start. Ben laughed and ran away.

Then Ben went out and began to throw stones at a little dog. At last one of the stones killed the dog, and the bad boy threw it into the river.

That night Ben could not sleep. He thought about the little dog, and wished he had not thrown it into the river. That was not because he was sorry he had killed it, but he felt sure that Nox would bring it out. Then he would be punished.

Nox would be sure to be out early in the

morning to get things from the river. Ben did not always wake up early, so he thought it would be best to go out that night, and get the dog out of the water and hide it. So he got up and went down to the river.

He looked up through the branches of the willow tree. The moon was shining down at him. It seemed very large and very near. Ben thought if he were in the top of the tree he could touch it with his hand.

Then he thought of a story book in which he had read that all animals went to the moon when they died.

"I wonder if the dog I killed is up there," said Ben.

The Man in the Moon looked down, and, much to Ben's surprise, said: "This is Beastland. Won't you come up and see it? But perhaps you can't climb."

"Yes, I can," said Ben, and he climbed into the tree.

He went from one branch to another. The moon grew larger and larger as he climbed, but when he was on the topmost branch, he could see nothing but a white light all around him.

"Walk in," said the Man in the Moon. "Put out your feet and don't be frightened."

So Ben put his feet down and dropped. He thought he was falling into the river. But all at once he found himself in Beastland.

It was a very queer place. There were many animals there, and they were all kind and polite to Ben.

A great elephant took Ben on his back for a ride. The wasp showed him her nest. The ants took him to see their great earth cities. The prairie-dogs showed him the houses they had made for themselves. A spider wanted to teach him to make a web.

"When you are ready to begin," the spider said, "find a place where you can tie your first line. Of course you have a ball of thread inside you."

"I can't say that I have," said Ben, "but I have some string in my pocket."

"That's all right," said the spider. "I call it thread; you call it string. Whether it's in your pocket or body is all the same."

As this lesson was going on, a little bird flew in and told all the animals who and what Ben was.

Dear me! What a change that made. The beasts were no longer friendly and kind to him. They called him "boy." In Beastland "boy" is as bad a name as "beast" is with us.

The animals took Ben to the lion, the king of beasts, and asked what should be done with him.

The lion said: "First let us hear what Ben has to say for himself."

So the beasts placed themselves in a circle around Ben.

"What has this boy done?" asked the lion.

"He stones dogs! He hunts and kills cats!" cried all the animals.

"No; Mr. Rough kills the cats," said Ben, who was beginning to be frightened.

"Send for Mr. Rough," said the lion.

Soon Mr. Rough trotted into the circle, with his short tail standing straight up.

"Mr. Rough," the lion said, "Ben says it is you and not he who kills the cats."

"Bow-wow-wow!" cried Mr. Rough. "Am I to blame? Bow-wow! Who taught me to do it? That bad boy there. Bow-wow!"

Ben was not only cruel, but he had taught the poor little dog to be cruel. The beasts were angry when they heard this, and they made up their minds to punish Ben.

"Gentle beasts, birds, and fishes," said the lion, "you know how this boy has treated us. He must be punished. Do not let us be unkind to him as he has been to us. But he is not good enough to stay with us. Let us tie a tin can to him and chase him from Beastland. Mr. Rough shall be our leader."

This was done at once. The lion gave a great roar as a sign for the chase to begin. Ben was chased out of Beastland with the tin can fastened to him, and with the dog at his heels. When he got to the edge of the moon, he jumped off, and Mr. Rough jumped after him.

Down, down they went till they fell into the river. Mr. Rough swam ashore, but Ben could not swim.

As he sank in the water, he thought of the many unkind things he had done. He thought of the dogs and cats he had drowned, and of how cruel he had been to Nox. Then he came to the top of the water, and saw the big dog standing on the bank above him.

He thought: "Now Nox has come to hurt me because I hurt him."

As he sank again, a black nose came close to his face. The soft mouth he had hurt took hold of Ben. Then the good dog carried him to the shore, and laid him under the willow tree by the side of two dead dogs, a kitten, and an old hat.

Ben's father found him there and took him home. He was sick a long time. When he grew better, he told about his visit to Beastland.

His friends did not believe him. They said he had fallen into the river while dreaming.

His little sisters were very kind while he was in bed. Ben learned to like to play with them. He learned to love their pets, and he grew much kinder and gentler.

TWO LITTLE KITTENS

Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel and then to fight;
One had a mouse, and the other had none,
And that was the way the quarrel begun.

"*I'll* have that mouse," said the biggest cat.
"*You'll* have that mouse! We'll see about that!"
"I *will* have that mouse," said the elder son.
"You *won't* have that mouse," said the little one.

As I told you before, 'twas a stormy night,
When these two little kittens began to fight;
Then the old woman seized her sweeping broom,
And swept the two kittens right out of the room.

The ground was all covered with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go;
So they laid themselves down on a mat by the door,
While the angry old woman was sweeping the floor.

And then they crept in as quiet as mice,
All wet with snow, and as cold as ice;
For they found it was better, that stormy night,
To lie down and sleep than to quarrel and fight.

A SCHOOL-TIME WISH

I'll tell you what I'd like to do;
I'd like to live next door to a zoo!
The animals I'd have for chums;
I'd get the adder to do my sums;
And when I'd a task in geography,
The kangaroo would bound for me.
The seal would seal my letters, you see,
And the monkey steal dates from the history;
The elephants would lend me his trunk, I know,
When off on my travels I wished to go.
I'd spend the eagles and fly the kites,
And the tapir would light my room o' nights.
I should have great fun, I think, don't you?
If I only lived next door to a zoo!

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

MANY years ago there lived an Emperor, who cared so enormously for new clothes that he spent all his money upon them, that he might be very fine. He did not care about his soldiers nor about the theater, and liked only to drive out and show his new clothes. He had a coat for every hour of the day; and just as they say of a King, "He is in council," one always said of him, "The Emperor is in the wardrobe."

In the great city in which he lived it was always very merry; every day a number of strangers arrived there. One day two cheats came: they gave themselves out as weavers, and declared that they could weave the finest stuff any one could imagine. Not only were their colors and patterns, they said, uncommonly beautiful, but the clothes made of the stuff possessed the wonderful quality that they became invisible to any one who was unfit for the office he held, or was incorrigibly stupid.

"Those would be capital clothes!" thought the Emperor. "If I wore those, I should be able to find out what men in my empire are not fit for the places they have; I could distinguish the clever from the stupid. Yes, the stuff must be woven for me directly!"

And he gave the two cheats a great deal of cash in hand, that they might begin their work at once.

As for them, they put up two looms, and pretended to be working; but they had nothing at all on their looms. They at once demanded the finest silk and the costliest gold; this they put into their own pockets, and worked at the empty looms till late into the night.

"I should like to know how far they have got on with the stuff," thought the Emperor. But he felt quite uncomfortable when he thought that those who were not fit for their offices could not see it. He believed, indeed, that he had nothing to fear for himself, but yet he preferred first to send some one else to see how matters stood. All the people in the whole city knew what peculiar power the stuff possessed, and all were anxious to see how bad or how stupid their neighbors were.

"I will send my honest old Minister to the weavers," thought the Emperor. "He can judge best how the stuff looks, for he has sense, and no one understands his office better than he."

Now the good old Minister went out into the hall where the two cheats sat working at the empty looms.

"Mercy preserve us!" thought the old Minister, and he opened his eyes wide. "I cannot see anything at all!" But he did not say this.

Both the cheats begged him to be kind enough to come nearer, and asked him if he did not approve of the colors and the pattern. Then they pointed to the empty loom, and the poor old Minister went on opening his eyes; but he could see nothing, for there was nothing to see.

"Mercy!" thought he, "can I indeed be so stupid? I never thought that, and not a soul must know it. Am I not fit for my office? No, it will never do for me to tell that I could not see the stuff."

"Do you say nothing to it?" said one of the weavers.

"Oh, it is charming—quite enchanting!" answered the old Minister, as he peered through his spectacles. "What a fine pattern, and what colors! Yes, I shall tell the Emperor that I am very much pleased with it."

"Well, we are glad of that," said both the weavers; and then they named the colors, and explained the strange patterns. The old Minister listened attentively, that he might be able to repeat it to the Emperor. And he did so.

Now, the cheats asked for more money, and more silk and gold, which they declared they wanted for weaving. They put all into their own pockets, and not a thread was put upon the loom; but they continued to work at the empty frames as before.

The Emperor soon sent again, dispatching another honest statesman, to see how the weaving was going on, and if the stuff would soon be ready. He fared just like the first; he looked and looked, but, as there was nothing to be seen but the empty looms, he could see nothing.

"Is not that a pretty piece of stuff?" asked the two cheats; and they displayed and explained the handsome pattern which was not there at all.

"I am not stupid!" thought the man; "it must be my good office for which I am not fit. It is funny enough, but I must not let it be noticed." And so he praised the stuff which he did not see, and expressed his pleasure at the beautiful colors and the charming pattern. "Yes, it is enchanting," he said to the Emperor.

All the people in the town were talking of the gorgeous stuff. The Emperor wished to see it himself while it was still upon the loom. With a whole crowd of chosen men, among whom were also the two honest statesmen who had already been there, he went to the two cunning cheats, who were now weaving with might and main without fiber or thread.

"Is that not splendid?" said the two old statesmen, who had already been there once. "Does not your Majesty remark the pattern and the colors?" And then they pointed to the empty loom, for they thought that the others could see the stuff.

"What's this?" thought the Emperor. "I can see nothing at all! That is terrible. Am I stupid? Am I not fit to be Emperor? That would be the most dreadful thing that could happen to me! Oh, it is *very* pretty!" he said aloud. "It has our exalted approbation." And he nodded in a contented way, and gazed at the empty loom, for he would not say that he saw nothing. The whole suite whom he had with him looked and looked, and saw nothing, any more than the rest; but, like the Emperor, they said, "That *is* pretty!" and counseled him to wear these splendid new clothes for the first time at the great procession that was presently to take place. "It is splendid, tasteful, excellent!" went from mouth to mouth. On all sides there seemed to be general rejoicing, and the Emperor gave the cheats the title of Imperial Court Weavers.

The whole night before the morning on which the procession was to take place the cheats were up, and had lighted more than sixteen candles. The people could see that they were hard at work, completing the Emperor's new clothes. They pretended to take the stuff from the loom; they made cuts in the air with scissors; they sewed with needles without thread; and at last they said: "Now the clothes are ready!"

The Emperor came himself with his noblest cavaliers; and the two cheats lifted up one arm as if they were holding something, and said: "See, here are the trousers! here is the coat! here is the cloak!" and so on. "It is as light as a spider's web: one would think one had nothing on; but that is just the beauty of it."

"Yes," said all the cavaliers; but they could not see anything, for nothing was there.

"Does your Imperial Majesty please to condescend to undress?" said the cheats; "then we will put on you the new clothes here in front of the great mirror."

The Emperor took off his clothes, and the cheats pretended to put on him each new garment as it was ready; and the Emperor turned round and round before the mirror.

"Oh, how well they look! how capitally they fit!" said all. "What a pattern! what colors! That is a splendid dress!"

"They are standing outside with the canopy which is to be borne above your Majesty in the procession!" announced the head master of the ceremonies.

"Well, I am ready," replied the Emperor. "Does it not suit me well?" And then he turned again to the mirror, for he wanted it to appear as if he contemplated his adornment with great interest.

The chamberlains, who were to carry the train, stooped down with their hands toward the floor, just as if they were picking up the mantle; then they pretended to be holding something up in the air. They did not dare to let it be noticed that they saw nothing.

So the Emperor went in procession under the rich canopy, and every one in the streets said, "How incomparable are the Emperor's new clothes! What a train he has to his mantle! How it fits him!" No one would let it be per-

ceived that he could see nothing, for that would have shown that he was not fit for his office, or was very stupid. No clothes of the Emperor's had ever had such a success as these.

"But he has nothing on!" a little child cried out at last.

"Just hear what that innocent says!" said the father; and one whispered to another what the child had said. Then they became very much emboldened.

"But he has nothing on!" said the whole people at length. That touched the Emperor, for it seemed to him that they were right; but he thought within himself, "I must go through with the procession." And the chamberlains held on tighter than ever to the imaginary train.

TROTTY VECK

RETOLD FROM CHARLES DICKENS

"Trotty" seems a strange name for an old man, but it was given to Toby Veck because of his always going at a trot to do his errands; for he was a ticket porter, and his office was to take letters and messages for people who were in too great a hurry to send them by the post, which in those days was neither so cheap nor so quick as it is now. He did not earn very much, and had to be out in all weathers and all day long. But Toby was of a cheerful disposition, and looked on the bright side of everything, and was grateful for any small mercies that came in his way; and so was happier than many people who never knew what it was to be hungry or in want of comforts. His greatest joy was his dear, bright, pretty daughter Meg, who loved him dearly.

One cold day, near the end of the year, Toby had been waiting a long time for a job, trotting up and down in his usual place before the church, and trying hard to keep himself warm, when the bells chimed 12 o'clock, which made Toby think of dinner.

"There's nothing," he remarked, carefully feeling his nose to make sure it was still there, "more regular in coming round than dinner-time, and nothing less regular in coming round than dinner. That's the great difference between 'em." He went on talking to himself, trotting up and down, and never noticing who was coming near to him.

"Why, father, father!" said a pleasant voice, and Toby turned to find his daughter's sweet, bright eyes close to his.

"Why, pet," said he, kissing her and squeezing her blooming face between his hands, "what's-to-do? I didn't expect you to-day, Meg."

"Neither did I expect to come, father," said Meg, nodding and smiling. "But here I am! And not alone, not alone!"

"Why, you don't mean to say," observed Trotty, now looking curiously at the covered basket she carried, "that you—"

"Smell it, father dear," said Meg; "only smell it, and guess what it is."

Toby took the shortest possible sniff at the edge of the basket. "Why, it's hot," he said.

But, to Meg's great delight, he could not guess what it was that smelled so good.

"Polonies? Trotters? Liver? Pettitoes? Sausages?" he tried, one after the other. At last he exclaimed in triumph: "Why, what am I a-thinking of? It's tripe?"

And it was.

"And so," said Meg, "I'll lay the cloth at once, father; for I have brought the tripe in a basin, and tied the basin up in a pocket-handkerchief; and if I like to be proud for once, and spread that for a cloth, and call it a cloth, there's nobody to prevent me; is there, father?"

"Not that I know of, my dear," said Toby.

And just as Toby was about to sit down to his dinner on the doorsteps of a big house close by, the chimes rang out again, and Toby took off his hat and said, "Amen."

"Amen to the bells, father?"

"They broke in like a grace, my dear," said Trotty; "they'd say a good one if they could, I'm sure. Many's the kind thing they say to me. How often have I heard them bells say: 'Toby Veck! Toby Veck, keep a good heart, Toby!' A million times? More!"

"Well, I never!" cried Meg.

"When things is very bad, then it's 'Toby Veck, Toby Veck, job coming soon, Toby!'"

"And it comes—at last, father," said Meg, with a touch of sadness in her pleasant voice.

"Always," answered Toby. "Never fails."

While Toby ate his unexpected dinner with immense relish, Meg told him how her lover Richard, a young blacksmith, had brought his dinner to share with her, and had begged her to marry him on New Year's Day, "the best and happiest day of the whole year." He had work promised him, for certain, for some time; and though they would be poor, they could be very

happy, and cheer and encourage each other. "So," went on Meg, "I wanted to make this a sort of holiday to you, as well as a dear and happy day to me, father, and I made a little treat and brought it to surprise you."

Just then Richard himself came up to persuade Toby to agree to their plan; and almost at the same moment a footman came out of the house and ordered them all off the steps, and some gentleman came out who called up Trotty, and asked a great many questions, and found a good deal of fault, telling Richard he was very foolish to want to get married, which made Toby feel very unhappy and Richard very angry. So the lovers went off together sadly—Richard looking gloomy and downcast, and Meg in tears.

Toby, who had a letter given him to carry, and a sixpence, trotted off in rather low spirits to a very grand house, where he was told to take the letter in to the gentleman. While he was waiting he heard the letter read. It was from Alderman Cute, to tell Sir Joseph Bowley that one of his tenants named Will Fern, who had come to London to try and get work, had been brought before him charged with sleeping in a shed, and asking if Sir Joseph wished him to be leniently dealt with or otherwise. To Toby's great disappointment, for Sir Joseph had talked a great deal about being a friend to the poor, the answer was given that Will Fern might be sent to prison as a vagabond, and made an example of; though his only fault was poverty.

On his way home, Toby, thinking sadly, with his hat pulled down low on his head, ran against a man dressed like a countryman, carrying a fair-haired little girl. Toby inquired anxiously if he had hurt either of them. The man answered no, and seeing Toby had a kind face he asked him the way to Alderman Cute's house.

"It's impossible," cried Toby, "that your name is Will Fern?"

"That's my name," said the man.

Thereupon Toby told him what he had just heard, and said, "Don't go there."

Poor Will told him how he could not make a living in the country, and had come to London with his orphan niece to try and find a friend of her mother's and to endeavor to get some work; and, wishing Toby a happy New Year, was about to trudge wearily off again, when Toby caught his hand, saying:

"Stay! The New Year never can be happy to me if I see the child and you go wandering away without a shelter for your heads. Come home with me. I'm a poor man, living in a poor place, but I can give you lodging for one night and never miss it." And, lifting up the pretty little one, he trotted toward home, talking all the way, for he couldn't bear to be thanked; and, rushing in, he set the child down before his daughter. The little girl gave one look at Meg's sweet face and ran into her arms at once, while Trotty ran round the room, saying: "Here we are and here we go. Here, Uncle Will, come to the fire. Meg, my precious darling, where's the kettle? Here it is and here it goes, and it'll bile in no time!"

"Why, father!" said Meg, as she knelt before the child and pulled off her wet shoes, "you're crazy to-night, I think. I don't know what the Bells would say to that. Poor little feet, how cold they are!"

"Oh, they're warmer now!" exclaimed the child. "They're quite warm now!"

"No, no no!" said Meg. "We haven't rubbed 'em half enough. We're so busy. And when they're done, we'll brush out the damp hair; and when that's done, we'll bring some color to the poor pale face with fresh water; and when that's done, we'll be so gay and brisk and happy!"

The child, sobbing, clasped her round the neck, saying: "Oh, Meg; Oh, dear Meg!"

"Good gracious me," said Meg presently, "father's crazy! He's put the dear child's bonnet on the kettle, and hung the lid behind the door!"

Trotty hastily repaired this mistake, and went off to find some tea and a rasher of bacon he fancied "he had seen lying somewhere on the stairs."

He soon came back and made the tea, and before long they were all enjoying the meal. Trotty and Meg only took a morsel for form's sake, but their delight was in seeing their visitors eat, and very happy they were—though Trotty had noticed that Meg was sitting by the fire in tears when they had come in, and he feared her marriage had been broken off.

After tea Meg took Lilian to bed, and Toby showed Will Fern where he was to sleep. As he came back past Meg's door he heard the child saying her prayers, remembering Meg's name and asking for his. Then he went to sit by the fire and read his paper, and fell asleep, to have a wonderful dream, so terrible and sad, that it was a great relief when he woke to find Meg sitting near him, putting some ribbons on her simple gown for her wedding, and looking so happy, and young, and blooming that he jumped up to clasp her in his arms.

But somebody came rushing in between them, crying: "No! Not even you. The first kiss of Meg in the New Year is mine. Meg, my precious prize, a happy year! A life of happy years, my darling wife!"

Then in came Lilian and Will Fern; and a band of music with a flock of neighbors burst into the room, shouting: "A happy New Year, Meg." "A happy wedding!" "Many of 'em." And the Drum stepped forward and said:

"Trotty Veck, it's got about that your daughter is to be married to-morrow. And there isn't a soul that knows you both that don't wish you both all the happiness the New Year can bring. And here we are, to play it in and dance it in, accordingly."

Then Mrs. Chickenstalker came in (a good-humored, comely woman, who to the delight of all, turned out to be the friend of Lilian's mother for whom Will Fern had come to look), to wish Meg joy; and then the music struck up, and Trotty, making Meg and Richard second couple, led off Mrs. Chickenstalker down the dance, and danced it in a step unknown before or since, founded on his own peculiar trot.

PRINCE GARETH

RETOLD FROM THE KING ARTHUR TALES

Little Prince Gareth lived in an old castle, far away in the north. He loved his home, and the hills, and the cold gray sea. He was the friend of every bird and beast that lived in the big forest near his home.

His mother, the Queen, would have been very dull if he had not been there. She liked to talk and play with him, and to hear his stories about the things he saw in the woods.

But she knew that, when her boy grew older, he would no longer care for this quiet life. He would wish to go, as her three other sons had done, to see the lands beyond the sea.

Perhaps he would try to find his way to King Arthur's palace, and see if he could not become one of the Knights of his Round Table.

Now, Gareth was a clever young boy. He had heard many stories about the great King. He knew how good and kind he was, and how his men were trained to be brave, and do noble deeds.

He often wished that he could go, as his brothers had done, and live with the good King, and do his bidding.

One day, he went to his mother, and begged her to let him go to Arthur's court. But she did not want him to leave her yet.

"What shall I do without you?" said she. "Stay here with me a while longer, and hunt in the forests. There is plenty of work for you here."

The boy said no more, just then. But after some time he went again to his mother. "Let me go to the King," he said; "I wish to follow him as a Knight."

The Queen smiled at her young son. "Yes, I will," she said, "but you must first promise me two or three things."

"You must not tell who you are. No one must know that you are my son, and a Prince, and for one year you must work in the King's kitchen."

The boy said that he would do all these things. Nothing was too hard for him, if he could only go and join the band of brave Knights at King Arthur's court.

The day came when the boy had to leave the old castle, where he had spent so many happy days with his mother. Two men were sent with him.

They had a long way to go, and rode many a mile. At last they came to a city and a castle, where King Arthur and his Knights were making a great feast.

Now, the King had a kind heart, and he allowed any of his people to come to his palace, and ask for favors.

As he sat at the Round Table, on this feast day, two men came into his great hall. They carried on their shoulders a youth, who looked like a Knight, though he was but poorly dressed.

"God bless King Arthur," said the boy. "I am come to ask for three gifts. One gift I beg you to grant me now. The other two I will ask for at the end of twelve months."

"Ask what you will," said Arthur.

"Then, O King, I pray that I may be allowed to work in your kitchen, and that you will give me food for one year's work."

"My fair son," said the King, "this is a very small thing. Ask something greater, for I should like to give you a better gift." But the boy told the King that he wanted nothing better.

"Would you not rather be one of my Knights?" asked Arthur.

"Yes," said the boy. But he did not forget

the promise he had made to his mother. "At the end of the year, I will ask two further favors," he said.

The King sent for Sir Kay, his steward. "Treat this youth well," said Arthur. But Sir Kay did not wish to have Gareth in the kitchen.

"I dare say he is only some poor man's son," the steward said. "If he were not, he would tell us his name, and where he comes from, and would ask for a horse and armor, instead of working in the kitchen."

One day he came to the boy and told him that he was going to give him a name, and call him Fair Hands. The unkind steward said many other things which made the poor boy very sad.

Gareth had chosen a very hard task. He ate his meals with the rough boys who worked in the kitchen, and he slept with them. They were not kind to him, for they knew their master, Sir Kay, did not like him.

Two of King Arthur's Knights were very sorry for the poor lad. They asked him to come into their rooms, where he should have better food and a nice bed to sleep in.

But the boy would not do this. He had told his mother that for twelve months he would work in the King's kitchen, and he meant to keep his word.

When any sports were to be held, he took care to be present. He liked to hear the stories, which the men were always telling, of the King's bravery, and of the bold deeds of his Knights.

The twelve months came to an end and the lad again went to the King's palace. There, in the great hall, sat King Arthur, and with him was a lady who seemed in much trouble.

"I ask for help, O King," she cried. "The wicked Red Knight has shut my sister in a castle, and I beg that you will send a Knight to fight him, and set her free."

Then Gareth ran quickly up to the King. "O King," said he, "I want my second favor. And I ask nothing better than to be one of your Knights, and help this fair lady."

The King smiled, but the lady was angry. "And so a kitchen boy is to go to the help of my sister," she said with scorn. Then she went to the place where she had left her horse, and rode away in haste.

The King's word was enough for Gareth. "You shall be one of my Knights," said Arthur. The boy was so full of joy that he did not mind the lady's anger.

He ran out quickly after her; and when he came into the court-yard, he found a great surprise waiting for him.

There was a fine horse, and on its back a suit of armor. Beside the horse stood a dwarf. "These have come from your noble mother," said he. "She knows that you have need of such things now."

Gareth put on his armor, and mounted his horse. He was riding forth gayly, when he heard Sir Kay shouting after him. "Come back," cried the steward, "come back to me, I am your master."

"I am free now," replied the lad, "but I know you are the most ungentle Knight of the court."

Then Sir Kay ran against him with his spear, but the clever lad threw him off his horse. Then Gareth took away Sir Kay's sword and spear, gave the horse to the dwarf, and rode off on his way once more.

When Gareth came up to the lady, he found her very cross. "What are you doing here?" she asked. "Your clothes smell of grease and cooking, and they are quite soiled. You are a ladle-washer."

"You can say what you like," said Gareth. "I have said that I shall set free your sister, and I will do so, or die."

Because the lady was so unkind, he fell back, and rode a little way behind. He did not mind her words, for he was, at last, his own master, and a Knight. They made him feel quite happy and not a little proud.

As they rode along, he heard someone running after him, and he stopped as the man came up.

"Sir," said the man, "my master has fallen into the hands of robbers, who are going to put an end to his life. I beg you to help him, and to set him free."

Gareth rode with the man, until they came to the place where he had left his master. Here he found the poor Knight tied to a tree, and the robbers were taking from him his shield, rings, and other things.

He rushed upon them, and struck out so boldly that the robbers ran away. Then he unbound the Knight, who was very thankful.

"Pray come and spend the night at my castle," said he, "so that I may find some reward for your kindness."

"I want no reward," replied Gareth. "I have to ride after this lady, and free her sister from the castle in which she is shut up."

The Knight said he would go with him; and when they came up to the lady, he begged her,

also, to stop at his castle. It was now quite dark, and the forest was a lonely place; so the lady was glad of the shelter.

When they were sitting down to supper, her pride made her draw back. "You have placed this kitchen boy near me," she said. "I cannot sit beside him, for I am of noble birth."

The Knight did not know what she meant. But he took Gareth to a side table, where he sat down with him. And so the proud lady had supper by herself.

Next day, Gareth again set out on his task; and, in the end, he was able to free the lady's sister from the wicked Red Knight. In doing this, he fought so bravely that the proud lady was ashamed of herself and asked him to forgive her rude words.

Thus the gentle boy won his way to honor. Though he had begun his life at Arthur's court in the kitchen, he soon became the most beloved of all the King's Knights.

THE PIED PIPER

RETOLD FROM ROBERT BROWNING

In the pleasant town of Hamelin, in Brunswick, a great many years ago, the people suffered under a plague of rats.

Rats!

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles.

The people were so pestered that they did not know what to do. Finally they gathered in a body at the Town Hall and demanded that the Mayor and his Councilors should relieve them from their distresses. The Mayor and Councilors racked their brains. Of course, there was no trap big enough to catch these little fellows, and they could not seem to set enough small traps to entice them all. After they had scratched their heads in vain, and saw nothing left to do but give up, and, perhaps, leave their own town—

In did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin.
But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.

The queer figure advanced to the council table and addressed the Mayor and his assistants. "Please your Honors," said he, "I am able by means of a secret charm to draw all living creatures beneath the sun after me. In Tartary, last summer, I freed the Cham from a huge swarm of gnats; in Asia, I relieved the Emperor of a monstrous brood of vampire bats; and, if you will give me a thousand guilders, I can rid your town of rats. They call me the Pied Piper."

And now the Mayor and his Councilors noticed that around his neck the strange visitor wore a red-and-yellow scarf, at the end of which hung a pipe; and his fingers, they observed, seemed to be ever wandering toward it, as if impatient to be playing upon it.

"Will you give me the thousand guilders?" asked the Pied Piper.

"One? Fifty thousand!" shouted the Mayor and his Councilors all together.

Then the Piper stepped into the street with a smile, as if he knew the magic that was in his silent pipe. He wrinkled up his lips, lifted the pipe to his mouth, and began to play.

And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the mutterings grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling—
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats;
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers;
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens.

Down the street, the Piper walked, still blowing his pipe; and step for step all the rats in Hamelin followed, until they came to the River Weser, and into it they plunged, and were drowned. That is, all but one. This rat swam across the stream to Ratland, and told the rat

people on the other side what had happened. Said he:

"With the first shrill notes of the pipe, we seemed to hear a sound as of pouring apples into a cider press, of moving pickle tubs, of drawing the corks of oil bottles and of breaking the hoops of butter casks; and it seemed as if we heard a voice calling out: 'Oh, rats, rejoice! Here is your breakfast, dinner, and supper, all at once.' When I woke up, I found the River Weser rolling over me."

The people of Hamelin rushed to the churches and rang the bells until they rocked the steeples. They got out long poles, and poked out the nests, and blocked up all the rat-holes. While they were busy, with the Mayor at their head, the Piper suddenly appeared in the market place and inquired: "Where are my thousand guilders, please?"

Now, a thousand guilders is a good deal of money, and the dinners that the Mayor and his Councilors had been eating at the expense of the city had used up most of the city funds; so the Mayor, with a knowing wink, said to the Piper: "Oh, no, my friend; that was only a joke. I don't mind giving you something for a drink, and a little money to put into your pocket. What do you say—will you take fifty guilders?"

The Piper's face grew dark, and he cried: "No trifling! I am off to Bagdad for dinner, and if you don't treat me fairly I will set my pipe to another tune."

"You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst. Blow your pipe until you are out of breath," said the Mayor.

Once more he stepped into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering;
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running—
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls—
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music, with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor and his Council stood beside the road like blocks of wood, unable to move a step as their children went merrily skipping by. The Piper led them out of the square, along the high street, and to the River Weser. The Mayor and Councilors held their breath, but the Piper took them safely over the river and up the hill on the other side.

"He never can cross the hill-top!" exclaimed the Mayor, "and the children will turn back to us, after all."

But, behold! just as they reached the side of the mountain, a wondrous doorway opened, and the Piper advanced, and the children followed into the cavern. When all were in, the door in the mountain-side shut fast, and all the children were lost to sight.

All? No, there was one little lame boy who could not follow the others, so he was left outside; but he was able to look within. In after days, when it was dull (he was the only lad left in Hamelin), he used to tell how he saw—

A joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honeybees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings.

It was lonely the following years in Hamelin town. The best the poor people could do was to write the story on a column in the square, and paint a picture of the Piper and his procession of children on the great window of the city church. But they say that in some far-off land there still lives a tribe of people who wear dresses that are different from those of their neighbors, and who speak another language. They are always happy; they sing merry songs, and they all love to play upon the pipe. These are supposed to be the children's children of the children of Hamelin City.

"Out came the children running . . .
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music, with shouting and laughter."

PINOCCHIO

RETOLD FROM CARLO LORENZINI

Once upon a time there was—"A King"—some little voice will cry.

No, little one, you are wrong!

Once upon a time, a piece of wood was lying in the shop of an old carpenter. His name, I may tell you, was Master Antonio, but he was called by everybody Master Cherry, because the end of his nose was always as red as a ripe cherry.

When he saw the piece of wood, his face beamed with delight, and he said to himself:

"It will just do to make the leg of a little table."

With that he took a sharp axe to cut away the bark. But, before he could strike a single blow, he heard a little voice say pleadingly: "Do not strike me very hard!"

You may imagine good Master Cherry's astonishment. With the axe still raised in his hand, he looked with frightened eyes all round the room. There was nobody. Then he looked under the bench, into the cupboard, searched in a basket of shavings, and even opened the door and looked out into the street. There was no one to be seen. Where did the voice come from?

"I see how it is," he said to himself, laughing and scratching his wig. "I must have imagined it." And raising the axe, he gave the wood a tremendous blow.

"Oh! Oh! You have hurt me," cried the little voice.

This time Master Cherry was terrified. His eyes started from his head with fright; his mouth hung open; he shook all over, so that when he could speak, his voice trembled and stuttered, as he said:

"Where on earth can that little voice have come from? There is not a living thing here but me. Is it possible this piece of wood can have learned to cry like a child? I cannot believe it. Can anyone be hidden inside it? If anyone is there, I will soon settle him."

And he seized the piece of wood and banged it against the wall as hard as he could.

Then he listened for the little voice. Two minutes he stood with the log in his hand—nothing; five minutes—nothing; ten minutes—there was no sound.

"I see how it is," he said, making himself laugh. "I imagined the little voice. Let us begin again."

But, all the same, he was badly frightened, and he put away his axe; and, trying to give himself courage by singing a little tune, took his plane to smooth the piece of wood.

But he had scarcely begun when he heard the little voice cry, laughingly:

"You are tickling me all over."

Master Cherry was so frightened that he fell down in a swoon; and when he came to himself, he was lying on the floor, and the end of his nose had turned blue from fright.

At that moment some one gave a quick knock on the door. Master Cherry called, "Come in!" and in walked a lively little old man, named Geppetto. He wore a yellow wig, which looked so like an Indian corn pudding that the boys had nicknamed him "Polendina." But he was very fiery, and woe to the boy whom he heard call him that.

"Good morning, Master Antonio," he said, "what are you doing on the floor?"

"I am teaching the alphabet to the ants," snapped Antonio. "What has brought you to me, Master Geppetto?"

"This morning, an idea came into my head."

"Let us hear it."

"I thought I would make a beautiful wonder-doll and teach it to dance, and fence, and leap like an acrobat. With this doll, or puppet, I would travel round the world and earn my bread. What do you think of it?"

"Bravo, Polendina!" said the little voice.

On hearing himself called Polendina, Geppetto became crimson with rage, and turning to Antonio, he said furiously:

"Why do you insult me?"

"Who insults you?"

"You called me Polendina."

"It was not I!"

"It was you!"

From angry words they came to blows. In a moment the two old men were fighting furiously on the floor, and when the fight was over each had the other's wig. That nearly brought on another fight; but each returned the other's property, and they promised to be friends for the rest of their lives.

Alas for the peace they had just made! As Antonio was giving the piece of wood to his friend, it wriggled out of his hand and struck Geppetto's shins a fearful blow.

"Oh!" said Geppetto, "you have lamed me!"

"It was not I."

"It was you that hit me."

"I did not!"

Next moment they were fighting as hard as ever, and both suffered in the fight. However, when it was over, they shook hands, and promised to be friends for ever and ever, and Geppetto limped off to his house with the piece of wood under his arm.

Poor Geppetto lived in a small, badly lighted room, and for furniture he had only a hard bed, and a broken chair and table. He had no fire, but at the end of the room was painted a fireplace, with a lighted fire, and a saucepan boiling merrily, and he thought it looked quite cheerful!

As soon as he reached home he set to work on the puppet, which he decided to call Pinocchio, because he once knew a family of that name who were quite successful. Having settled on the name, he began by making the hair, then he made the forehead, and then the eyes. They were well done; but even so, he was never more astonished in his life than when the eyes looked at him.

He spoke angrily to them. Getting no answer, he went on and carved the nose; but, as he carved, it began to grow, and grow, and grow, until he thought it would never end. The more he cut at it and shortened it, the more it grew!

So he went on and carved the mouth; and before he finished the mouth it began to laugh at him. At that he flew into a rage. "Stop laughing!" he roared. But the mouth only stuck out its tongue at him; and, though Geppetto was furious, he went on with his work rather than spoil it.

Scarcely had he finished the hands than he felt his wig snatched from his head, and, looking up, he found it in the puppet's hands.

"Pinocchio!" he shouted, "give me back my wig at once!"

Pinocchio put it on his own head, and was nearly smothered.

"Ah! Pinocchio!" said Geppetto, shaking his head, "you are not yet finished, and you show want of respect to your father. That is bad—very bad!"

He dried a tear, and went on with the legs and feet; and no sooner had he finished the feet than they kicked him on the nose.

"I deserve it," he said to himself; "I should have thought of it sooner. Now it is too late."

He placed Pinocchio on the floor; and, as his legs were too stiff to move, Geppetto showed him how to walk. But as soon as he could move with ease, Pinocchio ran to the door, out into the street, and escaped.

Geppetto rushed after him; but Pinocchio was much too swift to be caught, and he went off, knocking his wooden feet together, and making as much clatter as twenty pairs of dancing clogs.

"Stop him! Stop him!" shouted Geppetto; but the people in the streets, seeing a wooden puppet running like a race-horse, stood stock still, and laughed, and laughed, and laughed. . . . However, a tall man stood in the middle of the street, caught the runaway and handed him over to Geppetto, who tried to pull his ears, but could not, because—he had forgotten to finish them!

Pinocchio threw himself on the ground and refused to move, and the people began to say that Geppetto had been cruel to him. So they let Pinocchio go; and poor Geppetto was marched off to prison, where he had to stay all night.

Meantime, Pinocchio ran off as hard as he could, and before long he met the Talking Cricket, who advised him to mend his ways, or he would come to a bad end; but he would not listen to the cricket.

Before long he was sorry that he did not, for night came on, he was very hungry indeed, and would have been glad enough to see poor old Geppetto. However, he found an egg, and when he saw it—well, you would have to be a puppet—a marionette—to understand his joy. He turned it round and round in his hands; he kissed it; he said: "How ought I to cook it? Shall I make an omelet, or poach it, or scramble it, or—shall I drink it raw? No! The nicest way is to cook it in a saucepan." So he put a saucepan on a pile of burning shavings, and when the water began to smoke—tac!—he broke the shell, and out came a beautiful chicken, which thanked him for breaking the shell, and walked away.

Then Pinocchio wept, and wished he had not run away. At last he sat down at the fire of shavings, and fell asleep; and when Geppetto came home and woke him up, his feet were gone—burned up in the fire of shavings. At first Geppetto refused to make him new feet, but he promised to be good, and begged so hard to go to school, that Geppetto made him a nice pair of new feet, a pair of shoes, a beautiful suit of clothes, and a cap which was made from bread crumbs.

Off he went to school, with his nice new A B C under his arm, and feeling very proud. But on his way, he heard a band and followed it, and came to a house on which there was a sign which said, "Grand Theater for Marionettes." Wild

with curiosity, he did not rest until he found his way in.

When Pinocchio came into the theater, the principal marionettes, Harlequin and Punchinello, were quarreling with all their might on the stage, for that, you must know, was the play. The people were laughing at the puppets, when suddenly Harlequin stopped, and, pointing to someone far down the theater, cried out:

"Do I dream, or do I wake? It is Pinocchio!"

"It is Pinocchio! It is Pinocchio!" shouted all the puppets in chorus, leaping in on the stage from every side.

"Pinocchio, come here!" cried Harlequin, "and throw yourself into the arms of your wooden brothers and sisters."

Pinocchio made a leap that landed him on the stage, and then the excitement of kissing, and dancing, and leaping, and laughing that went on beats all description. The audience called out to them to go on with the play, but they simply wasted breath. The puppets paid no attention to them and were in the act of putting Pinocchio on their shoulders when the showman, a big ugly man, with a huge beard like an apron, came in, cracking his whip. Instantly there was silence. A fly might have been heard in the stillness.

"Why have you disturbed my theater?" he said gruffly to Pinocchio.

"Believe me, honored sir, it was not my fault."

"That is enough! To-night we shall settle accounts."

And that night, when the show was over, and the showman's supper was roasting at the fire, he sent Harlequin and Punchinello for Pinocchio, to throw him on the fire to make a blaze.

They did not want to do it; but a glance from the showman made them shiver, and in they brought poor Pinocchio, wriggling about and crying out: "Papa, papa, save me! I will not die! I will not die!"

The showman, who was not so bad as he seemed, tried to hold out, but could not, and presently he sneezed violently.

"Ah!" said Harlequin, who had been weeping for Pinocchio, "you are saved."

For you must know that, instead of weeping when he felt sorry for some one, Fire-eater, the showman, always sneezed.

He sneezed again, and then shouted crossly: "Stop crying! You distress me! Are your papa and mamma alive?"

"Papa is. I have never known my mamma."

"Oh, what sorrow I would have given your poor father if I had thrown you on the coals. Poor old man!" said the showman. And he sneezed three times.

"Bless you," cried Pinocchio.

"Thank you. All the same, some compassion is due me because I have no wood to cook my meat. However, I must burn up one of my company. Ho there, gendarmes!"

Two wooden policemen appeared, and the showman said, in a hoarse, harsh voice:

"Bind Harlequin securely, and throw him on the fire. I must have my meat well browned."

Think of Harlequin's terror. His legs bent under him, and he fell on his face on the floor. At this pitiful sight Pinocchio threw himself at the showman's feet, weeping so hard that he wet his long black beard, and begged:

"Have pity, Sir Fire-eater!"

"There are no Sirs here," said the showman, in a hard voice.

"Have pity, Sir Knight!"

"There are no Knights here!"

"Have pity, Commander!"

"There are no commanders here!"

"Have pity, Excellency!"

Upon hearing himself called by this title, a smile crept over the showman's face, and he said:

"Well, what do you want?"

"Pardon poor Harlequin!"

"For him there can be no pardon. I have spared you, and I must have my mutton well roasted."

"In that case," cried Pinocchio, throwing away his bread-crumb hat, "I know my duty. Gendarmes, bind me and throw me in the flames!"

These words, uttered in a loud, heroic tone, made all the puppets cry.

Little by little the showman's heart softened. At last he sneezed three or four times, and then he called Pinocchio to him and gave him a kiss.

"Then the pardon is granted?" asked Harlequin in a faint voice.

"Yes!" said the showman; "but another time woe to him who chances."

Then all the puppets, in their joy, ran to the stage, lighted the lamps, and danced and sang the whole night through.

The next day the showman gave Pinocchio five gold pieces, and tol dhim to take them to his father. You may be sure Pinocchio thanked him a thousand times, and with the best intentions in the world set out for home.

But on his way he met a lame Fox and a blind Cat, helping each other along. They stopped to speak to him, and while they were talking Pinoc-

chio began to boast of his riches, and pulled out his money to show it. When they heard the tinkle of gold, the Fox stretched out his crippled paw, and the Cat opened her eyes wide. But Pinocchio saw nothing.

"What are you going to do with all that money?" asked the Fox.

"I am going to buy a new coat for my papa, made of gold and silver, with diamond buttons," said Pinocchio, "and then I shall buy a spelling-book for myself."

"Look at me!" said the Fox; and, "Look at me!" said the Cat. "Through our passion for study, see what we have lost!"

A white blackbird that was perched on the hedge sang to Pinocchio: "Don't listen to the advice of bad companions, or you will repent it!"

The Cat sprang upon him, ate him, feathers and all; licked her lips; closed her eyes, and pretended again to be blind.

"Poor blackbird!" said Pinocchio. "Why did you treat him like that?"

"To give him a lesson. He will learn another time not to meddle!"

They went on, walking and talking, but suddenly the Fox stopped in the middle of the road and asked Pinocchio if he would like to make his five gold pieces into a hundred, a thousand, two thousand!"

"I should think so," said the puppet. "How?"

"The way is easy enough, but you must go with us."

"Where?"

"To the Land of the Owls."

Pinocchio thought a minute, and then said: "No." He would go straight home. He knew his father was worried about him. If he had not been a bad boy yesterday, he would not have run into the danger he had been in.

"Well, then," said the Fox, "go, and so much the worse for you. Between to-day and to-morrow your five pieces would have become two thousand."

Pinocchio stood with his mouth open. "How could they have become so many?" he asked.

"Oh!" said the Fox, "in the Land of the Owls there is a Field of Miracles. If you dig a hole there and put in a gold piece, with a pinch of salt, and cover it with earth, and water it well, it will grow in the night; and in the morning you will find a tree with as many gold pieces as an ear of corn has grains in June."

"And," said Pinocchio, "if I buried my five gold pieces, how many should I find?"

"That," said the Fox, "is a very easy problem in arithmetic. In the morning, you would find two thousand five hundred gold pieces."

"Oh! How delightful!" cried Pinocchio. "I will keep two thousand for myself, and give five hundred to you."

"Of what are you dreaming?" said the Fox, appearing to be very much offended. "We do not work for money, but for the good of others!"

"Others," purred the Cat.

"What good people!" thought Pinocchio; and, forgetting his papa, and the coat, and the spelling-book, and all the good things he meant to do, he went off with the Fox and the Cat.

They walked, and walked, and walked, until at last, dead tired, they arrived at the Red Crawfish Inn.

"Let us stop here," said the Fox, "and have something to eat, and rest. We will start at midnight, and arrive at the Field of Miracles by dawn."

They sat down at the table; but the Fox and the Cat said they had no appetite. The Cat, who had indigestion, could only eat thirty-five white fish, with tomato sauce, four portions of tripe, and asked three times for butter and cheese to season it. The Fox, whose doctor had ordered him to be careful in his food, contented himself with a hare, lightly dressed with fat chickens and spring broilers. After the hare, he finished with a dish made of partridges, rabbits, lizards, frogs, and other dainties. He could touch nothing else. Pinocchio, who thought continually of the Field of Miracles, and all the money he could make for his papa, ordered bread and walnuts, and left them on his plate.

After supper they went to bed, and Pinocchio was so tired he fell asleep, and felt as if he had scarcely closed his eyes when, just as he was in the midst of a lovely dream about shrubs and trees covered with gold pieces, he was roused by a thump! thump! thump! on the door.

It was the landlord, come to tell him it was midnight, and the Fox and the Cat had left two hours before, because, said the landlord, the Cat's eldest kitten was ill with chilblains on the feet.

"Did they pay for supper?" asked Pinocchio.

"Oh, no!" said the landlord, who was in league with the Fox and the Cat. "When they were traveling with a gentleman, they would not think of doing so."

Poor Pinocchio would have been quite glad if they had done so, but he had to pay one of his gold pieces for the supper he had not eaten before he set out for the Field of Miracles, where

the landlord said the Fox and the Cat would meet him.

It was a very dark night, with darker shadows; and before dawn came Pinocchio had had enough adventures to satisfy any puppet.

First, he met a bright light, which was the spirit of the Talking Cricket, who told him his father wept for him, and who warned him to go back—the road was dangerous.

"Truly," said Pinocchio to himself, "everybody scolds us poor boys, and warns us and gives us advice. I have never believed in assassins. I think they were invented to make boys afraid to go out at night."

He turned, and there in the gloom were two evil-looking black figures, running after him on tip-toe.

"Here they are really," he said, and thrust his gold pieces under his tongue for safety. Then he tried to escape. But he had scarcely raised his foot to run, when his arm was seized, and two deep, hollow voices said:

"Your money or your life!"

Pinocchio, who could not speak because of the money in his mouth, could only bow and make signs. He tried to make out who had seized him, but he could see only two dim figures wrapped in sacks, their eyes peering through holes in the sacks.

"Deliver up your money, or you are dead!" said the tallest brigand.

"Dead!" said the other in a hollow voice.

"And after you are dead we shall kill your father!"

"No, no, no! Not my poor papa!" cried Pinocchio despairingly. And as he spoke, the gold pieces rang together in his mouth.

"Ah! you rascal! Your money is under your tongue! Give it up!"

They tried to force open his mouth, but could not. His lips seemed to be riveted together; and when the shorter assassin tried to force it open with an ugly knife, quick as a flash Pinocchio bit off his hand. Imagine his surprise when he found it was not a hand at all, but a cat's paw.

Encouraged by his victory, he pulled himself away, jumped the hedge, and fled across the country, followed by the assassins at full speed. They raced for miles, and when Pinocchio could run no more, he climbed to the very top of a tall pine-tree, where the assassins could not follow him.

But they were not to be beaten by so little. Piling a quantity of dry wood beneath the tree, they set fire to it. In a minute the pine was flaming like a candle in the wind; and not wishing to end his days like a roasted pigeon, Pinocchio made a tremendous leap, and away he went across the fields.

The way was barred by a deep, wide ditch, full of muddy water. "One, two, three," cried the puppet, and over it he went; but the assassins, who were right on his heels, went splash, splash, into the very middle; and without stopping, Pinocchio shouted out: "A fine bath to you, gentlemen assassins!"

He thought they were drowned; but when he looked back, there they were, running after him, dripping like two hollow baskets. He ran, and ran, through a great forest, and tried to get shelter, but could not; and at last the assassins caught up with him, and hung him up on an old oak tree. However, he was saved by a falcon, which a fairy sent to his rescue; and, hearing that his father was on his way to look for him, he set out to meet Geppetto.

On his way he was running quickly through the wood, but in front of the oak he stopped, for there he saw, coming toward him, the Fox and the Cat. They met him with joy, and asked how he came there.

"It is a long story," said Pinocchio, "which I will tell you when I have time." And then and there he told them the whole story of all the adventures he had met.

"Is it possible," said the Fox, "to hear of anything more dreadful? Where can respectable people like us find a safe refuge?"

While they were talking, Pinocchio noticed a very curious thing. The Cat had lost the whole of her front right paw. When he asked how it had happened, she was very much confused; but the Fox told a very touching story of how they had met a poor old hungry Wolf, and, as they had no money, the good Cat had given him her right paw to eat!

Pinocchio was also touched, and whispered to the Cat: "If all Cats were like you, how fortunate the mice would be!"

"And now," said the Fox, "what are you doing here?"

"I am waiting for my papa."

"And your gold pieces?"

"I have them in my pocket."

"And to think that instead of four pieces, you might have two thousand! Why will you not bury them in the Field of Miracles?"

Pinocchio thought of old Geppetto waiting for him, and of all the warnings he had had, and the dangers he had been through. However, he

ended as all boys do who have no sense and no heart. He gave his head a little shake, and said: "Let us go. I will come with you!"

The Fox and the Cat, who repeated everything the Fox said, told Pinocchio the field was only two miles away; but they walked half the day before they came to a town called "Traps for Blockheads," which was crowded with hungry dogs who had lost their coats; shorn sheep; cocks whose combs had been cut; butterflies who had sold their beautful wings; peacocks without tails; pheasants without their beautiful gold and silver feathers.

Through this starving crowd, from time to time, came a lordly carriage containing a fox, a thieving magpie, or some ravenous bird of prey.

The three companions crossed this miserable town, and on the other side they came to a lonely field, which looked just like any other field.

"We have arrived!" said the Fox; and, acting under his directions, Pinocchio dug a little hole, and put his money in. As he had no can, he brought water from the canal in his old shoe, and watered the ground.

"Now," said the Fox, "we can go away. In about twenty minutes you can return, and you will find a shrub, with its branches loaded with money."

The puppet was beside himself with joy, and promised the Fox and the Cat a beautiful present.

"We wish for no presents!" they said. "It is enough for us to have taught you to make yourself rich."

With that they said good-by, and started away, while Pinocchio went into the town and counted out the twenty minutes, all the time thinking what he would do with so much money.

"Suppose," he said to himself, "that I should find five thousand gold pieces, or ten thousand, or a hundred thousand, I would have a beautiful palace, a thousand little wooden horses, a thousand stables, and lots of good things to eat."

While he was talking to himself, he drew near the field; but he could see nothing of the tree. Nearer he went—nothing. Still nearer—nothing. Right up to the place—nothing. And there he stood staring at it, when he heard a shout of laughter from above his head. Looking up, he saw a large parrot in a tree.

"Why are you laughing?" said Pinocchio.

"Because in preening my feathers I tickled my wings."

Pinocchio said nothing, but went to the canal, brought more water, and watered the ground. But he was interrupted by mocking laughter from the parrot.

"Once for all," he shouted in a rage, "may I know what you are laughing at?"

"I am laughing at the simple people who believe all the foolish things that are told them."

"Are you speaking of me?"

"Yes, I am speaking of you, poor Pinocchio—of you who are simple enough to believe that money can be sown and gathered in the fields in the same way as beans and squash. I have learned that to save a few pennies honestly we must earn them, either by the work of our own hands, or the cleverness of our own brains."

"I don't understand you," said the puppet, trembling with fear.

"I will explain myself. The Fox and the Cat came back, took the buried money, and fled like the wind."

Pinocchio stared at him with his mouth open. Then he began to dig; and he dug and dug until he made a hole that a rick of straw might stand up in; but the money was no longer there.

So he went to the courts of justice to complain of the wickedness of the Fox and the Cat; and for his pains the judge ordered him to be put in prison for his foolishness. The puppet was petrified on hearing this unexpected sentence, and tried to protest; but the gendarmes stopped his mouth and carried him off to the lock-up.

There he remained for four long months before a fortunate chance released him. The young Emperor, having won a splendid victory over his enemies, ordered great public rejoicings, and commanded that the prisons should be opened and all the prisoners freed.

"You are not to be freed," said the jailer to Pinocchio, "you do not belong to the fortunate class."

"I beg your pardon," said Pinocchio, "I am also a criminal."

"In that case you are perfectly right," said the jailer; and, bowing to him respectfully, he opened the door and let him escape.

THE WATER-BABIES

RETOLD FROM CHARLES KINGSLEY

Once upon a time there was a little chimney-sweep, and his name was Tom. He lived in a great town in the North Country, where there were plenty of chimneys to sweep, and where there was plenty of money for Tom to earn and his master to spend. He could not read nor write, and he never washed himself, for there was no water up the court where he lived. He had never been taught to say his prayers. He had never even heard of God.

Tom cried half his time and laughed the other half. He cried when he had to climb the dark chimneys, rubbing his poor knees and elbows raw, and when the soot got into his eyes, and when his master beat him, and when he was hungry. And all these things happened every day. But he laughed the other half of the day, when he was tossing halfpennies with the other boys, or playing leap-frog, or bowling stones at horses' legs. Yes, in spite of everything, Tom was the jolliest boy in the whole town.

One day, Mr. Grimes, Tom's master, was sent for to come up next morning to Sir John Harthover's, at the Place, for his old chimney-sweep was gone to prison, and the chimneys wanted sweeping.

Mr. Grimes was so delighted at his new customer that he knocked Tom down at once; and next morning at four o'clock when they were going out, he knocked him down again, just to teach him that he must be extra good that day!

So Tom and his master set out. Grimes rode the donkey in front, and Tom and his brushes walked behind. Out of the court they went, and up the black dusty street, between black walls. But soon the road and walls grew white, and at the foot of the walls grew long grass and gay flowers, all drenched with dew, and they heard the skylark singing in the air.

Soon they overtook a poor Irishwoman, trudging along with a bundle on her back. She had neither shoes nor stockings, and limped as if she were tired and foot-sore; but she was a beautiful woman, with bright gray eyes and black hair. And she took Grimes' fancy so much that he asked her to ride behind him.

But she answered quietly: "No, thank you; I'd sooner walk with your little lad here."

So she walked beside Tom, and talked to him, and asked him where he lived, and all about himself, till Tom thought he had never met such a kind woman. And she asked him at last if he said his prayers, and seemed sad when he told her that he knew no prayers to say.

Tom asked her where she lived, and she said: "Far away by the sea." And he asked her about the sea, and she told him how it rolled and roared over the rocks in winter nights, and lay still in the bright summer days, for the children to bathe and play in it. And Tom longed to go and see the sea, and bathe in it, too.

At last, at the bottom of a hill, they came to a spring that rose, bubbling and gurgling, so clear that you could not tell where the water ended and the air began. And there Grimes stopped, and, without a word, climbed over the low wall, and began to dip his ugly head into the spring—and very dirty he made it.

Tom was picking flowers as fast as he could; but when he saw Grimes actually wash, he stopped, astonished, and said:

"Why, master, I never saw you do that before."

"Nor will again, most likely. It wasn't for cleanliness I did it, but for coolness."

"I wish I might go and dip my head in," said poor little Tom.

"Thou come along," said Grimes, "what does thou want with washing thyself?"

"I don't care, I will," said Tom; and he ran to the stream and began to wash himself.

Grimes, who was sulky because the woman had liked Tom's company better than his, dashed after him and began to beat him.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, Thomas Grimes?" cried the Irishwoman.

Grimes looked up, startled at her knowing his name; but he was still more startled when she promised him, if he did not leave off beating Tom, she would tell all the wicked things that he had done. At this Grimes, who was quite cowed, let Tom go, and mounted his donkey without a word. But the woman stopped him again.

"I have one more word for you both," she said, "for you will both see me again before all is over. Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be; and those that wish to be dirty, dirty they will be."

And she turned away through a gate into a meadow.

Grimes stood still for a moment, then rushed after her, but she was gone. A little frightened, he mounted his donkey; and, filling his pipe, he

smoked away, and left Tom in peace until they reached the Place.

How many chimneys Tom swept we cannot say; but he swept so many that he got quite tired and puzzled; and at last, coming down the wrong chimney, found himself in a room quite different from what he had ever seen before.

It was all white, with a gay, flowered carpet; and the walls were hung with pictures of ladies and gentlemen, and pictures of horses and dogs. But two of the pictures Tom liked better than all the rest. One was the picture of a Man sitting with little children, and their mothers round him, and he was laying his hand upon the children's heads. That was a very pretty picture, Tom thought, to hang in a lady's room. For he could see it was a lady's room by the dresses which lay about. The other picture was of the same Man, nailed to a cross. It made Tom feel so sad that he turned to look at something else.

The next thing he saw puzzled him a good deal. It was a washing-stand, with jugs and basins, soap and towels, and a large bath full of clean water.

"She must be a very dirty lady," thought Tom, "to want so much scrubbing as all that," and then, looking toward the bed, he saw the lady, and held his breath.

Under the snow-white coverlet, upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl that Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her hair like threads of gold.

"No! She cannot be dirty. She never could have been dirty," thought Tom to himself; and then he thought: "Are all people like that when they are washed?" And looking at his own wrist he tried to rub off the soot.

Then looking round he suddenly saw close by, a little ugly, black ragged figure, with red eyes and grinning white teeth. He turned on it angrily. What did such a little black ape want in that room? And all at once he found he was staring in a looking-glass at himself!

And Tom, for the first time in his life, knew that he was dirty, and burst into tears of shame. He turned to creep up the chimney again and hide, but he upset the fender and threw the fire-irons clattering down.

Up jumped the little white lady, and, seeing Tom, began to scream. In rushed the nurse from the next room, and seeing Tom, made up her mind that he had come to steal; so she dashed at him and caught him.

But she did not hold him long. He was much too clever for that, for he slipped under her arm, and ran across the room. Out of the window he went, down a tall tree, across the lawn, and up toward the wood.

The gardener mowing the grass saw Tom, and throwing down his scythe ran after him; the dairymaid upset the cream; the groom let loose the horse; Grimes upset the soot; the ploughman left his horses—all began to chase poor little Tom, shouting, as loud as they could, "Stop thief!" Even Sir John ran after him, and the Irishwoman was there, too. She must have gone round by another way.

Tom had never been in a wood before in his life, yet he was sharp enough to know he might hide in a bush, or climb up a tree. But the wood did not help him at all. The boughs laid hold of his legs and arms and poked him in the face, and he thought he would never get through it. Indeed, I don't think he would ever have got out, if he had not suddenly run his head against a wall. The wall hurt his head, but Tom was a brave boy, and did not mind. He guessed that over the wall the wood would end; so over it he went like a squirrel, and out on the great moors, which the country people called Harthover Fell.

Now, Tom was a bright little fellow, so instead of keeping straight on, he ran back, under the wall, for nearly a mile. Of course, Sir John, and Grimes, and all the others never thought of turning round, but went straight on, and Tom heard their shouts die away in the woods, and chuckled merrily to himself.

But the Irishwoman had seen which way Tom went; and when she came to the wall she went quietly over, and followed him up the hill.

And now he was right away in the heather, and over rocks and stones, climbing higher and higher, up and up, finding time, too, to stare at the strange place in which he found himself. But he had to go more and more slowly, as he got higher up the hill, for the ground grew rough and hurt his little feet, and he began to grow hungry and very thirsty, for he had run a long way, and the sun was hot. Still he went on, and on, till his head spun round, and he thought he heard church bells ringing, a long way off.

"Oh!" he thought, "where there is a church, there will be houses and people, and perhaps some one will give me a drink." He set off to look for the church, but in a minute he stopped and said: "Why, what a big place the world is!"

He had reached the top of the mountain and could see far away to the shining sea, and great plains, and farms, and villages lay spread out

like a map before him. And just at the foot of the mountain the tired boy saw a clear stream, and by the stream a littel garden, and there was a tiny red thing moving in the garden. As Tom looked down he saw it was a woman with a red petticoat. Ah! perhaps she would give him something to eat. So down he went, like a brave little man, and the church bells rang so loud he began to think they must be inside his head. And the river chimed and tinkled far below, and this was the song it sang:

"Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow and dreaming pool.
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle and foaming weir:
Under the crag where the ousel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church bell rings.
Undefiled, for the undefiled,
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child."

So Tom went down, and all the while he never saw the Irishwoman who walked behind him.

HOW THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP WAS TURNED INTO A WATER-BABY

A mile off and a thousand feet down!

So Tom found it, though it seemed as if he could have thrown a pebble on to the back of the woman in the red petticoat, and when at last he got to the bottom, and there was only a narrow strip of green field between him and the cottage, he could not walk.

So he lay down on the grass till the beetles ran over him, and the flies settled on his nose. Indeed, I don't know when he would have got up again, if the midges had not nibbled so at his hands and face that he woke up and stumbled over a low wall and up to the cottage door. It was a very pretty cottage, hung all over with clematis and roses, and inside by the fireplace sat the nicest old woman that ever was seen, in a red petticoat and clean white cap. At her feet sat a cat, and on two benches in front of her sat a row of chubby little children, learning their A B C's.

All the children started at Tom's dirty, black figure. The girls began to cry, and the boys began to laugh. But Tom was too tired to care.

"What art thou, and what dost want?" cried the dame. "A chimney-sweep! Away with thee! I'll have no sweeps here."

"Water," said poor little Tom, quite faint.

"Water? There's plenty in the brook."

"But I can't get there, and I'm so hungry and thirsty!" And Tom sank down upon the doorstep, and laid his head against the post.

The old dame looked at him through her spectacles one minute, and then said: "He's sick, an a bairn's a bairn, sweep or not."

"Water," said Tom.

Then the old woman had pity on him; and, seeing he was ill, she brought him milk to drink and bread to eat. Tom drank the milk, but the bread he could not eat. He told the dame how he had come all the long, hard way over the fell, and she put him to rest in an outhouse on soft, sweet hay, with a rug to cover him, telling him to sleep until she could dismiss her school.

So Tom lay down, and after a while he fell half asleep, and dreamed that he heard the little white lady crying to him, "Oh, you are so dirty; go and be washed." And then he heard the Irishwoman saying: "Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be." And then he heard the church bells ring so loud that he was sure it must be Sunday. But he could not go to church, all over soot and dirt like that, and he said out loud, again and again: "I must be clean, I must be clean."

Suddenly he found himself in the meadow, lying on the grass and looking into the clear, clear water of the brook, where every pebble at the bottom was bright and clean; and again he thought: "I must be clean, I must be clean."

So he pulled off all his ragged clothes and put his poor hot, sore feet into the water and then his legs. And the farther he went in, the louder the church bells rang.

"Ah," said Tom, "I must be quick and wash myself. The bells are ringing quite loud now, and they will stop soon, and I shall be too late for church."

And all the while he never saw the Irishwoman, not behind him this time, but before.

For just as he was coming to the riverside, she had stepped down into the cool, clear water, and her shawl and petticoat floated round her, and the white water-lilies floated about her head, and the fairies of the stream came up from the bottom and carried her away in their arms. For she was the Queen of all the Fairies.

"Where have you been?" they asked her.

"I have been smoothing sick people's pillows, and whispering sweet dreams into their ears, and coaxing little children away from things that would hurt them, and doing all I could to help those who would not help themselves."

Then she told them she had brought them a new little brother, and had watched, to keep him safe, all the way. But, she said, he was not to see the fairies. He was only a little savage yet. So the fairies were not to speak to him, nor play with him, but only to keep him from being harmed.

Then the fairies laughed for joy, because they had a new little brother. They were sad because they could not play with him; but they always did what they were told.

All this, of course, Tom neither saw nor heard. Perhaps if he had it would have made no difference, for he was so hot and thirsty, and longed so to be clean for once, that he tumbled as quickly as he could into the clear, cool stream, and fell into the quietest, sunniest, coziest sleep that ever he had had in his life, and while he slept the fairies took him.

The kind old dame came back at twelve, when school was over, to look at Tom. But there was no Tom there. She looked outside for his footprints, but the ground was too hard to show any marks; and she went in again, thinking Tom had tricked her with a false story; had pretended to be ill, and had run away. But she changed her mind next day. For then Sir John came over, looking for Tom, and told her the boy's story was quite true.

When Sir John and all the rest of them had lost Tom, they went home again and heard the whole story from Miss Ellie, the little lady in white. All she had seen was a poor little black chimney-sweep, crying and sobbing, and going up the chimney again. Of course she was frightened, but that was all. The boy had stolen nothing.

So next day Sir John mounted his stout pony, and took all his huntsmen, and a great bloodhound to show them which way poor little Tom had gone. And when he took them over that terrible mountain, Sir John could not believe Tom had really come that dreadful way. But he rode round to Vendale, and went to the old dame's school, and asked if she had seen Tom.

"Oh! Sir John," she said, "you were always a just and merciful man, and you'll not harm the poor little lad if I give you tidings of him?"

"Not I, not I, dame. I am afraid we hunted him out of the house on a miserable mistake, and I am very sorry now, and——"

But here the old dame burst out crying.

"So he told me the truth after all, poor little dear"; and then she told Sir John all.

"Bring the dog here," said Sir John, without another word.

The dog found the traces of Tom's footprints at once, and led them to the meadow. And there, by the side of the stream, they saw Tom's clothes.

And Tom?

Ah! now comes the most wonderful part of this wonderful story. Tom, when he woke, found himself swimming about the stream, with a little frill round his neck, such as the fishes have, which he thought was made of lace, till he pulled it and found he hurt himself, and made up his mind it was part of himself, and best left alone. In fact, the fairies had turned him into a water-baby.

And therefore, where the keeper, and the groom, and Sir John found a black thing in the water, and said it was Tom's body, and that he had been drowned, they were utterly mistaken. Tom was quite alive, and cleaner and merrier than he had ever been. The fairies had washed him, you see, in the swift river; and had done it so well that not only the dirt but the whole black outside had been washed quite off him, and only the pretty little real inside Tom was left.

But no one understood this, and they were all very unhappy, and the little girl would not play with her dolls for a whole week, and never forgot poor little Tom.

TOM'S ADVENTURES ON HIS WAY TO THE SEA

Tom was able to live in the water, as well as on land, now, and what is better still he was clean. He did not remember having ever been dirty. Indeed, he did not remember any of his old troubles. In fact, he could not remember anything that had happened to him when he was a land-baby.

Tom was very happy in the water. He had been sadly overworked in the land-world, and so now, to make up for that, he had nothing to do but enjoy himself, and look at all the pretty things which are to be seen in the cool, clear water-world, where the sun is never too hot and the frost is never too cold.

There were forests in the water, too, where Tom saw water-monkeys and water-squirrels, climbing among the branches. And the water-flowers were so beautiful that he tried to pick them. But as soon as he touched them they drew themselves in, and turned into knots of jelly. And then Tom saw they were all alive—

bells, and stars, and wheels, and flowers of all beautiful shapes and colors.

Now you must know that all things under the water talk, only their talk is not like ours, but such as horses, and dogs and cows and birds use; and Tom soon learned to talk to them, and might have had pleasant friends if he had been a good boy. But we are sorry to say that, like some other naughty little boys, he was very fond of hunting and teasing animals just for fun. So he poked and pecked the poor water-things, till they were all afraid of him, and he had no one to speak to or to play with.

The water-fairies, of course, were sorry to see him so unhappy, and longed to tell him how naughty he was, and teach him to be good; but they had been forbidden to do that. Tom had to learn his own lesson, and no one could help him but himself.

At last, one day, Tom sat by the stream, as lonely as he deserved to be, when under a bank he saw a very ugly creature about half as big as himself, with a face like a donkey's.

"Oh," said Tom, "you are an ugly fellow!" And Tom was making faces at him, like a very rude boy, when suddenly the thing's donkey face came off and out popped a long arm, with a pair of pincers at the end, and caught Tom by the nose.

"Yah! ah! oh! let me go!" cried Tom.

"Then let me go," said the creature. "I want to be quiet; I want to split."

Tom promised to let him alone, and so he let him go.

Tom stood still and watched him; and he swelled and puffed and stretched himself out stiff, and at last—crack, puff, bang!—his skin split right down the back, and out came a most beautiful creature, as soft and smooth as Tom. Lovely colors shone on its body; out of its back rose four great wings of bright brown gauze; and its eyes shone like ten thousand diamonds.

"Oh, you beautiful creature!" said Tom. And he put out his hand to catch it.

But the thing flew into the air out of his reach and said:

"You cannot catch me. I am a dragon-fly now, and king of all the flies."

"Oh, come back, come back!" cried Tom, "you beautiful creature. I have no one to play with, and I am so lonely. If you will come back I will never try to catch you."

"I don't care whether you do or not," said the dragon-fly; "you can't. But I will come back and have a chat with you, after I have looked a little about this pretty place."

The dragon-fly did come back, and in a little while they became friends. And I am glad to say that Tom learned a lesson that day, so the waterflies and the trout grew quite friendly, and they had many games together.

But one day Tom had a new adventure.

He was sitting on a water-lily leaf with the dragon-fly, watching the midges dance, when suddenly he heard the strangest noise up stream—a kind of cooing, and grunting, and whining, and squeaking.

Tom looked up the water, and there he saw a great ball, rolling over and over, down the stream, seeming one moment of soft brown fur, and the next of shining glass. And when the ball came nearer it turned out to be four or five beautiful creatures, who were swimming about, and rolling, and twisting, in the most charming way that ever was seen.

But when the biggest of them saw Tom, she cried: "Quick, children, here is something to eat!" and rushed at poor Tom, showing such a sharp set of teeth and wicked pair of eyes that Tom slipped in between the water-lily roots as fast as he could, and then made faces at her.

"Come away, children," said the otter in disgust; "it is not worth eating, after all. It is only a nasty eft, which nothing eats, not even the vulgar fish in the pond."

Tom said he was not an eft: he had no tail. The otter said he was, and they had a great argument about it. Then the otter said the salmon would come and eat Tom. Of course Tom knew they would not; but he wanted to know what they were.

"What are salmon?" asked Tom.

"Fish, you eft; great fish, nice fish to eat. They are the lords of the fish, and we are the lords of the salmon."

"And where do they come from?" asked Tom.

"Out of the sea, eft—the great wide sea—into the great river below. And when they go down again, we go down and follow them. And then we fish, and have jolly days along the shore, and toss and roll in the waves, and sleep snug in the warm, dry crags."

Tom could not help thinking of what the otter had said about the great river and the broad sea. As he thought, he longed to go and see, and at once he set off down the stream. But the stream was very low, and when he came to the shallows he could not keep under water. The sun burned his back, and made him sick, and so

WATER BABIES

he went back again and lay quiet in the pool for a whole week more.

And then, one very hot day, everything grew suddenly dark; and Tom, looking up, saw a blanket of black clouds lying right across the valley. There was not a whisper of wind, nor a chirp of a bird to be heard. Everything was still, until a few great drops of rain fell plop into the water; and then the thunder roared, and the lightning flashed, and Tom looked up at it and thought it the finest sight he had ever seen.

But out of the water Tom dared not put his head, for the rain came down by bucketfuls, and the hail hammered like shot. And soon the stream rose, and rushed down, higher and higher.

And now, by the flashes of the lightning, Tom saw a new sight—all the bottom of the stream was alive with great eels, hurrying past him, and as they went he could hear them say: "We must run, we must run! Down to the sea, down to the sea!"

And then the otter came by with her children, and as she spied Tom she said: "Now is your time, eft, if you want to see the world. Come along, children. Down to the sea, down to the sea!"

Then came a brighter flash, and by its light Tom saw three beautiful little white girls, with their arms twined round each other's necks, floating down the stream, as they sang, "Down to the sea, down to the sea!"

"Oh, stay! wait for me!" cried Tom. But they were gone.

"Down to the sea?" said Tom. "Everything is going down to the sea, and I will go, too." And down the rushing stream he went, guided by the bright flashes of the storm. On, past dark banks and rushing waterfalls, past sleeping villages, under dark bridges away, away to the sea. Tom could not stop, and did not care to stop. He would see the great world, and the salmon, and the wide, wide sea.

When daylight came, Tom found himself out in the wide river. It was so wide, he thought it must be the sea, and felt a little frightened lest he should lose his way; so he waited for someone to come and show him the way. While he waited he slept, and when he awoke he saw a sight which made him jump, for he knew it was one of the things which he had come to look for.

Such a fish! Ten times as big as the biggest trout, shining silver from head to tail, and here and there a crimson dot, with bright eyes and a grand hooked nose. Surely he must be a salmon, and king of the fish.

Tom was so frightened he longed to creep into a hole, but the salmon only looked at him, and then went on. And in a few minutes came another, and then four or five. And all passed Tom, rushing and leaping up the river, with strong strokes of their silver tails, shining so gloriously in the bright sun that Tom could have watched them all day long.

And at last came one bigger than all the rest, and with him another salmon, an especially handsome one, without any spots, but clothed in pure silver from nose to tail.

"My dear," said the great fish to his companion, "you really look very tired; do rest yourself behind this rock." And he shoved her gently toward the rock where Tom sat.

Then he saw Tom, and looked at him fiercely, as if he were going to bite him.

"What do you want here?" he said.

"Oh, don't hurt me!" cried Tom. "I only want to look at you, you are so handsome."

"Ah!" said the salmon, very politely, "I really beg your pardon. I see what you are, my little dear. I have met one or two creatures like you before, and found them very agreeable and well-behaved."

Then he told Tom that, only the night before, some Water-Babies had shown them how to escape a net which had been set for them. After a little chat the salmon went away, leaving Tom very happy.

HOW THE LITTLE WHITE LADY WAS CARRIED OFF BY THE FAIRIES

The salmon went up the river, after Tom had warned them of the wicked otter, and Tom went down to the shore. He was many days on the way, for it was a long journey, and perhaps he never would have reached it if, unknown to him, the fairies had not been his guides.

As he went, he had a strange adventure. It was a clear, still night, and the moon shone so brightly through the water that he could not sleep. So he came to the top, and sat on a rock, and looked at the broad yellow moon, wondering what she was, and thought she looked at him.

Suddenly a bright red light moved along the river and sent a light like a flame into the water. Tom, curious little rogue that he was, must needs go and see what it was. So he swam to the shore, and met the light as it stopped over a shallow, at the edge of a low rock.

And there below the light lay five or six great salmon, looking up at the flame with their big

eyes, and wagging their tails, as if it pleased them very much.

Tom came to the top, to look at this wonderful light nearer, and made a splash. And he heard a voice say:

"There was a fish rose."

He did not know what the words meant, but he seemed to know their sound, and to know the voice that spoke them. And he saw on the bank three great two-legged creatures, one of whom held the light, and another a long pole.

Tom felt that there was some danger coming, and longed to warn the foolish salmon, who kept staring at the light. But before he could move, down came the pole through the water. There was a fearful splash and struggle, and a poor salmon was speared right through, and lifted from the water.

And then from behind there sprang on these three men three other men. And there were shouts, and blows, and bad words, which made Tom tremble and feel sick. And then he remembered all about it, and knew that these were men, and that they were fighting.

He stopped his little ears, and longed to swim away, and was very glad that he was a water-baby, and had nothing more to do with horrid, dirty men. But he dared not move from his hiding-place while they fought. Soon there was a great splash and hissing. Into the water, close to Tom, fell the man who held the light. Into the swift river he sank and drifted into a deep hole where the men who sought him could not find him.

Tom waited a long time, till all was quiet, and then he peeped out, and saw the man lying flat. "Perhaps," he thought, " the water has made him fall asleep, as it did me."

Then he went nearer and nearer, and at last he came quite close, and looked him in the face. It was his old master Grimes.

"Oh, dear me!" thought Tom; "now he will turn into a water-baby. What a nasty, troublesome one he will be. And perhaps he will find me out, and beat me again."

As fast as he could, he swam a little way up the river. But in the morning, he came again to the big pool to see if Mr. Grimes had turned into a water-baby. Mr. Grimes was gone; and for a long time Tom was afraid that he should meet him suddenly in some deep pool. He could not know that Mr. Grimes had not turned into a water-baby, or anything like one. The fairies had carried him away, and put him, where they put everything which falls into the water, exactly where he ought to be.

Then Tom went on, for he was afraid of Grimes. Day after day he went, past bridges, and towns, and boats, and barges, always keeping out of sight.

He did not know that the fairies were always close to him, keeping him safe from all dangers. Poor little fellow, it was a dreary journey, and more than once he longed to be back in Vendale, playing with the trout in the bright sunshine.

But Tom, like a brave little English bulldog, never knew when he was beaten; so on and on he went, till he saw a long way off the red buoy through the fog. And then he found, to his surprise, that the stream turned round and ran backward.

It was the tide, of course, but Tom knew nothing about tides. He only knew that the water turned salt, and he felt so strong, and light, and fresh, that he gave three skips out of the water, head over heels.

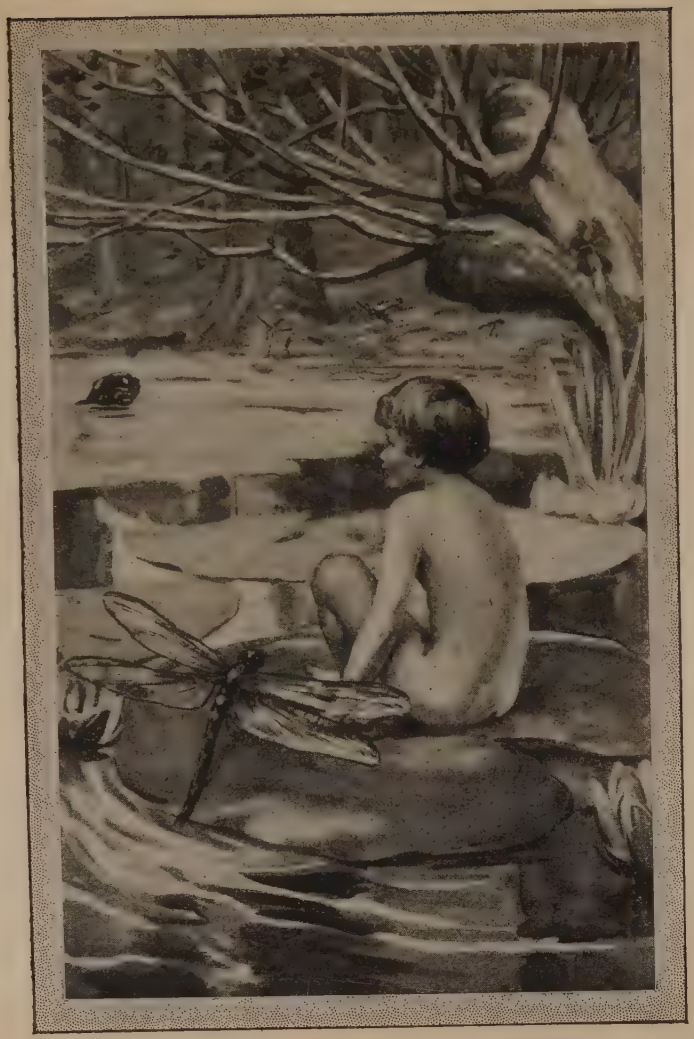
He did not care now for the tide being against him. The red buoy was in sight, and he meant to reach it. He passed great shoals of fish, but he stopped for nothing until he came to a great black shining seal, who stared at him and said: "Good morning, my little man, are you looking for your brothers and sisters? I passed them, all at play, outside."

The fresh sea-breeze came in, and the little waves danced for joy. The shadows ran races over the bright blue sea, and the waves plunged merrily upon the wide white sands; while above, the sea-gulls whistled sweet and wild, and Tom would have been very happy, if he could only have seen the water-babies. Sometimes he thought he heard them laughing, but it was only the laughter of the ripples. And sometimes he thought he saw them, but it was only white and pink shells. And he sat down and cried salt tears of disappointment and sorrow.

Then Tom began to ask all the strange things in the sea if they had seen any water-babies. And some said, "Yes," and some said nothing at all.

He asked the purple sea-snails, as they came floating along, each on a sponge full of foam. He asked a shoal of porpoises, papas and mammas, and little children, all quite smooth and shiny, rolling as they went. But all they answered was, "Hush, hush, hush!" for that was all they had learned to say.

And neither the sea-snails, nor the sunfish,



HE WAS SITTING ON A WATER-LILY LEAF, WITH HIS FRIEND THE DRAGON-FLY.

HE LIFTED IT OUT QUICKLY, WITH TOM ALL ENTANGLED IN THE MESHES.

nor the sharks, nor any of the fishes could tell him where he could find the water-babies.

But one day among the rocks he found a playfellow. Was it a water-baby? Alas! it was a lobster. Tom, who had never seen a lobster before, thought him the funniest creature he had ever seen, with his big claws, and eyes which he could twist backward, and his curious way of walking sideways; but they became great friends, and they used to sit in holes in the rocks, and chat for hours.

About this time Tom met with a strange and important adventure—so important, indeed, that he very nearly never found any water-babies at all.

It happened that, in the pleasant short December days, Sir John was so busy hunting that his wife grew dull, and went to the seaside with the children, for a change of air.

So, strange to say, on the very shore, and over the very rocks, where Tom was sitting with his friend the lobster, there walked one day the little white lady, Ellie, herself. And with her was a very wise man indeed, who was showing her all the beautiful and curious things on the rocks. But little Ellie liked much better to play with live children, or even dolls, and at last she said honestly:

"I don't care about all these things, because they can't play with me, or talk to me. If there were little children in the water, as there used to be, and I could see them, I should like that."

"Children in the water? You strange little girl!" said the professor.

"Yes, said Ellie. "I know there used to be children in the water, and mermaids, too. I saw them in a picture at home."

The professor said that was all nonsense; that there were no such things as water-babies, and never had been. And just then he poked his net down among the weeds and caught poor little Tom. He felt the net very heavy, and lifted it out quickly, with Tom entangled in the meshes.

"It is a water-baby!" cried Ellie.

"Water-fiddlesticks, my dear!" said the professor; and he turned away sharply, and began poking Tom.

Now Tom, who had been in the most horrible fright, had kept quiet until the professor poked him. But that was more than he could bear, and he turned and bit the professor's finger.

"Oh, Ah! Yah!" cried the professor; and, glad of an excuse to get rid of Tom, dropped him on the seaweed, and Tom dived into the water and was gone.

"But it was a water-baby, and I heard it speak!" cried Ellie. "Ah, it is gone!" And she jumped down off the rock to try and catch Tom before he slipped into the sea.

Too late! And what was worse, she slipped and fell with her head on a sharp rock, and lay quite still.

The professor picked her up and tried to waken her, and cried over her, for he loved her very much; but she would not waken. So he carried her home, and little Ellie was put to bed, and lay quite still.

And after a week, one moonlight night, the fairies flew in at the window, and brought her a pretty pair of wings. And she flew with them out of the window, and over the land, and over the sea, and up through the clouds. And nobody heard or saw anything of her for a very long while.

TOM FINDS THE HOME OF THE WATER-BABIES

But what became of little Tom?

He slipped away off the rocks into the water, as we said before. But he could not help thinking of little Ellie. He did not remember who she was, but he thought about her all that day, and longed to play with her. But he had very soon something else to think about.

He was going along the rocks, deep down under the water, when he saw a round cage, and inside, looking ashamed of himself, sat his friend the lobster, twiddling his horns.

The lobster was indignant at such treatment.

"I can't get out," said the lobster.

"Why did you go in?"

"After that nasty piece of dead fish."

"Where did you get in?"

"Through that round hole at the top."

"Then why don't you get out?"

"Because I can't."

Tom tried to pull the lobster up backward, by the tail, but the lobster was so stupid and clumsy, that he succeeded in pulling Tom down beside him. There they both were, and before Tom could get out they saw a great dark cloud over them, and behold! it was the otter.

How she did grin and grin when she saw Tom, and she got inside the cage to punish him for warning the salmon; but no sooner was her head inside than Mr. Lobster caught her by the nose and held on.

And there they were, all three in the cage. And the lobster bit the otter, and the otter bit the lobster, and both thumped and squeezed poor

Tom. And I don't know what would have happened if he had not got on the otter's back and safe out of the trap.

He was very glad when he got out, but he would not desert his friend, and he caught his tail, and pulled with all his might.

But the lobster would not let go, although the otter was quite drowned and dead. And that was the end of the wicked otter.

"Come along, you old stupid," cried Tom, "or the fisherman will catch you."

But the lobster would not let go.

Tom saw the fisherman pull him up to the boat side, and thought there was no hope. But when Mr. Lobster saw the fisherman, he gave such a furious snap that he jumped out of his hand into the sea. But he left his claw behind, for it never came into his stupid head to let go, after all!

And now a most wonderful thing happened to Tom, for he had not left the lobster five minutes before he came upon a real live water-baby, sitting on the white sand, and when it saw Tom it looked up and cried: "Why, you are not one of us. You are a new baby! Oh, how delightful!"

And the water-baby told Tom they had been there for days and days, hundreds of them, about the rocks.

Now, was not that very odd? Can you guess why Tom could not find a water-baby until he had helped the lobster out of the cage? Think a little, and you will find out.

"Now," said the baby, "come and help me, or I shall not have finished before my brothers and sisters come, and it is time to go home."

"What shall I help you at?"

"At this dear little rock; the storm knocked its head off, and rubbed off its flowers. And now I must plant it with seawoods and anemones, and make it the prettiest little rock-garden on all the shore."

So they worked away at the rock, and planted it, and great fun they had till the tide began to turn, and Tom heard all the other babies coming, laughing, and singing, and shouting, and romping, and the noise they made was just like the sound of ripples.

And where is the home of the water-babies? In St. Brandan's Fairy Isle.

Did you ever hear of the blessed St. Brandan, who sailed away in a boat, far, far away toward the setting sun? And there he came to a blue sea, and golden islands. And when he landed on the fairy island he found it covered with beautiful trees, full of golden birds that sang delightfully.

St. Brandan sat down under the trees and began to preach to the birds. And the birds liked his lessons so much that they told the fishes, and the fishes told the water-babies who live in the caves under the fairy isle, and they all came up by hundreds.

And there St. Brandan taught the water-babies for a great many hundred years, till his eyes grew dim. And at last he fell fast asleep to this day. But the fairies took the water-babies and taught them their lessons themselves.

When Tom got there, he found that the island stood on pillars, and that its roots were full of caves, all hung with curtains of seaweed, purple and crimson, green and brown, and strewn with soft white sand, on which the water-babies sleep.

We wish Tom had given up his naughty tricks, and left off tormenting dumb animals, now that he had plenty of playfellows. Instead of that, sad to say, he tickled the live corals, and frightened the crabs, and put stones into the anemones' mouths. The other children warned him, and said: "Take care what you are at. Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did is coming." But Tom never minded, till, one Friday morning early, Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did came indeed.

A very tremendous lady she was, and when the children saw her they all stood in a row, very upright indeed, and put their hands behind their backs.

She looked at the children one by one, and seemed pleased with them, though she never asked them one question. And then she began to give them all sorts of nice sea-things—sea-cakes, sea-apples, sea-bullseyes, sea-toffee, and to the very best she gave sea-ices, made out of sea-cows' cream, which never melt under water.

Little Tom watched all these sweet things, till his mouth watered, and his eyes grew as round as an owl's. He hoped his turn would come, and so it did, for the lady called him up, and held out her fingers with something in them, and popped it into his mouth. And, behold, it was a cold, hard pebble!

"You are a very cruel woman," said he, and began to whimper.

"And you are a very cruel boy, who puts pebbles into the sea-anemones' mouths, to make them fancy they have caught a good dinner. As you did to them, so I must do to you?"

"Who told you that?" asked Tom.

"You did yourself, this very minute. Yes, every one tells me exactly what they have done

wrong, without knowing it. So there is no use trying to hide anything from me. Now go, and be a good boy, and I will put no more pebbles into your mouth, if you put none in other creatures'."

"I did not know there was any harm in it," said Tom.

"Then you know now. And whether you know or not, when you do wrong you must be punished."

And then the fairy told Tom how sorry she was to be obliged to punish people, but she could not help it. Only those people who did not know they were doing wrong were not nearly so much punished as those who did know.

Tom smiled in her face, she looked so pleasant for the moment. And the strange fairy smiled too, and said: "Yes, you thought me very ugly just now, did you not?"

Tom hung down his head, and got very red.

"And I am very ugly. I am the ugliest fairy in the world, and I shall be, till people behave as they ought to do. And then I shall grow as handsome as my sister, who is the loveliest fairy in the world. Her name is Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by, and you will see her some day.

"Now, Tom, every Friday I come down here, and call up all who have ill-used little children, and serve them as they have served the children."

And first she called up the doctors, who give children too much medicine, and set them in a row, and pulled out all their teeth, and gave them the nastiest medicines, and never minded a bit what horrible faces they made.

Then she called up the careless nursery-maids, and stuck pins into them, and wheeled them about in perambulators, with tight straps across them, and their heads and arms hanging over the sides, till they were quite sick.

After lunch she set to work again, and called up all the cruel schoolmasters, and thumped them over the head with rulers, and slapped their hands with canes, and ended up by birching them all around soundly with her great birch-rod. And they all cried and howled so that their breath came up through the sea like bubbles out of soda-water.

Tom couldn't help thinking that the old lady was a little hard on them, but he longed to ask her one question, and at last he said:

"Pray, ma'am, may I ask you a question?"

"Certainly, my little dear."

"Why don't you bring all the bad masters here, and punish them, too? All the master sweeps, like my master Grimes? I'm sure he was bad enough to me."

Then the old lady looked very stern and said: "I look after them all the week round, and they are in a very different place from this, because they knew they were doing wrong. But the people I punish here were only stupid and impatient, and did not know it was wrong."

Tom was very glad to hear that there was no chance of his meeting Grimes again, and he determined to be a very good boy all Saturday, and so he was. And when Sunday morning came, sure enough Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by came, too. And all the children began to dance and clap their hands, and Tom danced, too.

And as for the pretty lady, we cannot tell you what the color of her hair was, or of her eyes, no more could Tom. For when any one looks at her, all they can think is, that she has the sweetest, kindest, merriest face they ever saw. She was a very tall woman, as tall as her sister, but not prickly like her. Tom saw that she was the nicest, softest, most delicious creature who ever nursed a baby. And all her delight was to play with babies, which showed she was a wise woman: for babies are the pleasantest playfellows in the world.

And therefore when the children saw her, they climbed into her lap, and clung round her neck; while those who could get nowhere else sat down on the sand and cuddled her feet. And Tom stood staring at them.

"And who are you, you little darling?" she said.

"Oh, that is the new baby," they all cried, "and he never had any mother."

"Then I will be his mother, and he shall have the very best place; so be off, all of you, this moment."

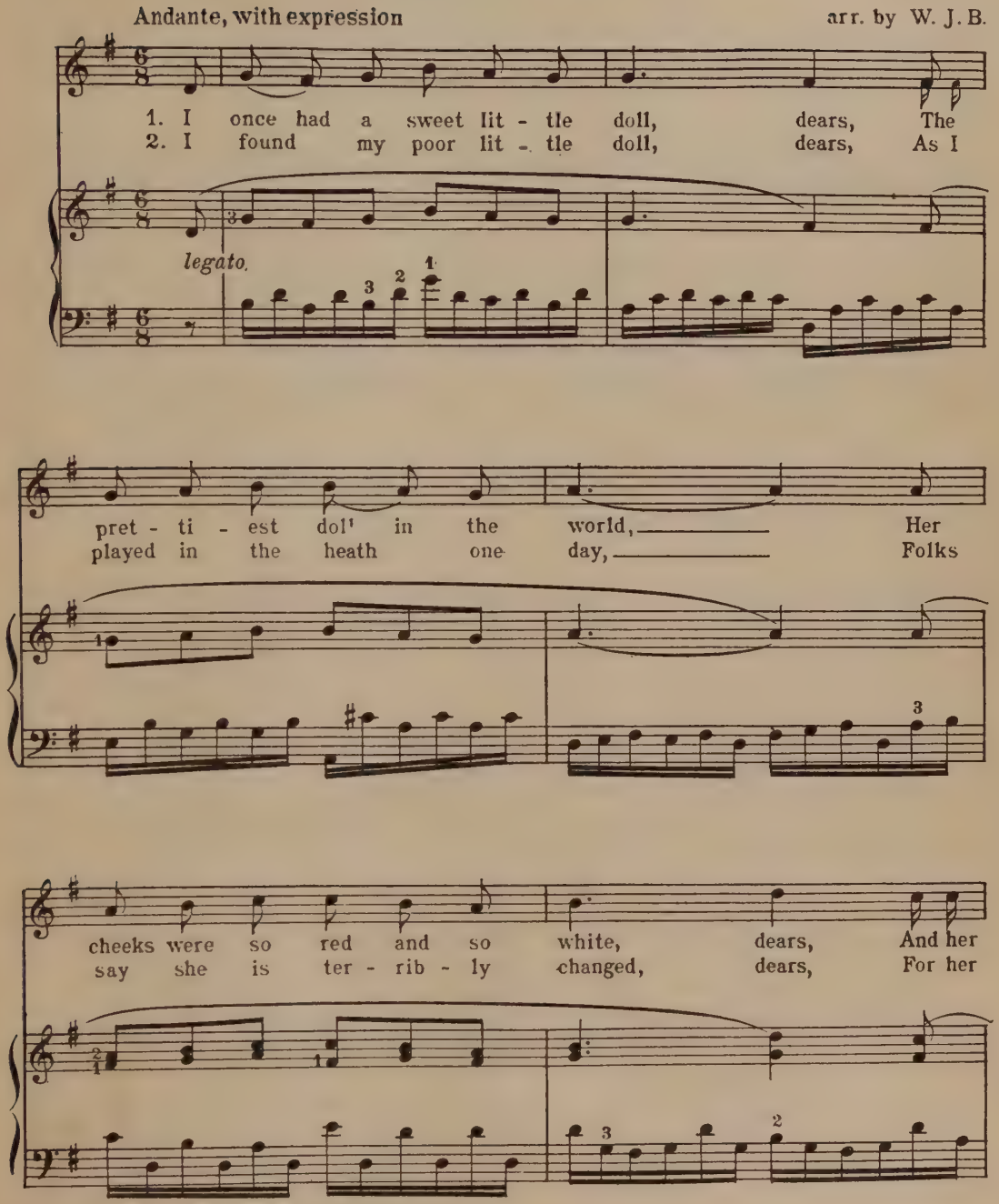
And she took Tom in her arms, and laid him in the softest place of all, and talked to him tenderly and low, such things as he had never heard before. And Tom looked up into her eyes, and loved her, till he fell fast asleep.

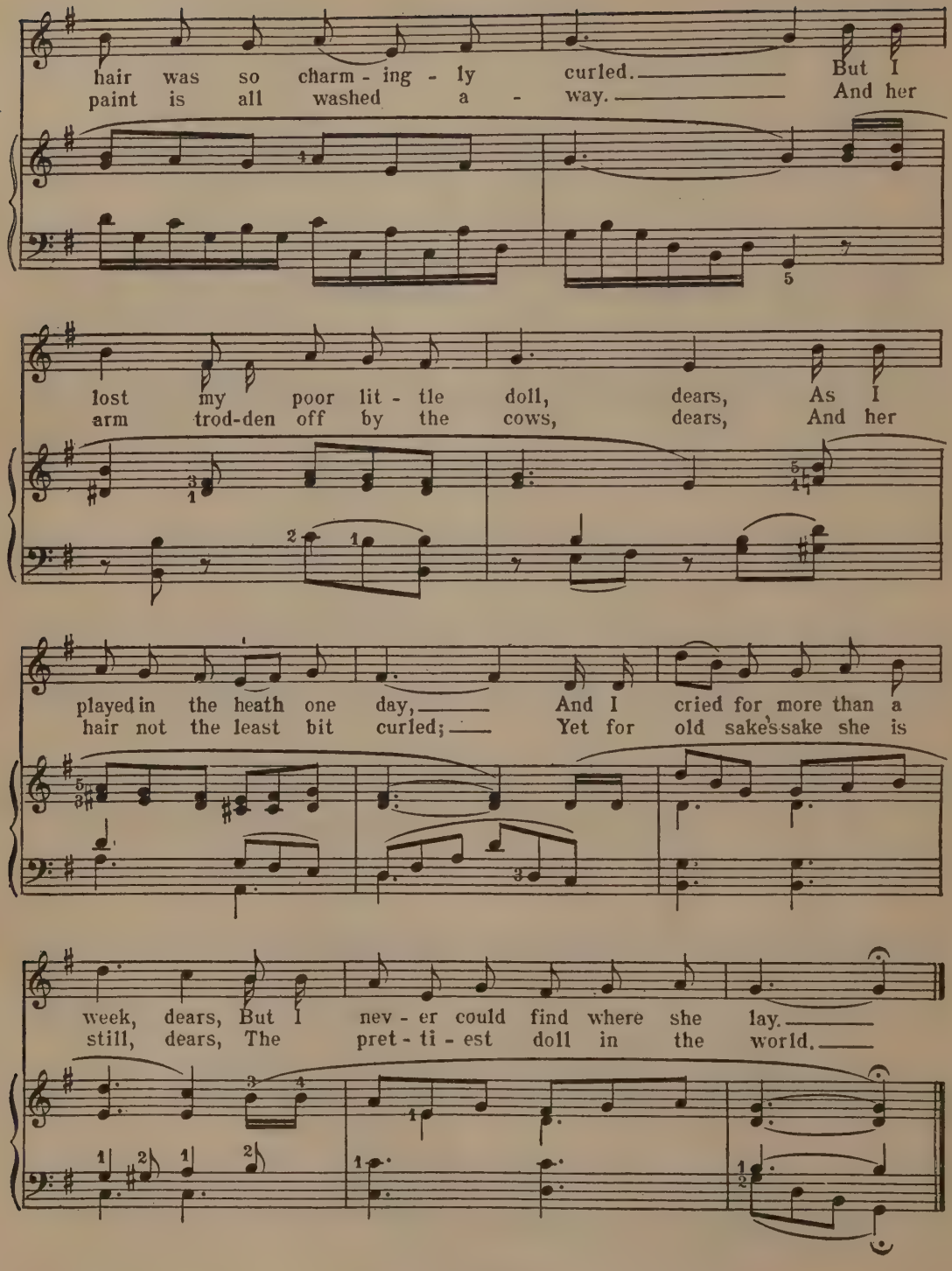
When he awoke she was telling the children a story—a story which begins every Christmas Eve, and yet never ends forever and ever. The babies listened very seriously, and Tom listened, too, until he fell asleep again; and when he awoke the lady was nursing him still.

"Don't go away," said little Tom; "this is so nice. I never had any one to cuddle me before." And all the children begged her not to go away until she had sung the song about the doll she had lost:

The Lost Doll

T. P. COWLING
arr. by W. J. B.


Andante, with expression
1. I once had a sweet lit - tle doll, dears, The
2. I found my poor lit - tle doll, dears, As I
legato.
pret - ti - est dol' in the world, Her
played in the heath one day, Folks
cheeks were so red and so white, dears, And her
say she is ter - rib - ly changed, dears, For her


hair was so charm - ing - ly curled. But I
paint is all washed a - way. And her
lost my poor lit - tle doll, dears, As I
arm trod-den off by the cows, dears, And her
played in the heath one day, And I cried for more than a
hair not the least bit curled; Yet for old sake's sake she is
week, dears, But I nev - er could find where she lay.
still, dears, The pret - ti - est doll in the world.

And all the water-babies were delighted.

"Now," said the fairy to Tom, "will you be a good boy for my sake, and not tease any more sea-beasts till I come back?"

And so Tom really tried to be a good boy, and teased no more sea-beasts after that as long as he lived.

HOW ELLIE TAUGHT TOM HIS LESSONS

Perhaps you may fancy that Tom was quite good when he had everything he wished for. But you would be very much mistaken.

For he grew so fond of the sea-lollipops that his foolish little head could think of nothing else. He was always longing for more, and wondering when the strange lady would come, and what she would give him; and he watched to see where she kept her sweet things, till he found out that she kept them in a beautiful mother-of-pearl cabinet, away in a deep crack in the rocks.

He longed to go to the cabinet, and yet he was afraid, until one night, when all the other babies were asleep, he crept away to it, and behold! it was open.

When he saw all the nice things inside he was frightened instead of being pleased. And at first he thought he would only just touch one. And he did. Then he would just taste one. And he did. And then he would eat two, and then three. And then he was so afraid that the fairy would come and catch him, that he began to gobble them down as fast as he could. And he never stopped till he had eaten them all up.

All the while close behind him stood Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did; but Tom neither heard her nor saw her. She did not smack him nor frighten him; she just said nothing at all about it. Not even the next day, when Tom came with all the rest for sweet things, did she say a word.

Tom was horribly afraid to come, but he was still more afraid to stay away lest anyone should suspect him. He was afraid, too, lest there should be no sweets. But behold! she pulled out as many as ever, which frightened him still more.

When the fairy looked at him, he shook from head to foot. But she gave him his share like the rest, and he thought she could not have found him out.

But he hated the taste of the sweets, they made him feel so sick; and he was very cross and unhappy all the week after.

When Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by came, he wanted to be cuddled, but she said very sadly:

"I should like to cuddle you, but I cannot, you are so horny and prickly!"

Then Tom looked at himself, and he was all over prickles, just like a sea-egg. Which was quite natural, for when Tom's soul grew all prickly with naughty tempers his body could not help growing prickly, too.

He was miserable all week; and when the ugly fairy came, and looked at him more sadly than ever, he could stand it no longer, and burst out crying, and told Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did what he had done.

He expected to be severely punished; but she took him up in her arms and kissed him, and forgave him because he had told the truth. She told him he must take away the prickles himself, but said she would fetch a schoolmistress to teach him. Tom hoped she might be something like the old woman at Vendale, but she was not in the least. She was the most beautiful little girl that ever was seen, with long curls floating behind her like a golden cloud, and long robes floating all round her like a silver cloud.

"There he is," said the fairy, "and you must teach him to be good, whether you like it or not."

"I know," said the little girl; and she put her finger in her mouth, and looked at Tom, and Tom put his finger in his mouth, and looked at her under his brows, for he was dreadfully ashamed of himself.

The little girl seemed hardly to know how to begin, and perhaps she would never have begun if poor Tom had not burst out crying, and begged her to teach him to be good, and help him to cure his prickles; and that made her so tender-hearted that she began to teach him as prettily as ever child was taught in the world.

So she taught Tom every day in the week; only on Sundays she always went home, and the kind fairy took her place: and before she had taught Tom many Sundays, his prickles vanished quite away, and his skin was smooth and clean again.

"Dear me!" said the little girl, "why, I know you now. You are the very same little chimney-sweep who came into my bed-room."

"Dear me!" cried Tom, "and I know you, too, now. You are the very little white lady whom I saw in bed." And he longed to hug and kiss her; but he did not, remembering she was a little lady. So he only jumped round and round her till he was quite tired.

And then they set to work at their lessons again, and both liked these so well that they went on till seven years were past and gone.

You may fancy that Tom was quite content

and happy all those seven years, but the truth is, he was not. There was always one thing he longed to know, and that was—where little Ellie went on Sundays.

"Miss Ellie," he said at last, "I will know why I cannot go with you, when you go home on Sundays, or I shall have no peace."

"You must ask the fairies that."

So when next the fairy came, Tom asked her.

"Little boys who are only fit to play with sea-beasts cannot go there," she said. "Those who go there must first go where they do not like, and do what they do not like, and help somebody they do not like."

"Why, did Ellie do that?"

"Ask her."

And Ellie blushed and said: "Yes, Tom, I did not like to come here at first. I was so much happier at home; and I was afraid of you, Tom, because—because——"

"Because I was all over prickles? But I am not prickly now, am I?"

"No," said Ellie. "I like you very much now, and I like coming here, too."

"And perhaps," said the fairy, "you will learn to like going where you don't like, and helping some one you don't like, as Ellie has."

Tom put his finger in his mouth and hung his head, for he did not want to do that at all. But he was very unhappy about it, and so curious that he grew discontented, and very cross, and said that Ellie was tired of him and did not want him.

Little Ellie opened her eyes very wide at that, and they were all brimming over with tears.

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" she said very sadly. And then she cried, "Oh, Tom, where are you?"

And Tom cried, "Oh! Ellie, where are you?"

For neither of them could see the other. Little Ellie vanished, and Tom heard her voice calling and growing fainter and fainter, till all was still.

How frightened Tom was!

He thought he had killed her, but Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did told him Ellie was not dead. She had sent her home, and Ellie would not come back, until he had gone out into the world to help some one else. You see, the fairy wanted him to go to help old Grimes, and Tom did not want to go because he was afraid. But the fairy comforted him and said he must be a brave boy, and not be afraid of anything he might meet. Nothing could harm him so long as he did what he knew was right.

She comforted little Tom so much, that at last he was quite eager to go, and wanted to set out at once.

"Only," he said, "if I might see Ellie once before I went."

"Why do you want that?"

"Because—because I should be so much happier if I thought she had forgiven me."

And in the twinkling of an eye, there stood Ellie, smiling and looking so happy that Tom longed to kiss her.

"I'm going, Ellie," said Tom. "I am going, if it's to the world's end; but indeed I don't like going at all."

TOM'S JOURNEY TO THE OTHER-END-OF-NOWHERE

"Now," said Tom, "I am ready to be off, if it's to the world's end."

"Ah!" said the fairy, "that is a brave, good boy; but you must go farther than the world's end, if you want to find Mr. Grimes, for he is at the Other-end-of-Nowhere. You must go to Shiny Wall, and through the white gate that never was opened. There you will come to Peace-pool, and Mother Carey's Haven, where the good whales go when they die; and there Mother Carey will tell you the way to the Other-end-of-Nowhere, and there you will find Mr. Grimes."

"Oh, dear!" said Tom; "but I do not know the way to Shiny Wall, or where it is at all."

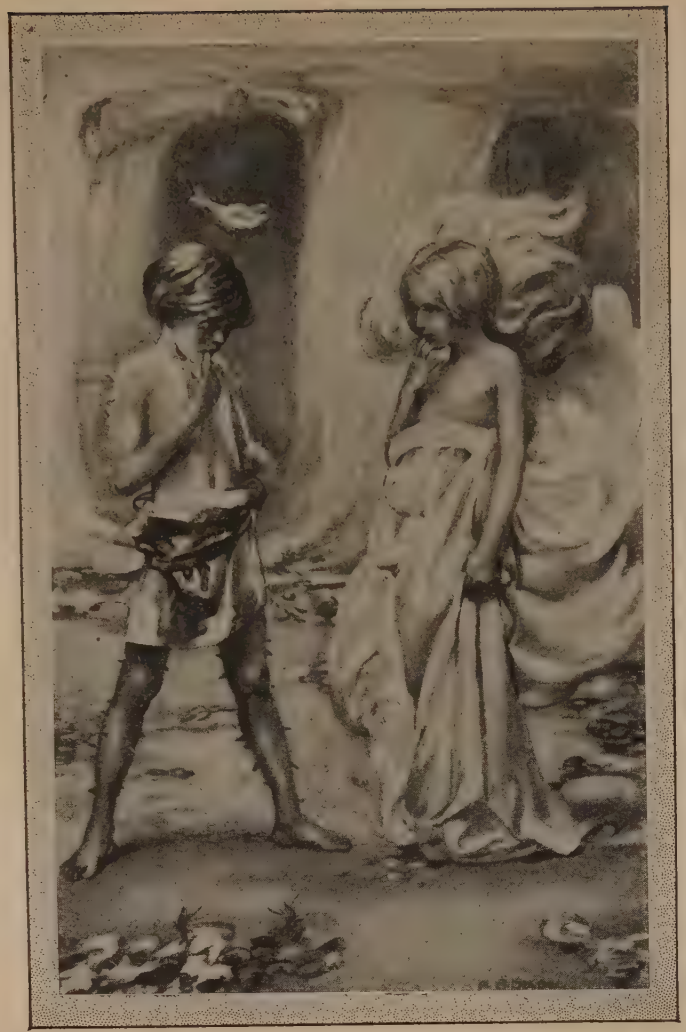
"Little boys must take the trouble to find out things for themselves. You must ask all the beasts in the sea, and the birds in the air, and if you have been good to them some of them will show you the way to Shiny Wall."

So Tom asked all the beasts in the sea, and all the birds in the air, but none of them knew the way to Shiny Wall, and Tom swam northward again, day after day, till at last he met the King of the Herrings, and asked him the way to Shiny Wall.

"If I were you," said the King of the Herrings, "I would wait here until the petrels come past. They are very clever birds, and will be sure to tell you."

Not long after, along came a flock of petrels, who are Mother Carey's own chickens. They flitted along like a flock of black swallows, and hopped and skipped from wave to wave, lifting up their little feet so daintily, and whistling to each other so tenderly, that Tom fell in love with them and asked them the way to Shiny Wall.

"Shiny Wall? Do you want Shiny Wall? Then come with us, and we will show you."



SHE PUT HER FINGER IN HER MOUTH AND LOOKED AT TOM, AND TOM PUT HIS FINGER IN HIS MOUTH.

HE SAW THE FAIRIES COME UP FROM BELOW, AND CARRY BABY AND CRADLE GENTLY DOWN.

Tom set off with the petrels to the northeast, and as they went it began to blow right hard. The waves leaped higher and higher, roaring and swishing and swirling, till you could not see where the sky ended and the sea began, but Tom and the petrels never cared, and away they went, over the crests of the billows.

At last they saw an ugly sight—the black side of a great ship, which had been wrecked, and was floating about in the water.

The petrels flew up to her, and wailed round her, for they were very sorry indeed; and Tom scrambled on board of her, and looked around, and there, in a little cot, lashed tight to the side, lay a baby fast asleep.

Tom went up to it and wanted to wake it, but out jumped a little black and tan terrier dog who began to bark and snap at him, and would not let him touch the cot; and just as Tom was struggling with the dog, a tall green sea walked in over the side of the ship and swept them all into the waves.

"Oh, the baby, the baby!" screamed Tom. But the next moment he saw the fairies carry baby and cradle gently down in their soft arms. And then he knew it was all right, and that there would be a new water-baby in St. Brandan's Isle.

As for poor little dog? He kicked and coughed and sneezed so hard that he sneezed himself quite out of his skin, and turned into a water-dog, and followed Tom to the Other-end-of-Nowhere.

So Tom, and the dog, and the petrels went on together, till they came upon a flock of molly-mocks, who were eating a dead whale.

"These are the fellows to show you the way," said Mother Carey's chickens. "The mollys can fly anywhere, but we cannot help you farther north."

Then the mollys took Tom and his dog on their backs, flew with them over the ice, and set them down safe at the foot of Shiny Wall.

There is no gate in the wall, but the mollys told Tom to dive under. Down, down he dived under the great white gate, which had never been opened, and went on in black darkness, at the bottom of the sea, for seven days and seven nights.

At last he saw the light, and clear water overhead, and up he came to where the good whales go.

And a very large pool it was, miles and miles across, and round it were ice caves and galleries, where live the ice-fairies who drive away the storms and clouds, so that it is always calm. Tom swam up to the nearest whale, and asked the way to Mother Carey.

"There she sits in the middle," said the whale.

Tom looked, but he could see nothing in the middle of the pool, except one peaked iceberg.

"That's Mother Carey," said the whale, "as you will find when you get to her. There she sits all the year round making old beasts into new.

And when Tom came near the iceberg, he saw it was the grandest old lady he had ever seen—a white marble lady, on a white marble throne.

Tom told her his errand, and asked the way to the Other-end-of-Nowhere.

"Look at me," said Mother Carey.

And as Tom looked into her great blue eyes he knew the way perfectly. Now, was not that strange?

"Thank you, ma'am," said Tom. "Then I won't trouble your ladyship any more. I hear you are very busy."

"So people fancy. But I never trouble myself to make things. I sit here and make them make themselves."

"You are a clever fairy, indeed," thought Tom, and he was right.

Then Mother Carey asked him if he were sure he knew the way. Tom had forgotten, but she told him his dog would not forget, and Tom must watch him. However, as the dog always went behind, Tom must go backward all the way.

Tom was much astonished, but he had learned to believe what the fairies told him; and we are glad to say he did exactly as he was bid. He never turned his head round once, from Peace-pool to the Other-end-of-Nowhere, but kept his eyes always on the dog. So he never made a single mistake.

HOW TOM HELPED HIS OLD MASTER GRIMES, AND THEN WENT BACK TO THE FAIRY ISLE

As soon as Tom left Peace-pool he came to the white lap of the great sea-mother, where she make mountain loaves and island cakes all day long.

And there, as he walked along the soft white ocean floor he heard a hissing, and roaring, and thumping, as if all the steam engines in the world were at work. And then he came to a place called Stop, right on the edge of a big hole in the bottom of the sea, up which rushed and

roared enough steam to work all the steam engines in the world.

Just then a great piece of ground was torn off, and blown a mile up through the sea, and Tom with it. Up, up he went, and at last he stopped —thump—right between the legs of the most wonderful bogy he had ever seen. It had great wings like a windmill, and a mouth all on one side, and only one eye. Indeed, it was a very strange beast.

"What do you want here?" cried the bogy crossly; and when Tom told his errand, it would not believe him, but said he had come for gold. But suddenly, as the steam came up out of the hole against the bogy's wings, it changed into showers of gold, and silver, and copper, and tin. And it all fell into the soft mud and got hard. And that is why the rocks are full of metal.

Somebody shut off the steam from below, and in an instant the hole was left empty. Then down rushed the water into the hole, and the bogy cried out:

"Now is your time, youngster, to get down if you are in earnest, which I don't believe."

"You'll soon see," said Tom, and away he dived straight through the rushing water.

When he got to the bottom he swam till he was washed on shore on the Other-end-of-Nowhere, and was surprised to find that it was a great deal more like This-end-of-Somewhere than he had expected.

By and by, after many adventures, each more wonderful than the last, Tom came to a huge building, bigger and uglier than any prison. He walked toward this great building, wondering what it was, and having a strange fancy that he might find Mr. Grimes inside. Just then he saw three or four people running toward him shouting "Stop!" who, when they came nearer, were nothing else than policemen's truncheons, without legs or arms.

Tom was not at all astonished. He had seen so many strange things that nothing astonished him now. Neither was he frightened, for he had been doing no harm.

So he stopped. And when the foremost truncheon came up, he showed Mother Carey's pass, and the truncheon looked at it with his one eye.

"All right," he said, "pass on." And then he added, "I had better go with you, young man."

Tom made no objection. So they went on to the great iron door of the prison. And there the truncheon knocked twice, with its own head.

A wicket opened, and out looked the porter, an old brass gun. "What case is this" he asked in a deep voice.

The truncheon said it was a young gentleman to see Grimes; and the porter growled out that Grimes was up Chimney No. 345, and the young gentleman had better go on to the roof.

And there in Chimney No. 345, with his head and shoulders just showing out of the top, stuck poor Mr. Grimes, so sooty and ugly and miserable that Tom could hardly bear to see him. In his mouth was a pipe, but though he was pulling at it with all his might it was not alight, and he kept on grumbling: "My pipe won't draw. My pipe won't draw."

"Keep a civil tongue and attend!" said the truncheon, and hit Grimes over the head with himself. Grimes tried to get his hands out and rub the place, but he could not, for they were stuck fast. Now he was forced to attend.

"Hey!" he said, "why, it's Tom! I suppose you have come here to laugh at me, you spiteful little thing?"

Tom assured him he had come to help him, and he picked up a live coal (there were plenty about) and held it to the pipe. But the coal went out, and the truncheon, who was leaning against the chimney, looking on, said:

"It's no use, I tell you, it is no use. His heart is so cold that it freezes everything that comes near it."

"Oh, of course it's my fault. Everything's always my fault," said Grimes. "Did I ask to be brought here into the prison? Did I ask to be set to sweep your dirty chimneys? Did I ask to stick fast in the very first chimney of all? Did I ask to stay here—I don't know how long—and never get my pipe nor my beer?"

"No," answered a solemn voice behind; "no more did Tom, when you behaved to him in the same way."

It was Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did. And when the truncheon saw her, it started bolt upright—attention! And Tom made his bow, too.

Then Tom begged her to let him help Grimes. The old times were gone, he said; and good times, and bad times, and all times pass over. The fairy said that he might try; and first he tried to pull away the bricks, but could not, and then he tried to wipe away the soot, but it would not come off.

"Oh, dear!" he said, "I have come all this way, through all these terrible places, to help you, and now I am of no use at all."

"You had best leave me alone," said Grimes. "You are a good-natured, forgiving little chap,

and that's truth, but you'd best be off. Hail, that falls every evening here, is coming soon. Till it gets close to me, it's like so much warm rain. But then it turns to hail over my head, and knocks me about like small shot!"

"That hail will never come any more," said the fairy. "I have told you before what it was. It was your mother's tears—those which she shed when she prayed for you. But your cold heart froze it into hail. But she is gone to Heaven now, and will weep no more for her bad son."

And Grimes said she was stronger and wiser than he, and whatever she told him he would do. Then the fairy said he might come out; but if he disobeyed her again, he would go to a far worse place. Grimes looked very sad.

"So my old mother's gone, and I was not there to speak to her. Ah! a good woman she was, and might have been a happy one, in her little school there in Vendale, if it hadn't been for me and my bad ways."

"Did she keep the school in Vendale?" asked Tom. And then he told Grimes how she could not bear the sight of a chimney-sweep; and then how kind she was to him, and how he turned into a water-baby.

"Ah!" said Grimes, "good reason she had to hate the sight of a chimney-sweep. I ran away from her and joined the sweeps, and never let her know where I was, nor sent a penny to help her. And now it's too late, too late," said Mr. Grimes, and he began to cry.

"Oh dear, if I was but a little chap in Vendale again, to see the clear stream, and the apple-orchard, and the little cottage, how different I would go on. But it's too late now; I've made my bed, and I must lie on it. Dirty I would be, and dirty I am, as an Irishwoman said to me once. It's all my own fault. But it's too late." And he cried so bitterly that Tom began crying, too.

"Never too late," said the fairy, in such a strange, soft voice that Tom looked up. And she looked so beautiful that he fancied she was her sister.

Nor was it too late. For poor Grimes' own tears did what nobody's on earth could do for him, for they washed the soot from off his face and clothes. And then they washed away the mortar, and the chimney crumbled down, and Grimes got out.

Up jumped the truncheon and was going to drive him down again, but the fairy put it aside.

"Will you obey me if I give you a chance?"

"I beg pardon, ma'am," said Grimes, "but I never disobeyed you that I knew of, for I never saw you before."

"Never saw me? Who said to you: 'Those who will be dirty, dirty they will be'?"

Grimes looked up, and Tom looked up, too, for the voice was that of the Irishwoman who met them the day that they went together to Harthover.

"I gave you your warning then, but you gave it yourself a thousand times before and since. Every bad word you said, and every mean thing you did, you were disobeying me, whether you knew it or not."

"If I'd only known, ma'am——"

"You knew very well you were disobeying something, though you did not know it was I. But come out and take your chance. Perhaps it may be your last."

And now the fairy told Tom his work there was done, and he might go home; and took him up her own back-stair to save him all the long way round. But, she said, no one might see the stairs, so with one hand, she put a bandage on his eyes, and with the other took it off.

Then Tom opened his eyes very wide, for he had not, as he thought, moved a single step; but when he looked around he saw the black cedars high and sharp against the rosy dawn, and St. Brandan's Isle reflected in the silver sea.

And there on a rock sat the most beautiful person that ever was seen. She was looking down, with her chin upon her hand; and when Tom came near her she looked up, and behold! it was Ellie.

"Oh, Miss Ellie," he said, "how you are grown!"

"Oh, Tom," she said, "how you are grown, too!" And no wonder; they were both quite grown up—he into a tall man, and she into a lovely woman.

"Perhaps I may be grown," she said; "I have had time enough. For I have been sitting here waiting for you many years, till I thought you were never coming."

"Many years?" thought Tom. But he had seen so much that he had quite given up being astonished. So he stood and looked at Ellie, and Ellie looked at him.

At last they heard the fairy say: "Attention, children."

They looked, and both of them cried out at once: "Oh, who are you, after all?"

For first they thought she was Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by, and then Mrs. Be-done-

by-as-you did, and then Tom was sure she was Mother Carey, or perhaps the Irishwoman he had met the day he went to Harthover.

But she only smiled and looked at them with her deep, soft eyes, and would not tell them her name; and then she turned to Ellie.

"You may take him home with you now on Sundays, Ellie. He has won his spurs in the great battle, and become fit to go with you and be a man, because he has done the thing he did not like."

And that is the end of the story.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

ABRIDGED FROM JOHN RUSKIN

In a secluded and mountainous part of Styria there was, in olden time, a valley of the most surprising fertility. It was surrounded by steep mountains, always covered with snow, and from which torrents came down in cataracts. One of these fell westward so that when the sun was set, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone upon this waterfall, and it looked like a shower of gold. It was therefore called by the people of the neighborhood the Golden River.

Strange it was that none of the streams fell into the valley itself. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the hollow, that, when all the country round was burned up, there was still rain in the little valley; and it was so fertile that it was a marvel to everyone who beheld it, and was commonly called Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, whose names were Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the elder, were ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small, dull eyes. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. But they worked their servants without wages, till they would not work any more; and then quarreled with them, and turned them out of doors without paying them.

It would have been very odd if, with such a farm and such a system of farming, they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they did get. They generally contrived to keep their grain till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value. They had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust of bread to the poor. They never went to mass, and were so cruel and grinding as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

Gluck was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his brothers as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was fair, blue-eyed, and kind to everything. He did not agree with his brothers, or, rather, they did not agree with him. He was usually appointed to the office of turn-spit, when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for the brothers were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he cleaned the shoes, the floors, and sometimes the plates, getting what was left on them, by way of encouragement; and dry blows, by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country round. The haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by floods; the vines were cut to pieces by hail; the crops were killed by a blight. Only in Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy food at the farm, and went away pouring maledictions on the "Black Brothers," who asked what they liked, and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom starved to death at their very door.

It was drawing toward winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers went out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and turned and turned the roast so that it grew nice and brown.

"What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner! When they have such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do them good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke there came a double knock at the house door, more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck.

No, it wasn't the wind; there it came again, and Gluck went to the window, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary-looking little

gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were round and red, his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four feet six in height, and wore a pointed cap of nearly the same height, with a black feather some three feet long. Over his curious long-tailed coat he wore an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from his shoulders to about four times his own length.

The old gentleman, having performed another and more energetic concerto on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's head in the window, his mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hollo!" said the little gentleman, "I'm wet, let me in."

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck; "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in—I can't indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, if I thought of it. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman, "I want fire and shelter. Let me in, I say; I want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window that he began to feel it was really cold; and when he turned, and saw the fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing.

"He does look very wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour."

The door opened, and as the little gentleman walked in, a gust of wind made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," he said. "Never mind your brothers, I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't," said Gluck. "You can't stay till they come; they'd kill me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "how long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman sat down, with the top of his cap up the chimney, for it was much too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did not dry, but went on dripping, and the fire sputtered, and began to look very black. Never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, "mayn't I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I'm all right, thank you," said the old man, gruffly.

"But—sir—I'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly; "but—really, sir—you're putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton," said his visitor.

Gluck, very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest, turned away at the string for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman, at length. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

Said the old gentleman: "I've had nothing to eat yesterday, nor to-day. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so melancholy a tone that it melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but no more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman. Then Gluck warmed a plate and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, and ran to open the door.

"Why did you keep us waiting in the rain?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella at Gluck.

"Ay! why indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, giving him a box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz, when he opened the door. "Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen bowing.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, brother," said Gluck, in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck, "he was so very wet!"

"OUT CAME A LITTLE GOLDEN DWARF, ABOUT A FOOT AND A HALF HIGH"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head, but the old gentleman interposed his cap, on which it crashed with a shock. What was very odd, the rolling-pin flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the far corner.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," said the little gentleman, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter."

"Have the goodness to walk out again," said Schwartz. "We've enough water here, without making this a drying-house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs."

"Ay!" said Hans, "they are enough to keep you warm. Go!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz; "do you suppose we've nothing to do but to give it to such fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans, sneeringly.

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen."

"Off and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on the top of it. Then Schwartz ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he had hardly touched him, when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round; continued to spin until his cloak was all wound about him; clapped his cap on his head, and said with perfect coolness: "Gentlemen, I wish you good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again; and you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

"If ever I catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming out of the corner—but before he could finish his sentence, the old gentleman had shut the house-door behind him with a bang, and past the window drove a wreath of ragged cloud, that whirled down the valley in all manner of shapes, turning over and over in the air, and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

"A pretty business, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz. "Dish the mutton. Bless me, it has been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir."

Gluck left the room. The brothers ate as much as they could, locked the rest away and got very drunk after dinner.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind and rustling rain without stop. The brothers had just sense enough to close the shutters, and double-bar the door, before they went to bed. As the clock struck twelve, they were both awakened by a crash. Their door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up and stared into the darkness. The roof was off, the room was full of water, and in the misty moonlight they could see an enormous foam globe, spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which reclined the little old gentleman.

"Sorry to incommode you," he said ironically. "Perhaps you had better go to your brother's room. The ceiling is on there."

They required no second admonition, but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out on a scene of desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left a waste. The two brothers crept, shivering and horror-struck, into the kitchen. Corn, money, everything was gone, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, were engraved the words:

"SOUTHWEST WIND, ESQUIRE."

II

Southwest Wind, Esquire, was as good as his word. He entered Treasure Valley no more; and, what was worse, he had so much influence with his relatives, the West Winds, that they all took the same line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom became a desert, and the brothers abandoned their valueless patrimony in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood in the cities of the plain. Their money was gone, and

they had nothing left but some gold plate, the last of their wealth.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths," said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered the city. "It is a good knave's trade: we can put a great deal of copper into the gold."

So they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But people did not approve of the coppered gold; and the elder two brothers, when they sold anything, left Gluck to mind the furnace, and spent the money in the ale-house. So they melted all their gold, without making money enough to buy more, and had nothing left but one large drinking-mug, which an uncle had given to little Gluck, and of which he was very fond. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal, and these wreaths flowed down into, and mixed with, a beard of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded a fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of the eyes; and Schwartz said positively that once he had seen them wink!

When it came to the mug's turn it half broke little Gluck's heart; but the brothers laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot and staggered to the ale-house, leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend. The hair was all gone; nothing remained but the sparkling eyes, which looked malicious. "And no wonder," thought Gluck. He sauntered to the window, and sat down to catch the air.

Now, this window commanded a view of the range of mountains which overhung Treasure Valley, and especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was the close of day, and Gluck saw the mountain-tops all crimson and purple with the sunset; and the river fell in a waving column of pure gold, from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad rainbow across it.

"Ah!" said Gluck aloud, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be!"

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear voice, at his ear.

"Bless me, what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. He looked round the room, and under the table, but there was nobody there; and he sat down again, and he couldn't help thinking that it would be very convenient if the river were really gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice.

"Bless me!" said Gluck, "what is that?" He looked into all the corners and cupboards, and then began turning round and round, as fast as he could, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear.

It was singing now very merrily—no words, only a soft melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out. No, it was certainly in the house, in that very room, coming in quicker time and clearer notes every moment, "Lala-lira-la." All at once Gluck thought it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it, and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! In a minute or two, the singing stopped, a clear voice said:

"Hollo!"

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo, Gluck, my boy!" said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in, and saw from beneath the gold the red nose and the sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice, "I'm all right; pour me out."

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything.

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice gruffly.

Still Gluck couldn't move.

"Will you pour me out?" said the voice, passionately.

By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, and took hold of the crucible, to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream, out came a little golden dwarf, about a foot and a half high.

He was dressed in a wonderful coat of spun gold, so fine and smooth that the prismatic colors gleamed over it, as if on a surface of mother-of-pearl; and over this brilliant coat his hair and beard fell full half-way to the ground, in waving curls, so beautifully soft that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into air. The features of the face, however, were rather coarse, and slightly coppery in complexion. After a moment the dwarf turned his small, sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two.

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly indeed.

"No," said the dwarf. "No, it wouldn't." And with that, he pulled his cap hard over his brows, and took two turns up and down the room. This gave Gluck time to collect his thoughts, and, seeing no reason to view his little visitor with dread, his curiosity overcame his amazement and he ventured on a question.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck, hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight over to Gluck, and drew himself up. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River." Whereupon he turned again and took two more turns. After which he again walked up to Gluck.

"Listen!" said the little man. "I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger King, from whose enchantments you have freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first can succeed in a second attempt; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river, he will become a black stone."

So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away, and deliberately walked into the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling—rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

III

The King of the Golden River had hardly disappeared before Hans and Schwartz came in and beat Gluck very steadily for a quarter of an hour; after which they asked him what he had to say for himself. Gluck told them his story, which they did not believe. So they beat him again, and went to bed. In the morning, however, the steadiness with which he stuck to his story convinced them; and after wrangling a long time on the knotty question as to which of them should try his fortunte first, the brothers drew their swords and began fighting. The noise alarmed the neighbors, who sent for the constable.

Hans hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and was thrown into prison till he should pay.

When Hans heard this, he was delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question, for the priest could not give it to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to vespers for the first time in his life, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, and set off for the mountains.

On his way he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows whom should he see but Schwartz himself.

"Good morning, brother," said Hans; "have you any message for the King of the Golden River?"

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz's face, and marched off in high spirits.

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the giant mountains; and, far beyond, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept, in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke and floated away in fine wreaths upon the morning wind.

On the river and on this alone, Hans's eyes and thoughts were fixed; forgetting the distance he had to go, he set off at a rate which wearied him before he had climbed the first range of the low hills. He was, moreover, surprised to find that a large glacier, or ice field, of whose existence he had not known, lay between him and the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a good climber, yet he thought he had never crossed so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice was very slippery; and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes. Myriads of shadows and curious lights played and floated about, dazzling and confusing the traveler's eyes, while his head became giddy with the constant rush and roar of waters. The ice crashed and yawned into fresh cracks or chasms at his feet; tottering spires nodded around him, and he was exhausted and shuddering when he leaped the last chasm and flung himself on the firm grassy mountainside.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare, red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot, or an overhanging cliff to give an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat upon the steep path. Intense thirst was soon added to Hans's great weariness; glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he: "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on a small dog which appeared to be dying from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the little waterfalls sounded like mockery in his ears; they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment.

Another hour passed, and he again looked at the flask; it was half empty, but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and as he did so, he saw a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark gray cloud sent long shadows creeping along the mountain-sides.

Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but the evening seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the Golden River springing from the hillside, scarcely five hundred feet above him.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a gray-haired old man lying on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features dealy pale. "Water!"—He stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly, "Water! I am dying."

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." And he strode over the prostrate body. A flash of blue lightning shaped like a sword rose out of the east, shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark. The sun was setting; it plunged toward the horizon like a red-hot ball.

Hans stood at the brink of the Golden River. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses: and his brain grew giddy. Shuddering, he hurled the flask into the center of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through him, he staggered, shrieked, and fell. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

THE BLACK STONE.

IV

Poor little Gluck waited anxiously alone in the house for Hans's return, and when Hans did not come Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning there was no bread in the house, nor any money; so Gluck hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard that he soon got enough money to pay his brother's fine; and he went and gave it to Schwartz, who now got out of prison. Then Schwartz was pleased, and said he should have some of the gold of the river; but Gluck only begged that he go and see what had become of Hans.

As soon as Schwartz was free he took some more of Gluck's money and went to a bad priest, who gave him some holy water for it. So he got up before the sun rose, and took some bread and wine in a basket, and put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains. Like his brother, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. As he climbed the steep rock path, thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, and he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water.

"Water, indeed!" said Schwartz. "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on. And as he went he thought the sunbeams grew dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rise out of the west; and when he had climbed for another hour thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk.

Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry for water. "Water, indeed!" said Schwartz. "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes, and he looked up, and, behold, a mist the color of blood had come over the sun.

Then Schwartz climbed another hour, and again his thirst returned; and, as he lifted his

flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lie exhausted on the path before him, and stretch his arms to him, crying for water.

"Ha, ha," laughed Schwartz, "are you there? Water, indeed! do you suppose I carried it all the way here for you?" And he strode over the figure. And, when he had gone a few yards, he looked back, but the figure was not there.

And a sudden horror came over Schwartz, but the thirst for gold was stronger than his fear, and he rushed on. And the bank of black cloud rose higher, and out of it came bursts of lightning. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black like thunder-clouds, but their foam was like fire as he cast the flask into the stream. And, as he did so, the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

THE TWO BLACK STONES.

V

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard, and gave him very little. After a month or two, Gluck made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had made his two brothers weary, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practised on the mountains. He had several bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass, after he had got over, and began to climb the hill in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour, he got thirsty, and was going to drink, when he saw a feeble old man coming down the path, leaning on a staff.

"My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst; give me some water."

Then Gluck saw that he was pale and weary, and gave him the water. "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle nearly empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began to sing on the bank beside it.

Then he went on another hour, and his thirst increased so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But, as he raised the flask, he saw a little child panting by the roadside, and it cried out for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank it all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him, and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it, till it became as small as a little star. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks. And crimson and purple butterflies darted here and there, and the sky sent down such pure light that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became almost more than he could bear; but there were only five or six drops left in his bottle, and he could not venture to drink. And as he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks gasping for breath. And Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards away; and he thought of the dwarf's words, that no one could succeed, except in his first attempt. But the dog whined, and Gluck stopped again.

"Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it." And he opened the flask, and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red, its eyes became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be frightened, it's all right. Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those wicked brothers of yours to pour unholy water into my stream?"

"Why," said Gluck, "they got the water out of the church font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf, sternly, "but the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in Heaven."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves hung three drops of clear dew, and the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and

descend on the other side of the mountains into Treasure Valley."

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became like a shadow. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a mist of dewy light. The colors grew faint, the mist rose into the air; the monarch had evaporated.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal. And when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened a small whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for a time, very much disappointed, because the river was not turned into gold. Then he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and went down toward Treasure Valley; and, as he went, he thought he heard a noise of water working its way under the ground. And when he came in sight of Treasure Valley, behold, a river like the Golden River was springing from a new cleft of the rocks, and was flowing among the dry heaps of red sand!

And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out in twilight; and thickets of myrtle and tendrils of vine cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance which had been lost by cruelty was regained by love.

And Gluck went and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; so that his barns became full of corn, and his house full of treasure. And, for him, the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

And to this day the people who live in the valley point out the place where the holy dew was cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River until it comes out in Treasure Valley. And at the top of the cataract of the Golden River are still to be seen two black stones, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called

THE BLACK BROTHERS.

THE STORY OF PETER PAN

RETOLD FROM J. M. BARRIE

WENDY MOIRA ANGELA DARLING lived in a big brick house with her two brothers, John Napoleon Darling and Michael Nicholas Darling. There was one unusual thing about these children. For a nurse they had a big powerful Newfoundland dog, named Nana. It was quite unusual, but true, nevertheless. Nana had cared for the children since babyhood, and was by far the best nurse you could find anywhere. He always warmed the children's night-dresses before the fire, and tucked the little ones safely in bed. When it was time for a bath Nana turned on the water, and would see to it that the children washed as they should, even behind their ears. Really, Nana was a most wonderful nurse.

Mrs. Darling heartily approved of Nana's thoughtfulness toward the children, and besides that she had a very special reason for keeping this marvelous dog. Many months before, she had visited the nursery one night to see if John Napoleon and Michael Nicholas were properly covered. While leaning over the bed looking at the children, her attention was attracted by a strange, shadowy shape, floating to and fro in the dim light of the room. As Mrs. Darling looked up, the shape darted toward the window. Mrs. Darling sprang after it. She banged down the window, but just too late. The shape had escaped; but a feathery something fell on the floor at Mrs. Darling's feet. It was the shadow of this strange, gliding night-visitor. She was very much frightened. What should she do with the poor little shadow? She could not throw it out into the night air, and she certainly had no use for it. Finally she decided to put it in a drawer for safe-keeping. Ever after this she had felt very nervous about her children's safety. Never again was Nana allowed to sleep outside of the nursery. She felt sure that the big dog would guard her children.

One night Mr. Darling was in a very bad humor. Nothing suited him, and he fussed and scolded all the evening. When it was bed-time he crossly said that it was ridiculous to have a dog for a nurse, and he was tired of it. Nothing would do but Nana must sleep out in the yard in his kennel. They had a regular family scene, but Mr. Darling was obstinate, and Nana was led away to the yard, growling and barking.

Just three minutes after midnight the south window of the nursery was cautiously opened, and in slipped the mysterious shape.

"Oh, please, where is my shadow?" it moaned. "I can't be happy without my dear little shadow. Tinker Bell, Tinker Bell, please help me find my shadow."

As the shape stopped speaking, a spot of light appeared upon the wall, and skipped over the ceiling, and under the beds, and across the carpet, filling the air with a tinkling sound. This was the little girl-fairy, Tinker Bell. In a minute she showed the shape where the shadow lay, and it was only the work of an instant to open the drawer and pull it out. Both Tinker Bell and the shape danced round the room with joy and Tinker Bell looked like a great big fire-fly. But their joy was turned to sorrow, for when the shape tried to make the shadow stay in place it could not be done, and both began to cry bitterly.

All this noise woke Wendy. She sat up in bed and asked her strange visitor: "What is the matter?" The shape told her his troubles. Wendy felt so sorry for him that she got out of bed, and with a needle and thread sewed the shadow in place. Then all was joyous again, and the strange creature danced gayly about.

Wendy curiously asked the shape who he was. He gladly told her his story.

"I live in Never-Never Land, where boys never have to grow up. My companions are all little boys, who have been dropped out of their perambulators by careless nurses. We have fairies for playmates, and are alway happy."

Wendy was very much interested, and asked him to tell her more. He laughed, and asked her if she knew where fairies came from. "When the very first baby laughed, its laughter broke into little bits, and each little particle became a tiny fairy, who went flitting off into space," he told her. "Nothing is more terrible than for a child to say he does not believe in fairies, for every time that happens a little fairy must die."

Wendy looked so sad at this that Peter Pan hastened to change the subject. He told her more of their life in Never-Never Land, and concluded by saying that the only thing the boys needed in that happy place was a mother. They had no little girls there, because girls never dropped out of their perambulators; they were too clever. Wendy loved Peter Pan, and smiled happily upon him. At sight of her smile Peter Pan cried:

"Oh, Wendy, come to Never-Never Land, and be our mother!"

Just then the two boys woke up. They sat up and wanted to know what it was all about. After hearing Peter Pan's story, they wanted to go, too, and thought nothing could be nicer. They asked Peter Pan how they could get to Never-Never Land, and he said that he would teach them all to fly, if Wendy would only come and be their mother. All this time Nana was barking loudly outside, but could awaken no one; and Tinker Bell was tinkling angrily, and telling Peter Pan that it was time to go home.

Peter Pan now undertook to teach the children to fly. "It is very easy. Just think beautiful thoughts," cried Peter Pan, as he sailed gracefully up into space.

After a few mishaps the children learned. Peter Pan led the way out through the open window, and the children easily followed him into the night, while Tinker Bell tinkled and Nana barked.

IN NEVER-NEVER LAND

It was almost morning, and the boys in Never-Never Land were beginning to get anxious about their captain, Peter Pan. He had been gone a long time, and they had had a bad night of it. Wolves and pirates had frightened them, and they were lost without their leader. They sat around on the ground discussing what to do, when they saw a large white bird in the sky.

Tinker Bill suddenly sounded in the trees nearby, and told them that Peter Pan wanted this bird shot. They always obeyed Peter Pan, so they got bows and arrows and fired at the strange bird. Alas! down fell poor Wendy with an arrow in her breast. Little Tinker Bell, who loved Peter Pan dearly, had caused this wicked deed, because she was jealous of Wendy.

Soon Peter Pan and her brothers arrived, and everyone was busy trying to make up for this dreadful accident. Wendy was not killed, and in a short time she revived. She smilingly promised all the little boys to be their mother. To show their joy, the boys decided to build Wendy a dear little house, and they used the silk hat of John Napoleon Darling for its chimney. Every one was happy, and life was running smoothly for all except Tinker Bell, who was still very jealous of Wendy.

Considering the fact that Wendy was only nine years old, she made a splendid mother. The boys all adored her, and did exactly what she told them to do. After having seen some of the more wonderful sights in Never-Never Land, such as the mermaids, and Peter Pan using a bird-nest for a boat, she settled down to real business, gave the boys their medicine, taught them table manners, and even tucked them up

PETER PAN

in bed at night. Just as they were all nicely settled and so happy here together, the terrible pirates came and caused no end of trouble.

Captain James Hook was the leader of this gang, and he was enough to make any child have bad dreams. He had long, slick, black hair and ugly yellow skin; his black eyes gleamed fire, and his cackling laugh would make shivers run up and down your spine. He had no right hand, but in place of one there was a great iron hook. And now for the story of how it had happened.

ADVENTURES WITH PIRATES

Once upon a time Peter Pan and the terrible pirate were having a fight. Watching his chance, Peter Pan tripped the pirate and he fell into the sea, where a huge crocodile ate off the captain's hand. He escaped with only this injury, but ever after the crocodile pursued him, hoping to have another bite. The captain was always warned of the enemy's approach by the ticking of an alarm clock, which on one occasion the crocodile had swallowed. But the captain was in deadly fear that some day the clock would run down, and his enemy would slip upon him unawares. As a result of all this, the pirate hated Peter Pan, and longed for revenge.

The children's camp was always guarded by some friendly Indians. One day the pirates swooped down upon the Indians, and a great battle took place. The pirates were victorious, and killed off most of the Indians, putting the rest to rout. The boys did not hear the battle, for they were busy in their cave under ground.

While all this was taking place outside, Wendy had been telling a beautiful story—all about her own father and mother. Suddenly John Napoleon and Michael Nicholas were reminded of how their parents must be weeping for them, and they jumped up, declaring they must go home at once. Wendy looked serious, and then said that she, too, must go.

All the little boys were very sad when they heard this and began to cry very loudly. To comfort them, she told them that they might go home with her and live with her father and mother. All the boys were delighted, and they made ready to go with Wendy. But Peter Pan was very sad, and stood off in a corner by himself, looking very miserable. Peter said that he would not go with them because he did not want to have to grow up. He would rather live in Never-Never Land with the fairies, birds and mermaids. They all tried to persuade him to change his mind, but he would not. He loved Wendy very much, and he hated to see her go, but he absolutely refused to grow up, and have to go to school like ordinary boys.

At last they all said good-by to Peter Pan, and started up the narrow tunnel which led to the forest. Wendy was the last to go; she hated very much to leave Peter Pan alone here in the forest, but she just had to go home to see her father and mother. Sorrowfully she poured out some medicine for Peter Pan and made him promise that he would take it when he got up in the morning.

As the boys came up through the hole in the ground, the pirates were there waiting for them. The lads were seized and gagged, then carried away prisoners to the pirate ship, Wendy along with them.

THE TRIP HOME

It was the middle of the night, and Peter Pan lay asleep. Captain Hook left the pirate ship and crept back to the tunnel. Now was his chance to slay his enemy! Noiselessly he slipped down the passage-way and came to the door of Peter Pan's room. He tried to open the door, but could not. Again and again he pressed on the door and the latch, while Peter Pan slept peacefully within. At last the terrible captain gave it up; he could not get in. Then the pirate-chief saw the glass of medicine, left by Wendy. He craftily took a bottle of poison from his pocket and poured it into the glass.

Peter Pan woke up early the next morning. His first thought was his promise to Wendy, and he went to take his medicine. Just then faithful little Tinker Bell entered and cried out:

"Don't drink, don't drink!"

"But I have promised Wendy," answered Peter, and picked up the glass.

Tinker Bell pleaded with him, but all in vain. Then just as Peter was about to drain the glass, the little Shining Light fell into the glass and swallowed the deadly liquid. Immediately her light went out, and she dropped in a death-agony.

Peter Pan was heart-broken. He knew there was only one way he could possibly save his little friend. He rushed out and asked all the world if it believed in fairies. And from all the world's children came the answer:

"We do believe in fairies!"

As a result, little Tinker Bell was saved, for such a declaration would bring any little fairy to life. After she revived, she told Peter Pan of

what had happened to the boys and Wendy.

With Tinker Bell leading the way, they both started for the ship. Peter arrived just as the captain was about to torture his prisoners. Taking an alarm-clock out of his pocket, Peter Pan held it so that the captain could hear it. The captain gave a cry of horror, thinking the dreadful crocodile was near. He forgot all about his prisoners in his excitement. Peter Pan stole unnoticed into the cabin and hid with a cat-o'-nine-tails.

After a while the clock ran down, and the captain grew brave again. "Go and get the cat-o'-nine-tails," he ordered, thinking of some more deviltry.

The ruffian who went to obey gave a terrible shriek as he entered the cabin. A second pirate tried it, and the same thing happened. Panic now seized the rest of the crew. Just as the confusion was the greatest, Peter Pan rushed out, sword in hand, and a dreadful fight took place. All the boys came to Peter's aid, while Wendy bravely cheered them on. The captain was flung overboard, to be eaten by the waiting crocodile; and the rest of the pirates were killed.

Nothing eventful, after this one mishap, disturbed the children on the rest of their trip. They all arrived at the Darling home late in the evening, and what a joyous time they had! Mr. and Mrs. Darling greeted all the little boys warmly, and made them feel very much at home. Good old Nana was so happy that he almost wagged his tail off. Mrs. Darling told the children how she had left the window open in the nursery, hoping they would find their way home some night. Mr. Darling had repented of his crossness, and Nana ruled the household. It was a wonderful home-coming.

Back in Never-Never Land Peter Pan was very lonely, and longed for Wendy. Every year she goes to see him and cleans up his house for him. And there, in Peter Pan's treetop home, they talk over their happy days together in Never-Never Land.

THE STORY OF PIPPA

RETOLD FROM ROBERT BROWNING

Have you ever played at make-believe, or spent long afternoons weaving dreams of fancy? My story is about a little girl, named Felippa, whose favorite game was play-dreams, with which she relieved the long, tiresome hours of work. Pippa, as she was commonly known, was a silk-winder in a mill of Asolo, Italy. She had no father or mother to care for her, so she had her own way to make in the world. She toiled very hard, and then was able to earn only enough for a bare existence.

If you should meet Pippa on the street you would not notice her thin and threadbare clothes, or her hatless head and bare feet. You would be attracted by her intelligent and beautiful face. She was dark, with an olive skin and lustrous black hair, which curled lightly around her face. The most noticeable features were her eyes. They were large and dark, and seemed to shine with a soft radiance. No one could read all the meaning that lay in Pippa's wonderful eyes, but they would tell you much of Pippa's dream-world.

In these games Pippa's thoughts would travel far away from the monotonous work, and she would forget her tired fingers and aching back. She was then her own little mistress, and would wander in imagination to a cool, silent forest where she might lie down on the soft green ferns and rest. Or she would pretend she was old Luca, the rich owner of the silk-mills; and, unlike Luca, would imagine herself playing the Lady Bountiful to all poor silk-weavers. Many and varied were the games Pippa played, but she was not just a dreamer. Indeed, she was more practical than most girls, for she really earned her own living, however meager it might be.

On New Year's Day Pippa was to have a holiday—the only one she had in all the year. She had planned on it for a long time, and wanted it to be her one perfect day.

PIPPA'S HOLIDAY

She awakes, on New Year's Day, a little after dawn, in the great, bare attic room, which is her home. It is a dingy, plain room, with cheap, unattractive furniture—a bed, a rickety table, an old cupboard, and a battered chair or two. There is no carpet or other comforts to brighten the room. However, Pippa does not notice the dreariness, but springs gayly from her bed and hastens to see what kind of a day it is. Her window opens toward the east; and, as she gazes out, there far across the valley the sun is ap-

pearing, as though to greet her on this day of days. The air is cool, and so clear you can see many miles away over the beautiful Italian country. The deep-blue sky seems to bend caressingly over the earth, as though it loved it. All out-of-doors is gay, and Pippa's heart throbs with the joy of living in such a world. Each living thing seems to beckon to her to come out and play; even the mulberry tree, which springs across her window, and the flame-red martagen on her window-sill, are whispering words of joy in their own way.

She hastily dresses, and eats her poor, little breakfast of bread and milk. What though her clothes are old and thin and her breakfast is meager! This whole long day is her own to do with as she likes; is that not enough to cause happiness? As she hurries about she muses to herself and considers how best to spend the day. She thinks the "four happiest" people in Asolo are Ottima, Phene, Luigi, and the priest; and she tries to decide which of them she will be.

But, first—Ah! how glad she is this is a perfect day. How much it means to her! This holiday takes away last year's sorrow, and gives her strength for all the year to come. If it rains this morning, Ottima would not care; if it grows dark and gloomy at noon, Jules and his bride, Phene, would not mind; if a mist obscures the evening, Luigi and his mother would not grieve; nor will the priest be disturbed by a storm at night.

"But Pippa—just one such mischance would spoil
Her day that lightens the next twelve-months' toil
At wearisome silk-winding, coil on coil."

But come! Pippa is wasting her time in an idle dream:

"What shall I please to-day,
My morning, noon, eve, night—how spend my day?
To-morrow I must be Pippa, who winds silk
The whole year round, to earn just bread and milk.
But this one day I have leave to go
And play out my fancies' fullest games.
I may fancy all day—and it shall be so—
That I taste of the pleasures, am called by the names
Of the "happiest four" in all Asolo!"

Pippa's heart craves love more than anything else. She has picked out the four in Asolo who seem to her to have the most perfect love, and she wants to decide which love of the four is really the best. Eager to play her game, she goes to her window and looks up the slope toward Ottima's house. She imagines herself the proud owner of such a beautiful home, and loved by Sebald. But in a moment she says:

"There is better love, I know;
This foolish love was only day's first offer.

Perhaps she will be Phene, the beautiful Greek girl, the bride of Jules. Yes, Phene must be wonderfully happy, for she is sheltered from all harm, and Jules loves her. But—Phene is cold and appears unresponsive to his love. At this thought, Pippa decides not to be Phene, for there must be a greater love.

"Only parents' love can last our lives."

When she remembers that, she decides to be Luigi, and to know such love as is bestowed upon him by a devoted Mother. Pippa voices a cry from her own heart when she says:

"If I only knew
What was my mother's face—my father's too."

She considers for a little while, and then comes to the conclusion that the best love of all must be God's. Surely she will be happier to be the holy priest. Just as Pippa was about to leave the room, having decided the love of the priest is best, the words of a New Year's hymn come into her mind. The thought, "All service ranks the same with God," seems to cling in her mind, and with a rush of feeling she declares:

"Oh, yes,
I will pass each, and see their happiness,
And envy none—being just as great, no doubt,
Useful to men, and dear to God, as they!
A pretty thing to care about
So mightily, this single holiday!
But let the sun shine! Wherefore repine?
With Thee to lead me, O Day of mine."

She leaves her room.

MORNING

On the very morning of Pippa's holiday a terrible crime has been done. Luca, the wealthy old mill-owner, has been killed by his young wife, Ottima, and her lover, Sebald. The two guilty ones are standing out in the shrub-house trying to calm themselves and quiet their con-

sciences in regard to the crime. Sebald is showing signs of repentance, but not Ottima. She tries to assure her lover that all will be well, and that their love justifies their deed, when a song disturbs the stillness, and a happy young voice, singing from pure joy of life, breaks in upon the tragic scene. Pippa, all unconscious of the tragedy so near her, is passing by Ottima's house, and playing her game of fancy. She sings:

"The year's at the Spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearl:
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven:
All's right with the world!"

Sebald starts guiltily as he hears Pippa's song, and keen remorse takes hold upon him. He will not listen to Ottima when she answers indifferently, wishing to check the effect of the little peasant-girl's song. The thought, "God's in His heaven," has made clear to Sebald the dreadful crime he has committed; he welcomes any torture to punish his deed. Then Ottima, too, is touched, and begins to repent. They both pray to God to be merciful.

NOON

The morning has passed quickly, and Pippa is now approaching the home of Jules. She has had a lovely morning, and her game is delighting her childish heart; but how heavy are the hearts of the ones who she imagines are the happiest of Asolo!

Jules is just returning from the church at Pasagro with his bride. Moved by envy, several students have tricked Jules into marrying this young girl, whom he believes of high social standing and a patroness of art—one to be very helpful to him. She is really very poor and of lowly birth, though personally attractive. Jules leads his bride into her new home and speaks ardently to her of love. At first the girl appears unmoved by his declaration of devotion; until, overcome by his earnestness, she hurriedly tells him how he has been deceived. The story is such a shock to the young bridegroom that his wonderful love gives way to indifference, and his only feeling is a fierce hatred for those that have deceived him. Just as he is about to send Phene away and seek revenge upon his fellow-students, Pippa passes in the street below. As usual, she is blithely singing, and this time of "Kate, the Queen."

"Give her but a least excuse to love me!"

carols Pippa gayly, and sings on of the Queen who would humble herself and give up all for love. Jules listens unwillingly, and steps to the window to watch the little singer tripping down the street. Shall he do less than a Queen? he muses. His heart is touched, and he decides to accept Phene as she is and to love her, to forget the past and move to—

"Some isle
With the Sea's silence on it: there
To begin Art afresh."

EVENING

Just as daylight deepens into night, and the purple twilight is passing, the young patriot, Luigi, and his mother enter the turret. They are talking cautiously of the dangerous mission on which Luigi is about to depart—a mission by which Italy is to be freed from a despotic ruler. The mother is pleading with him to give up his plan. She fears his enthusiasm is becoming madness. Luigi tells her that at times he fears the same thing, but it troubles him not. He has had happiness and lived a youth of joy. Italy now suffers, and he must aid her.

The mother, still unconvinced, argues with him and tells him he never will escape.

"Escape?" cries Luigi, "to even wish that would spoil all.
The dying is the best part of it. Too much
Have I enjoyed these fifteen years of mine,
To leave myself excuse for longer life."

The mother's heart cannot yet feel that she must sacrifice her son to his country, and she tries another argument. She reminds him of his sweetheart, who is to come in June; and that seems to tempt Luigi a little from his purpose.

Just at this moment little Pippa, who has had a long day and is tired, leans against the wall outside and sings of a wonderful King who was noble, wise and good. The gods and people loved him so that there was no need for him ever to die. He ruled his city well, and judged every wrong deed, and then—

"'Tis said a Python scared one day
The breathless city, till he came,
With forky tongue and eyes on flame,
Where the old King sat to judge alway;
But when he saw the sweepy hair,
Girt with a crown of berries rare, . . .

Seeing this, he did not dare
Approach that threshold in the sun,
Assault the old King smiling there.
Such grace had kings when the world begun!"

With the words, Luigi's strength of purpose returns, and he breaks away from his mother, saying:

"'Tis God's voice calls, how could I stay? Farewell!"

NIGHT

It is now late. Monsignor, the Bishop, has eaten his evening meal. Meanwhile he is holding an interview with Maffeo, a wicked man who has helped one of the bishop's brothers, now dead, to do away with the heir of an elder brother, and thus obtain a fortune. The Bishop is demanding the charge of the property. Maffeo cunningly tries to show that this cannot be done, as the heir is still living, "a little, black-eyed, pretty-singing Felippa, gay silk-winding girl." Then he unfolds a cruel plot to remove the unsuspecting girl, who is no other than Pippa. Just as he finishes his story, Pippa passes by outside, all unconscious of the terrible fate that threatens her. Her day is ending, and she sings a quaint, innocent little song:

"Overhead the tree-tops meet,
Flowers and grass spring 'neath one's feet;
There was naught above me, naught below,
My childhood had not learned to know;
For what are the voices of birds—
Ay, and of beasts—but words, our words,
Only so much more sweet?
The knowledge of that with my life begun.
But I had so near made out the sun,
And counted your stars, the seven and one,
Like the fingers of my hand:
Nay, I could all but understand
Wherefore through heaven the white moon ranges;
And just when out of her soft fifty changes
No unfamiliar face might overlook me—
Suddenly God took me!"

The Bishop's heart fills with tenderness at her childish words. He is horrified at the thought of the evil plot, which touched his very life; he cries loudly for this villain, Maffeo, to be bound and cast out:

"Miserere mei, Domine" ("Have mercy on me, Lord")!

is his prayer of repentance.

PIPPA COMES HOME

Pippa now returns to her shabby home, tired out. Her holiday has left her a bit sad. Little does she know the greatness of the changes her songs have made in the lives in the "Happiest Four" in Asolo. Nor can she know of the good fortune that is soon to change her own life. She is only a tired little girl, lonely, and a little disappointed in her day's pleasure. She undresses slowly; and, as she climbs into bed, her last thoughts are the words of the New Year's hymn which she had sung so blithely that morning:

"All service ranks the same with God—
With God . . . there is no last nor first."

The words comfort her, and she falls asleep.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

BY JONATHAN SWIFT. ADAPTED BY JOHN LANG

Gulliver had always had a great longing to travel, and he thought that a knowledge of navigation would be of use to him if he should happen to go on a voyage.

After leaving London he went to Germany, and there studied medicine for some years, with the view of being appointed surgeon of a ship. And by the help of his late master in London, such a post he did get on board the "Swallow," on which vessel he made several voyages. But tiring of this, he settled in London and, having married, began practice as a doctor.

He did not, however, make much money at that, and so for six years he again went to sea as a surgeon, sailing both to the East and to the West Indies.

Again tiring of the sea, he once more settled on shore, this time at Wapping, because in that place there are always many sailors, and he hoped to make money by doctoring them.

But this turned out badly, and on May 4, 1699, he sailed from Bristol for the South Seas as surgeon of a ship named the "Antelope."

GULLIVER IS WRECKED ON THE COAST OF LILLIPUT

At first everything went well, but after leaving the South Seas, when steering for the East Indies, the ship was driven by a great storm far

to the south. The gale lasted so long that twelve of the crew died from the effects of the hard work and the bad food, and all the others were worn out and weak. On a sailing ship, when the weather is very heavy, all hands have to be constantly on deck, and there is little rest for the men. Perhaps a sail, one of the few that can still be carried in such a gale, may be blown to ribbons by the furious wind, and a new one has to be bent on.

The night, perhaps, is dark, the tattered canvas is thrashing with a noise like thunder, the ship burying her decks under angry black seas every few minutes. The men's hands are numb with the cold and the wet, and the hard, dangerous work aloft. There is no chance of going below when their job is done, to "turn in" between warm, dry blankets in a snug berth. Possibly even those who belong to the "watch below" may have to remain on deck. Or, if they have the good fortune to be allowed to go below, they may no sooner have dropped off asleep (rolled round in blankets which perhaps have been wet ever since the gale began) than there is a thump, thump overhead, and one of the watch on deck bellows down the forecastle hatch, "All hands shorten sail." And out they must tumble again, once more to battle with the hungry, roaring seas and the raging wind. So, when there has been a long spell of bad weather, it is no wonder that the men are worn out. And when, as was the case with Gulliver's ship, the food also is bad, it is easy to understand why so many of the crew had died.

It was on the 5th of November, the beginning of summer in latitudes south of the equator. The storm had not yet cleared off, and the weather was very thick, the wind coming in furious squalls that drove the ship along at great speed, when suddenly from the lookout man came a wild cry: "Breakers ahead!"

But so close had the vessel come to the rocks before they were seen through the thick, driving spray that immediately, with a heavy plunge, she crashed into the reef, and split her bows.

Gulliver and six of the crew lowered a boat and got clear of the wreck and of the breakers. But the men were so weak from overwork that they could not handle the boat in such a sea; and very soon, during a fierce squall, she sank. What became of the men, Gulliver never knew, for he saw none of them again. Probably they were drowned at once, for they were too weak to keep long afloat in a sea breaking so heavily.

And, indeed, Gulliver himself was like to have been lost. He swam till no strength or feeling was left in his arms and legs; swam bravely, his breath coming in great sobs, his eyes blinded with the salt seas that broke over his head. Still he struggled on, utterly spent, until at last, in a part where the wind seemed to have less force, and the seas swept over him less furiously, on letting down his legs he found that he was within his depth. But the shore shelved so gradually that for nearly a mile he had to wade wearily through shallow water, till, fainting almost with fatigue, he reached dry land.

By this time darkness was coming on, and there were no signs of houses or of people. He staggered forward but a little distance; and then, on the short, soft turf, sank down exhausted and slept.

When he woke, the sun was shining, and he tried to rise; but not by any means could he stir hand or foot. Gulliver had fallen asleep lying on his back, and now he found that his arms and legs were tightly fastened to the ground. Across his body were numbers of thin but strong cords, and even his hair, which was very long, was pegged down so securely that he could not turn his head.

All round about him there was a confused sound of voices, but he could see nothing except the sky, and the sun shone so hot and fierce into his eyes that he could scarcely keep them open.

Soon he felt something come gently up his left leg, and forward onto his breast almost to his chin. Looking down as much as possible, he saw standing there a very little man, not more than six inches high, armed with a bow and arrows.

Then many more small men began to swarm over him. Gulliver let out such a roar of wonder and fright that they all turned and ran, many of them getting bad falls in their hurry to get out of danger. But very quickly the little people came back again.

This time, with a great struggle, Gulliver managed to break the cords that fastened his left arm; and at the same time, by a violent wrench that hurt him dreadfully, he slightly loosened the strings which fastened his hair, so that he was able to turn his head a little to one side. But the little men were too quick for him, and got out of reach before he could catch any of them.

Then he heard a great shouting, followed by a shrill little voice that called sharply, *"Tolgo phonac,"* and immediately, arrows like needles were shot into his hand, and another volley struck him in the face. Poor Gulliver covered his face with his hand, and lay groaning with pain.

Again he struggled to get loose. But the harder he fought for freedom, the more the little men shot arrows into him, and some of them even tried to run their spears into his sides.

When he found that the more he struggled the more he was hurt, Gulliver lay still, thinking to himself that at night at least, now that his left hand was free, he could easily get rid of the rest of his bonds. As soon as the little people saw that he struggled no more, they ceased shooting at him; but he knew from the increasing sound of voices that more and more of the little soldiers were coming round him.

Soon, a few yards from him, on the right, he heard a continued sound of hammering, and on turning his head to that side as far as the strings would let him, he saw that a small wooden stage was being built. On to this, when it was finished, there climbed by ladders four men, and one of them (who seemed to be a very important person, for a little page boy attended to hold up his train) immediately gave an order. At once about fifty of the soldiers ran forward and cut the strings that tied Gulliver's hair on the left side, so that he could turn his head easily to the right.

Then the person began to make a long speech, not one word of which could Gulliver understand, but it seemed to him that sometimes the little man threatened, and sometimes made offers of kindness.

As well as he could, Gulliver made signs that he submitted. Then, feeling by this time faint with hunger, he pointed with his fingers many times to his mouth, to show that he wanted something to eat.

They understood him very well. Several ladders were put against Gulliver's sides, and about a hundred little people climbed up and carried to his mouth all kinds of bread and meat. There were things shaped like legs, and shoulders, and saddles of mutton. Very good they were, Gulliver thought, but very small, no bigger than a lark's wing; and the loaves of bread were about the size of bullets, so that he could take several at a mouthful. The people wondered greatly at the amount that he ate.

When he signed that he was thirsty, they slung up on to his body two of their biggest casks of wine, and having rolled them forward to his hand they knocked out the heads of the casks. Gulliver drank them both off at a draught, and asked for more, for they held only about a small tumblerful each. But there was no more to be had.

As the small people walked to and fro over his body, Gulliver was sorely tempted to seize forty or fifty of them and dash them on the ground, and then to make a further struggle for liberty. But the pain he had already suffered from their arrows made him think better of it, and he wisely lay quiet.

Soon another small man, who from his brilliant uniform seemed to be an officer of very high rank, marched with some others on to Gulliver's chest and held up to his eyes a paper which Gulliver understood to be an order from the King of the country. The officer made a long speech, often pointing toward something a long way off, and (as Gulliver afterward learned) told him that he was to be taken as a prisoner to the city, the capital of the country.

Gulliver asked, by signs, that his bonds might be loosed. The officer shook his head and refused, but he allowed some of his soldiers to slack the cords on one side, whereby Gulliver was able to feel more comfortable. After this, the little people drew out the arrows that still stuck in his hands and face, and rubbed the wounds with some pleasant-smelling ointment, which so soothed his pain that very soon he fell asleep. And this was no great wonder, for, as he afterward understood, the King's physicians had mixed a very strong sleeping draught with the wine that had been given him.

Gulliver awoke with a violent fit of sneezing, and with the feeling of small feet running away from off his chest.

Where was he? Bound still, without doubt, but no longer did he find himself lying on the ground. It puzzled him greatly that now he lay on a sort of platform. How had he got there?

Soon he began to realize what had happened; and later, when he understood the language, he learned all that had been done to him while he slept. Before he dropped asleep, he had heard a rumbling as of wheels, and the shouts of many drivers. This, it seemed, was caused by the arrival of a huge kind of trolley, a few inches high, but nearly seven feet long, drawn by fifteen hundred of the King's largest horses.

On this it was meant that he should be taken to the city. By the use of strong poles fixed in the ground, to which were attached many pulleys, and the strongest ropes to be found in the country, nine hundred men managed to hoist him as he slept. They then put him on the trolley, where they again tied him fast.

It was when they were far on their way to the city that Gulliver awoke. The trolley had stopped for a little to breathe the horses, and one of the

officers of the King's Guard who had not before seen Gulliver, climbed with some friends up his body. While looking at his face, the officer could not resist the temptation of putting the point of his sword up Gulliver's nose, which tickled him so that he woke, sneezing violently.

GULLIVER IS TAKEN AS A PRISONER TO THE CAPITAL OF LILLIPUT

The city was not reached till the following day, and Gulliver had to spend the night lying where he was, guarded on each side by five hundred men with torches and bows and arrows, ready to shoot him if he should attempt to move.

In the morning, the King and all his court, and thousands of the people, came out to gaze on the wonderful sight. The trolley, with Gulliver on it, stopped outside the walls, alongside a very large building, which had once been used as a temple, but the use of which had been given up, owing to a murder having been committed in it.

The door of this temple was quite four feet high and about two feet wide, and on each side, about six inches from the ground, was a small window. Inside the building the King's blacksmiths fastened many chains, which they then brought through one of these little windows and padlocked round Gulliver's left ankle. Then his bonds were cut, and he was allowed to get up. He found that he could easily creep through the door, and that there was room inside to lie down.

His chains were nearly six feet long, so that he could get a little exercise by walking backward and forward outside. Always when he walked, thousands of people thronged around to look at him; even the King himself used to come and gaze by the hour from a high tower which stood opposite.

One day, just as Gulliver had crept out from his house and had got on his feet, it chanced that the King, who was a very fine-looking man, taller than any of his people, came riding along on his great white charger. When the horse saw Gulliver move it was terrified, and plunged and reared so madly that the people feared that a terrible accident was going to happen, and several of the King's guards ran in to seize the horse by the head. But the King was a good horseman, and managed the animal so well that very soon it got over its fright, and he was able to dismount.

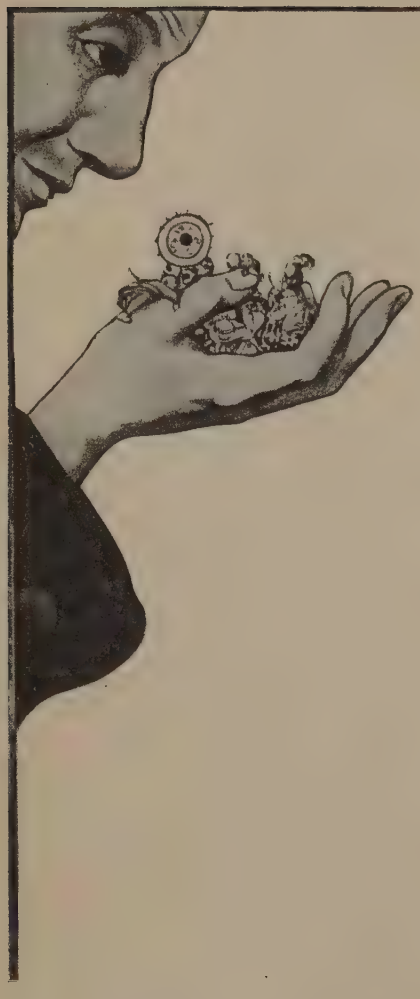
Then he gave orders that food should be brought for Gulliver, twenty little carts full, and ten of wine; and he and his courtiers, all covered with gold and silver, stood around and watched him eating. After the King had gone away the people of the city crowded round, and some of them began to behave very badly, one man even going so far as to shoot an arrow at Gulliver which was not far from putting out one of his eyes. But the officer in command of the soldiers who were on guard ordered his men to bind and push six of the worst behaved of the crowd within reach of Gulliver, who at once seized five of them and put them in his coat pocket. The sixth he held up to his mouth and made as if he meant to eat him, whereupon the wretched little creature shrieked aloud with terror; and when Gulliver took out his knife, all the people, even the soldiers, were dreadfully alarmed. But Gulliver only cut the man's bonds, and let him run away, which he did in a great hurry. And when he took the others out of his pocket, one by one, and treated them in the same way, the crowd began to laugh. After that the people always behaved very well to Gulliver, and he became a great favorite. From all over the kingdom crowds flocked to see the Great Man Mountain.

In the meantime, as Gulliver learned later, there were frequent meetings of the King's council to discuss the question of what was to be done with him. Some of the councilors feared lest he might break loose and cause great damage in the city. Some were of the opinion that to keep and feed so huge a creature would cause a famine in the land, or, at the least, that the expense would be greater than the public funds could bear; they advised, therefore, that he should be killed—shot in the hands and face with poisoned arrows. Others, however, argued that if this were done it would be a very difficult thing to get rid of so large a dead body, which might cause a pestilence to break out if it lay long unburied so near the city.

Finally, the King and his council gave orders that each morning the surrounding villages should send into the city for Gulliver's daily use six oxen, forty sheep, and a sufficient quantity of bread and wine.

It was also commanded that six hundred persons should act as his servants; that three hundred tailors were to make for him a suit of clothes; and that six professors from the University were to teach him the language of the country.

When Gulliver could speak the language, he learned a great deal about the land in which he now found himself. It was called Lilliput, and



the people Lilliputians. These Lilliputians believed that their kingdom and the neighboring country of Blefuscu were the whole world. Blefuscu lay far over the sea, to these little people dim and blue on the horizon, though to Gulliver the distance did not seem to be more than a mile. The Lilliputians knew of no land beyond Blefuscu. And as for Gulliver himself, they believed that he had fallen from the moon, or from one of the stars; it was impossible, they said, that so big a race of men could live on the earth. It was quite certain that there could not be food enough for them. They did not believe Gulliver's story. He must have fallen from the moon!

Almost the first thing that Gulliver did when he knew the language fairly well, was to send a petition to the King, praying that his chains might be taken off and that he might be free to walk about. But this he was told could not then be granted. He must first, the King's council said, "swear a peace" with the kingdom of Lilliput, and afterward, if by continued good behavior he gained their confidence, he might be freed.

Meantime, by the King's orders, two high officers of state were sent to search him. Gulliver lifted up these officers in his hand and put them into each of his pockets, one after the other, and they made for the King a careful list of everything found there.

Gulliver afterward saw this inventory. His snuff-box they had described as a "huge silver chest, full of a sort of dust." Into that dust one of them stepped, and the snuff, flying up in his face, caused him nearly to sneeze his head off. His pistols they called "hollow pillars of iron, fastened to strong pieces of timber"; and the use of his bullets, and of his powder (which he had been lucky enough to bring ashore dry, owing to his pouch being water-tight), they could not understand; while of his watch they could make nothing. They called it "a wonderful kind of engine, which makes an incessant noise like a water-wheel." But some fancied that it was perhaps a kind of animal. Certainly it was alive.

All these things, together with his sword, which he carried slung to a belt round his waist, Gulliver had to give up, first, as well as he could, explaining the use of them. The Lilliputians could not understand the pistols, and to show his meaning, Gulliver was obliged to fire one of them. At once hundreds of little people fell down as if they had been struck dead by the noise. Even the King, though he stood his ground, was sorely frightened. Most of Gulliver's property was returned to him; but the pistols, and powder, and bullets, and sword were taken away and put, for safety, under strict guard.

As the King and his courtiers gained more faith in Gulliver, and became less afraid of his breaking loose and doing some mischief, they began to treat him in a more friendly way than they had hitherto done, and showed him more of the manners and customs of the country. Some of these were very curious.

One of the sports of which they were most fond was rope-dancing, and there was no more certain means of being promoted to high office and power in the state than to possess great cleverness in that art. Indeed, it was said that the Lord High Treasurer had gained and kept his post chiefly through his great skill in turning somersaults on the tight rope. The Chief Secretary for Private Affairs ran him very close, and there was hardly a Minister of State who did not owe his position to such successes. Few of them, indeed, had escaped without severe accidents at one time or another, while trying some specially difficult feat, and many had been lamed for life. But however many and bad the falls, there were always plenty of other persons to attempt the same or some more difficult jump.

Taught by his narrow escape from a serious accident when his horse first saw Gulliver, the King now gave orders that the horses of his army, as well as those from the royal stables, should be exercised daily close to the Man Mountain. Soon they became so used to the sight of him that they would come right up to his foot without starting or shying. Often the riders would jump their chargers over Gulliver's hand as he held it on the ground; and once the King's huntsman, better mounted than most of the others, actually jumped over his foot, shoe and all—a wonderful leap.

Gulliver saw that it was wise to amuse the King in this and other ways, because the more his Majesty was pleased with him the sooner was it likely that his liberty would be granted. So he asked one day that some strong sticks, about two feet in height, should be brought to him. Several of these he fixed firmly in the ground, and across them, near the top, he lashed four other sticks, enclosing a square space of about two and a half feet. Then to the uprights, about five inches lower than the crossed sticks, he tied his pocket-handkerchief, and stretched it tight as a drum.

When the work was finished, he asked the King to let a troop exercise on this stage. His Majesty was delighted with the idea; and for several days nothing pleased him more than to see Gulliver lift up the men and horses, and to watch them go through their drill on this platform. Sometimes he would even be lifted up himself and give the words of command; and once he persuaded the Queen, who was rather timid, to let herself be held up in her chair within full view of the scene. But a fiery horse one day, pawing with his hoof, wore a hole in the handkerchief, and came down heavily on its side, and after this Gulliver could no longer trust the strength of his stage.

GULLIVER IS FREED, AND CAPTURES THE BLEFUSCAN FLEET

By this time Gulliver's clothes were almost in rags. The three hundred tailors had not yet been able to finish his new suit; and he had no hat at all, for that had been lost as he came ashore from the wreck. So he was greatly pleased one day when an express message came to the King from the coast, saying that some men had found on the shore a great, black, strangely shaped mass, as high as a man; it was not alive, they were certain. It had never moved, though for a time they had watched before going closer. After making certain that it was not likely to injure them, by mounting on each other's shoulders they had got on the top, which they found was flat and smooth; and, by the sound when stamped upon, they judged that it was hollow. It was thought that the object might possibly be something belonging to the Man Mountain, and they proposed by the help of five horses to bring it to the city.

Gulliver was sure that it must be his hat, and so it turned out. Nor was it very greatly damaged, either by the sea or by being drawn by the horses over the ground all the way from the coast, except that two holes had been bored in the brim, to which a long cord had been fixed by hooks. Gulliver was pleased to have it once more.

Two days after this the King took into his head a curious fancy. He ordered a review of troops to be held, and he directed that Gulliver should stand with his legs very wide apart, while under him both horse and foot were commanded to march. Over three thousand infantry and one thousand cavalry passed through the great arch made by his legs, colors flying and bands playing. The King and Queen themselves sat in their State Coach at the saluting point, near to his left leg, and all the while Gulliver dared not move a hair's-breadth, lest he should injure some of the soldiers.

Shortly after this, Gulliver was set free. There had been a meeting of the King's Council on the subject, and the Lord High Admiral was the only member in favor of still keeping him chained. This great officer to the end was Gulliver's bitter enemy, and though on this occasion he was out-voted, yet he was allowed to draw up the conditions which Gulliver was to sign before his chains were struck off.

The conditions were:

First, that he was not to quit the country without leave granted under the King's Great Seal.

Second, that he was not to come into the city without orders; at which times the people were to have two hours' notice to keep indoors.

Third, that he should keep to the high roads, and not walk or lie down in a meadow.

Fourth, that he was to take the utmost care not to trample on anybody, or on any horses or carriages, and that he was not to lift any persons in his hand against their will.

Fifth, that if at any time an express had to be sent in great haste, he was to carry the messenger and his horse in his pocket a six-days' journey, and to bring them safely back.

Sixth, that he should be the King's ally against the Blefuscans, and that he should try to destroy their fleet, which was said to be preparing to invade Lilliput.

Seventh, that he should help the workmen to move certain great stones which were needed to repair some of the public buildings.

Eighth, that he should in "two moons' time" make an exact survey of the kingdom, by counting how many of his own paces it took him to go all round the coast.

Lastly, on his swearing to the above conditions, it was promised that he should have a daily allowance of meat and drink equal to the amount consumed by seventeen hundred and twenty-four of the Lilliputians, for they estimated that Gulliver's size was about equal to that number of their own people.

Though one or two of the conditions did not please him, especially that about helping the workmen (which he thought was making him too much a servant), yet Gulliver signed the document at once, and swore to observe its conditions.

After having done so, and having had his chains removed, the first thing he asked was to be allowed to see the city (which was called Mildendo). He found that it was surrounded by a great wall about two and a half feet high, broad enough for one of their coaches and four to be driven along, and at every ten feet there were strong flanking towers.

Gulliver took off his coat, lest the tails might do damage to the roofs or chimneys of houses: and he then stepped over the wall, and very carefully walked down the finest of the streets, one quite five feet wide. Wherever he went, the tops of the houses and the attic windows were packed with wondering spectators, and he reckoned that the town must hold quite half a million of people.

In the center of the city, where the two chief streets met, stood the King's Palace, a very fine building surrounded by a wall. But he was not able to see the whole palace that day, because the part in which were the royal apartments was shut off by another wall nearly five feet in height, which he could not get over without a risk of doing damage.

Some days later he climbed over by the help of two stools which he made from some of the largest trees in the Royal Park, trees nearly seven feet high, which he was allowed to cut down for the purpose. By putting one of the stools at each side of the wall Gulliver was able to step across. Then, lying down on his side, and putting his face close to the open windows, he looked in and saw the Queen and all the young Princes. The Queen smiled, and held her hand out of one of the windows, that he might kiss it. She was very pleasant and friendly.

One day, about a fortnight after this, there came to call on him, Reldresal, the King's Chief Secretary, a very great man, one who had always been Gulliver's good friend. This person had a long and serious talk with Gulliver about the state of the country.

He said that though to the outward eye things in Lilliput seemed very settled and prosperous, yet in reality there were troubles, both internal and external, that threatened the safety of the kingdom.

There had been in Lilliput for a very long time two parties at bitter enmity with each other, so bitter that they would neither eat, drink, nor talk together, and what one party did, the other would always try to undo. Each professed to believe that nothing good could come from the other.

Any measure proposed by the party in power was by the other always looked upon as foolish or evil. And any new law passed by the Government party was said by the Opposition to be either a wicked attack on the liberties of the people, or something undertaken solely for the purpose of keeping that party in, and the Opposition out of power. To such a pitch had things now come, said the Chief Secretary, entirely owing to the folly of the Opposition, that the business of the kingdom was almost at a standstill.

Meantime the country was in danger of an invasion by the Blefuscans, who were now fitting out a great fleet, which was almost ready to sail

GULLIVER CAREFULLY WALKED DOWN THE FINEST OF THE STREETS

to attack Lilliput. The war with Blefuscu had been raging for some years, and the losses by both nations of ships and of men had been very heavy.

This war had broken out in the following way. It had always been the custom in Lilliput, as far back as history went, for people when breaking an egg at breakfast to do so at the big end. But it had happened, said the Chief Secretary, that the present King's grandfather, when a boy, had once when breaking his egg in the usual way, severely cut his finger. Whereupon his father at once gave strict commands that in future all his subjects should break their eggs at the small end.

This greatly angered the people, who thought that the King had no right to give such an order, and they refused to obey. As a consequence no less than six rebellions had taken place; thousands of the Lilliputians had had their heads cut off, or had been cast into prison, and thousands had fled for refuge to Blefuscu, rather than obey the hated order.

These "Big-endians," as they were called, had been very well received at the Court of Blefuscu, and finally the Emperor of that country had taken upon himself to interfere in the affairs of Lilliput, thus bringing on war.

The Chief Secretary ended the talk by saying that the King, having great faith in Gulliver's strength, and depending on the oath which he had sworn before being released, expected him now to help in defeating the Blefuscan fleet.

Gulliver was very ready to do what he could, and he at once thought of a plan whereby he might destroy the whole fleet at one blow. He told all his ideas on the subject to the King, who gave orders that everything he might need should be supplied without delay. Then Gulliver went to the oldest seamen in the navy, and learned from them the depth of water between Lilliput and Blefuscu. It was, they said, nowhere deeper than seventy *glumgluffs* (which is equal to about six feet) at high water, and there was no great extent so deep.

After this he walked to the coast opposite Blefuscu, and lying down there behind a hillock, so that he might not be seen should any of the enemy's ships happen to be cruising near, he looked long through a small pocket-telescope across the channel. With the naked eye he could easily see the cliffs of Blefuscu, and soon with his telescope he made out where the fleet lay—fifty great men-of-war, and many transports, waiting for a fair wind.

Coming back to the city, he gave orders for a great length of the strongest cable, and a quantity of bars of iron. The cable was little thicker than ordinary pack-thread, and the bars of iron much about the length and size of knitting-needles. Gulliver twisted three of the iron bars together and bent them to a hook at one end. He trebled the cable for greater strength, and thus made fifty shorter cables, to which he fastened the hooks.

Then, carrying these in his hand, he walked back to the coast and waded into the sea, a little before high water. When he came to mid-channel, he had to swim, but for no great distance.

As soon as they noticed Gulliver coming wading through the water toward their ships, the Blefuscan sailors all jumped overboard and swam ashore in a terrible fright. Never before had any of them seen or dreamed of so monstrous a giant, nor had they heard of his being in Lilliput.

Gulliver then quietly took his cables and fixed one securely in the bows of each of the ships of war, and finally he tied the cables together at his end. But while he was doing this the Blefuscan soldiers on the shore plucked up courage and began to shoot arrows at him, many of which stuck in his hands and face. He was very much afraid lest some of these might put out his eyes; but he remembered, luckily, that in his inner pocket were his spectacles, which he put on, and then finished his work without risk to his eyes.

On pulling at the cables, however, not a ship could he move. He had forgotten that their anchors were all down. So he was forced to go in closer and with his knife to cut the vessels free. While doing this he was of course exposed to a furious fire from the enemy, and hundreds of arrows struck him, some almost knocking off his spectacles. But again he hauled, and this time drew the whole fifty vessels after him.

The Blefuscans had thought that it was his intention merely to cast the vessels adrift, so that they might run aground, but when they saw their great fleet being steadily drawn out to sea, their grief was terrible. For a great distance Gulliver could hear their cries of despair.

When he had got well away from the land, he stopped in order to pick the arrows from his face and hands, and to put on some of the ointment that had been rubbed on his wounds when first the Lilliputians fired into him. By this time the tide had fallen a little, and he was able to wade all the way across the channel.

The King and his courtiers stood waiting on the shore. They could see the vessels steadily

drawing nearer, but they could not for some time see Gulliver, because only his head was above water. At first some imagined that he had been drowned, and that the fleet was now on its way to attack Lilliput.

There was great joy when Gulliver was seen hauling the vessels; and when he landed, the King was so pleased that on the spot he created him a *Nardac*, the highest honor that it was in his power to bestow.

His great success over the Blefuscans, however, turned out to be but the beginning of trouble for Gulliver. The King was so puffed up by the victory that he formed plans for capturing in the same way the whole of the enemy's ships of every kind. And it was now his wish to crush Blefuscu utterly, and to make it nothing but a province depending on Lilliput. Thus, he thought, he himself would then be monarch of the whole world.

In this scheme Gulliver refused to take any part, and he very plainly said that he would give no help in making slaves of the Blefuscans. This refusal angered the King very much, and more than once he artfully brought the matter up at a State Council. Now, several of the councilors, though they pretended to be Gulliver's friends, so long as he was in favor with the King, were really his secret enemies, and nothing pleased these persons better than to see that the King was no longer pleased with him. So they did all in their power to nurse and increase the King's anger, and to make him believe that Gulliver was a traitor.

About this time there came to Lilliput ambassadors from Blefuscu, suing for peace. When a treaty had been made and signed (very greatly to the advantage of Lilliput), the Blefuscan ambassadors asked to see the Great Man Mountain, of whom they had heard so much, and they paid Gulliver a formal call. After asking him to give them some proofs of his strength, they invited him to visit their Emperor, which Gulliver promised to do.

Accordingly, the next time that he met the King, he asked, as he was bound to do by the paper he had signed, for permission to leave the country for a time, in order to visit Blefuscu. The King did not refuse, but his manner was so cold that Gulliver could not help noticing it. Afterward he learned from a friend that his enemies in the council had told the King lying tales of his meetings with the Blefuscan ambassadors, which had had the effect of still further rousing his anger.

It happened, too, most unfortunately, at this time, that Gulliver had offended the Queen by a well-meant, but badly-managed, effort to do her a service, and thus he lost also her friendship. But though he was now out of favor at court, he was still an object of great interest to every one.

GULLIVER'S ESCAPE FROM LILLIPUT AND RETURN TO ENGLAND

Gulliver had three hundred cooks to dress his food; and these men, with their families, lived in small huts which had been built for them near his house.

He had made for himself a chair and a table. On to this table it was his custom to lift twenty waiters, and these men then drew up by ropes and pulleys all his food, and his wine in casks, which one hundred other servants had in readiness on the ground. Gulliver would often eat his meal with many hundreds of people looking on.

One day the King, who had not seen him eat since this table had been built, sent a message that he and the Queen desired to be present that day while Gulliver dined. They arrived just before his dinner hour, and he at once lifted the King and Queen and the Princes, with their attendants and guards, on to the table.

Their Majesties sat in their chairs of state all the time, watching with deep interest the roasts of beef and mutton, and whole flocks of geese, and turkeys, and fowls disappear into Gulliver's mouth. A roast of beef of which he had to make more than two mouthfuls was seldom seen, and he ate them bones and all. A goose or a turkey was but one bite.

Certainly, on this occasion, Gulliver ate more than usual, thinking by so doing to amuse and please the court.

But in this he erred, for it was turned against him. Flimnap, the Lord High Treasurer, who had always been one of his enemies, pointed out to the King the great daily expense of such meals, and told how this huge man had already cost the country over a million and a half of *sprugs* (the largest Lilliputian gold coin). Things, indeed, were beginning to go very ill with Gulliver.

Now it happened about this time that one of the King's courtiers, to whom Gulliver had been very kind, came to him by night very privately in a closed chair, and asked to have a talk, without any one else being present.

Gulliver gave to a servant whom he could trust orders that no one else was to be admitted, and having put the courtier and his chair upon the table, so that he might better hear all that was said, he sat down to listen.

Gulliver was told that there had lately been several secret meetings of the King's Privy Council, on his account. The Lord High Admiral (who now hated him because of his success against the Blefuscan Fleet), Flimnap, the High Treasurer, and others of his enemies, had drawn up against him charges of treason and other crimes. The courtier had brought with him a copy of these charges, and Gulliver now read them.

It was made a point against him that, when ordered to do so by the King, he had refused to seize all the other Blefuscan ships. It was also said that he would not join in utterly crushing the empire of Blefuscu, nor give aid when it was proposed to put to death not only all the Big-endians who had fled for refuge to that country, but all the Blefuscans themselves who were friends of the Big-endians. For this he was said to be a traitor.

He was also accused of being over-friendly with the Blefuscan ambassadors; and it was made a grave charge against him that though his Majesty had not given him written leave to visit Blefuscu, he yet was getting ready to go to that country, in order to give help to the Emperor against Lilliput.

There had been many debates on these charges, said the courtier, and the Lord High Admiral had made violent speeches, strongly advising that the Great Man Mountain should be put to death. In this he was joined by Flimnap, and by others, so that actually the greater part of the council was in favor of instant death by the most painful means that could be used.

The less unfriendly members of the council, however, while saying that they had no doubt of Gulliver's guilt, were yet of the opinion that, as his services to the Kingdom of Lilliput had been great, the punishment of death was too severe. They thought it would be enough if his eyes were put out. This, they said, would not prevent him from being still made useful.

Then began a most excited argument, the Admiral and those who sided with him insisting that Gulliver should be killed at once.

At last the Secretary rose and said that he had a middle course to suggest. This was, that Gulliver's eyes should be put out, and that thereafter his food should be gradually so reduced in quantity that in the course of two or three months he would die of starvation. By which time, said the Secretary, his body would be wasted to an extent that would make it easy for five or six hundred men, in a few days, to cut off the flesh and take it away in cart-loads to be buried at a distance. Thus there would be no danger of a pestilence breaking out from the dead body lying near the city. The skeleton, he said, could then be put in the National Museum.

It was finally decided that this sentence should be carried out, and twenty of the King's surgeons were ordered to be present in three days' time to see the operation of putting out Gulliver's eyes properly done. Sharp-pointed arrows were to be shot into the balls of his eyes.

The courtier now left the house, as privately as he had come, and Gulliver was left to decide what he should do.

At first he thought of attacking the city, and destroying it. But by doing this he must have destroyed, with the city, a great many thousands of innocent people, which he could not make up his mind to do.

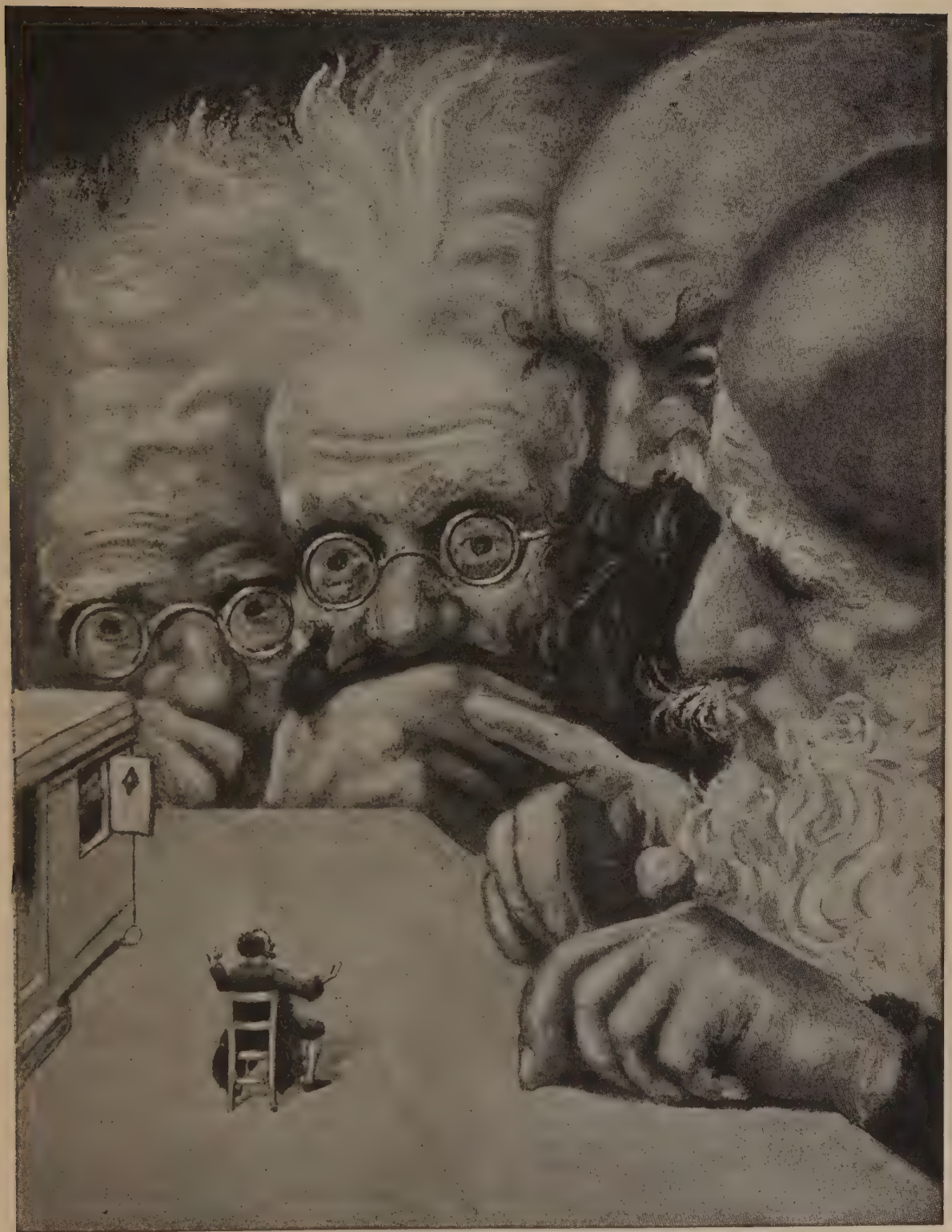
At last he wrote a letter to the Chief Secretary, saying that as the King had himself told him that he might visit Blefuscu, he had decided to do so that morning.

Without waiting for an answer, he set out for the coast, where he seized a large man-of-war which was at anchor there, tied a cable to her bow, and then putting his clothes and his blanket on board, he drew the ship after him to Blefuscu. There he was well received by the Emperor. But as there happened to be no house big enough for him, he was forced, during his stay, to sleep each night on the ground, wrapped in his blanket.

Three days after his arrival, when walking along the seashore, he noticed something in the water which looked not unlike a boat floating bottom up. Gulliver waded and swam out, and found that he was right. It was a boat. By the help of some of the Blefuscan ships, with much difficulty he got it ashore. When the tide had fallen, two thousand of the Emperor's dockyard men helped him to turn it over, and Gulliver found that but little damage had been done.

He now set to work to make oars, and mast, and sail for the boat, and to fit it out and provision it for a voyage.

While this work was going on, there came from Lilliput a message demanding that Gulliver should be bound hand and foot and returned to that country as a prisoner, there to be punished as a traitor. To this message the Emperor re-



GULLIVER AND THE GIANTS

plied that it was not possible to bind him; that, moreover, the Great Man Mountain had found a vessel of size great enough to carry him over the sea, and that it was his purpose to leave the Empire of Blefuscu in the course of a few weeks.

Gulliver did not delay his work, and in less than a month he was ready to sail.

He put on board the boat the carcasses of one hundred oxen and three hundred sheep, with a quantity of bread and wine, and as much meat ready cooked as four hundred cooks could prepare.

He also took with him a herd of six live black cows and two bulls, and a flock of sheep, meaning to take them with him to England, if ever he should get there. As food for these animals he took a quantity of hay and corn.

Gulliver would have liked to take with him some of the people, but this the Emperor would not permit.

Everything being ready, he sailed from Blefuscu on September 24, 1701, and the same night anchored on the lee side of an island which seemed to be uninhabited. Leaving this island on the following morning, he sailed to the eastward for two days. On the evening of the second day he sighted a ship, on reaching which, to his great joy, he found that she was an English vessel on her way home from Japan.

Putting his cattle and sheep in his coat-pockets, he went on board with all his cargo of provisions. The captain received him very kindly, and asked him from whence he had come, and how he happened to be at sea in an open boat.

Gulliver told his tale in as few words as possible. The captain stared with wonder, and would not believe the story. But Gulliver then took from his pockets the black cattle and the sheep, which of course clearly showed that he had been speaking truth. He also showed gold coins which the Emperor of Blefuscu had given him, some of which he presented to the captain.

The vessel did not arrive at the port of London till April, 1702, but there was no loss of the live stock, excepting that the rats on board carried off and ate one of the sheep. All the others were got safely ashore, and were put to graze on a bowling-green at Greenwich, where they throve very well.

ANOTHER ADVENTURE

After this Gulliver took another voyage and found himself somewhere in the Indian Ocean, in the Land of the Brobdingnags, or giants. He woke up in a grain field, where he was seized between the thumb and forefinger of a farmer and raised up sixty feet in the air to be examined. The farmer carried him home in his pocket to show to his family.

Here the people were kind to him, although when the baby started one day to play with him he was nearly killed in his friendly grasp, and he had serious times contending with the family cat. The noise of their voices was like thunder, and he was rather lonesome when they put him into a bed that was twenty yards wide.

The King heard of him and called him to his court, where he had many adventures. The court ladies used to put him into a pool and waft him across in a tiny boat with their fans. The King had a small house built on purpose for him, in front of which he used to sit and talk with the scholars who came to study him. He had his own special dishes and clothing and servants, and a traveling box in which the King carried him wherever he went.

You will want to read some day how Gulliver escaped from the giants and found himself back home in England. Kindness is always welcome, but to be handled by men fifty feet high and played with by monkeys that are larger and stronger than lions is a strenuous experience.

ROBINSON CRUSOE

RETOLD FROM DANIEL DEFOE

When Robinson Crusoe was a little boy he wanted, more than anything else, to be a sailor. So when he grew up he ran away to sea. He had many exciting adventures; he was shipwrecked and captured by pirates; but always he came out safely.

But once when he was far at sea, thousands and thousands of miles from home, his ship met a frightful storm. For days the boat was tossed about by the wind and waves. At last, one dark night, a terrific wave dashed it against the shore and everyone was drowned—everyone but Robinson Crusoe. He was washed up on the rocks and spent the long stormy night in a tree-top, so that no one could attack him.

When morning came and Robinson found that he was the only one saved from the wreck, he looked about him to see what kind of place he

was in. It was very wild; there were no houses, or roads, or people in sight. Just long, thick grass, rocks, and bushes and a few high trees. He saw a hill a little way from the shore, and said to himself:

"Perhaps if I climb that hill I shall find some people and houses on the other side."

But after he had climbed the hill he saw that everywhere, as far as he could see, it was just as wild. He found now that he was on an island, with no other land in sight.

"Oh! what shall I do?" he thought, "here I am alone on a desert island. All my friends are drowned, and I have nothing to eat, and no place to live. There may even be wild animals who will eat me. What shall I do?"

Then he looked out to sea and saw his old ship, with her masts broken, lying in the water not far from shore.

"I know," he said; "I will swim out to the ship and get food."

So he took off his clothes and swam out to the wreck. When he climbed on board he found a lot of things that he wanted. He made a raft by nailing some boards together, and took back bread, and meat, and rice, and flour, and other food. He took back, also, an old sail which he found on deck; and when night came he made a tent of it, and slept in it all safe and sound.

Next morning when he woke up he said to himself: "It may be a long while before any vessel comes to this island and takes me back home. So I had better get all the food I can off the old ship. I must bring some gunpowder and guns with which to shoot birds and animals, so I will have plenty to eat. And then if there are any wild beasts, I will need a weapon."

So he went out to the ship on his raft again. This time he brought back two cats and a dog which had been saved from the storm; and he was glad, indeed, to have them for company. He secured, also, hatchets, and hammers, and nails, and many other things that would help him in building a house.

Every day for a long while he went out to the ship for supplies. One morning he woke up and found that the old craft had been washed out to sea.

The first thing Robinson did after he got his things on shore was to fix up his house. On the side of the hill he put up a strong tent. Then all round the tent he pounded sharp, pointed sticks so that no animals could get in and hurt him while he was asleep. In back of the tent he dug a deep cave, where he hid his gunpowder and guns. Soon he was very cozy in his little hut.

But he was very lonely, too. For he had not anybody to talk to; and as day after day went by, and no ship came in sight, he began to wonder: "Shall I ever get back home again? Shall I ever have anybody to talk to? Why, how can I tell what day it is, or how long I have been here? I have no calendar, and no church bells ringing to remind me it is Sunday. How shall I know?"

Then he thought of a fine plan. "I know; I shall put up a great cross by my house and every day I shall cut a line in it. On Sundays I shall cut a long line. Thus I shall keep track of the time and know just what day it is always."

Almost every day he went out for a long tramp to see what he could find. Of course, he did not dare go very far from his house, for fear he would get lost or be caught by some beast. But he went a good many miles in all, and learned that there were some lovely fruits growing on the island. He found tobacco plants, also. Then, too, the barley and rice which were left in the bags that he brought off the ship took root, and a fine crop of grain grew up.

But one day something alarming happened. Robinson was working in his cave, when he felt the ground shake under him. He jumped up and ran out as fast as he could, for he thought the roof was falling through. But when he got outside he found that all the ground was moving so that he could hardly stand. Then a terrific wind blew, and Robinson knew he was in an earthquake. He was frightened for a few minutes, but by lying flat on the ground he was quite safe.

Very soon after the earthquake Robinson was caught in an awful storm. He was soaked. And in a few days he took a cold and fever. He was so ill that he just lay in his little tent and moaned. There was no one to do kind things for him. But he finally got well, and after that he was very careful about going out in the rain.

As his clothes were now all worn out, he decided to make himself some out of goat-skins. And very funny he looked in them, and very wild, too. His skin was brown from the sun and wind, and his hair shaggy because there was no barber to trim it. His suit was of long, dark-brown fur, and a high, peaked fur hat with a flap down the back. But they kept off the rain and sun, and there was no one around to see how it looked.

He made an umbrella, too, to put in the little

boat he had built. In this boat he hoped to explore the island; but the first trip he took he was carried out to sea so far he thought he would never get back.

Year after year went by, and still no ship came in sight. Not a single human being did Robinson see. The only voice he heard was that of a parrot which he had caught. But still Robinson tried to be brave and cheerful, and kept very busy.

One day as he was walking along the beach, a long way from his house, he stopped suddenly and looked down at the sand. His eyes almost popped out of his head. He could scarcely breathe, for there in the sand, what do you think he saw? A human footprint! Somebody had been on the island—maybe someone was there now!

Robinson was so frightened that he ran all the way home; for he thought it might be a horrible savage who would try to kill him—maybe eat him. He could hardly sleep that night. Any minute he thought a lot of these savages would break in his house. For weeks Robinson kept watching for the stranger whose footprint he had noticed, but he did not see anyone.

A long, long time went by. Robinson got so lonely on his island that he thought sometimes he would drift out to sea in his little boat and be drowned. One day he said to himself:

"I shall go and climb the highest hill on the island, and see if there is not a ship in sight."

You can imagine his surprise when he saw five canoes coming in toward the shore, with four men in each boat. He was about to shout with delight, when he saw that the men did not wear any clothes, and that their skin was brown. By this he knew they were savages, and would probably eat him if they could find him.

The savages had two prisoners, and when Robinson saw them he said to himself: "I shall try to save those poor men. Then maybe they will stay with me, and I shall have some companions."

So he ran back to his house and got out his guns. Then he hid behind the bushes to see what would happen. First the savages built a fire; then they seized one of the prisoners to throw him on it. Just when they had their backs turned, the other prisoner saw his chance and ran off into the trees. He ran like a deer straight toward Robinson's house, with all the savages following.

Robinson did not run out at once to help, for fear the savages would only kill them both. But soon all but two stopped following. Then he grabbed his knife and gun and ran in between them and their prisoner. First he knocked one down; and just as the other was going to shoot him with his bow and arrow, he fired.

The poor prisoner was almost as much afraid of Robinson as of the savages. When he saw Robinson kill a man by just pointing a stick at him that banged and puffed smoke he was even more afraid; for he had never in his life seen a gun.

But Robinson waved to him in a friendly way, and showed he wanted to help him. Then the poor fellow came and knelt before Robinson, and put Robinson's foot on his head. That was to show that he would be Robinson's servant.

As soon as the other savages found they could not catch their prisoner they got into their boats and went off.

Robinson and the prisoner were left alone together, and you can guess how glad Robinson was to see another man, after all these years. But the prisoner was a savage, and did not understand English. The only way they could say anything to each other was by making motions with their hands.

"To-day is Friday," said Robinson, "so I shall call my man Friday." Of course, the savage did not know what Robinson said; but when he pointed to him and said: "Your name, Friday—you, Friday," he smiled and nodded his head. Soon he learned to call Robinson "Master," and to say "yes," and "no," and many other English words.

At first Robinson would not let Friday sleep inside his hut, because he did not trust him. But soon he saw that Friday would not hurt him. After this he took him on all his trips about the island. Friday was so thankful to Robinson for saving his life that he would do anything in the world for him. And Robinson treated his man very kindly. He liked to teach him to talk English, and to shoot a gun, and to reap the crops.

"Friday," he once asked, "when you go back to your country will you promise me never to eat human beings again?"

"Oh, yes, Master, I promise. What you say I not do, I not do." You see he thought that whatever Robinson told him was just right.

"Tell me about your country, Friday," he said to his man.

"Oh, fine country. Miles off on the water. We make boat and go over. My people they no read like you. But some white men there. Some Spaniards got wrecked."

When Robinson heard this, he said: "We will

"THE ONLY WAY THEY COULD SAY ANYTHING TO EACH OTHER WAS BY MAKING MOTIONS WITH THEIR HANDS"

make a boat and go over. Then maybe the white men will help me to get back to my country."

"Oh yes, Master; I show you to make a fine boat—better than yours." And very quickly Friday and Robinson built a beautiful little canoe, which Friday paddled very fast.

But before they could start on their journey they had a very exciting adventure. Robinson was reading in his cozy little house one day, when Friday came running in, calling: "Master! Master! Some savages come with prisoners! Come see!"

Sure enough, a band of savages were landing on the shore. Robinson and his man armed themselves with guns and knives, and went out to save them.

They hid themselves behind the trees and shot at the savages, who were so surprised and terrified that they left their prisoners and ran for their boats. They were so frightened that they never came back to the island again.

When they went to let loose the prisoners, Friday gave a loud scream, and jumped up and down.

"My father! My father!" he cried. And what do you think? One of the prisoners really was his father. The other was a Spaniard, who had been shipwrecked on the shores of the country where Friday's people lived.

After that there were four men to hunt and reap crops, and they got a great deal of food stored away in the cave. Robinson was no longer lonely; but seeing a white man made him all the more anxious to get home again.

"I will send you back to Friday's country," he said, "and you can get all the white men who are there and bring them back here. Then we can all together build a boat big enough to take us home."

"Yes, that will be fine," answered the Spaniard. "I am sure they will be glad to help. I will take Friday's father with me and start right off."

A few weeks after the Spaniard and his companion had gone, Friday stole into Robinson's tent early one morning before he was awake. "Master, Master, wake up. A ship. The white men come back."

Robinson jumped into his clothes and ran up to the hill-top to look. And what do you think he saw? A great English ship! It was lying out a little way from shore. Robinson was so happy he almost cried. Now, at last, was his chance to go home!

Coming from the boat to the shore was a row-boat filled with English sailors. But just as Robinson was going to run down to meet them he saw that three of the men were being badly treated and driven along by the others.

When the men had all come ashore, the three men who seemed to be prisoners were left alone, while the others went off in the woods to explore. So Robinson crept down to the shore to speak to them. When the men looked up and saw Robinson in his queer clothes they were so startled they were ready to run away. He looked to them just like a wild man.

"I will not hurt you," said Robinson. "I, too, am an Englishman. I have been shipwrecked on this island for twenty-eight years. But what is the matter?"

"I am the captain of the ship," answered one of the men, "and my men have mutinied."

"That is too bad," answered Robinson. "I and my man have several guns. We will help you to escape if you will promise to take us back home with you in your boat."

"Indeed I will be glad to," the captain said.

It was not at all hard to get the best of the sailors, for most of them really liked their captain and were glad to leave their wicked leaders and return to him.

So, after twenty-eight long years on a desert island, Robinson at last sailed for home. Of course, he took Friday with him, because he had become so fond of him while they had been alone together.

When, after many days, the ship at last came within sight of England, Robinson was so happy to see his old home again that he put his head in his arms and cried like a little boy.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

RETOLD FROM WASHINGTON IRVING

Ichabod Crane was a schoolmaster who looked like his name. A tall, thin fellow, with arms so long that ordinary sleeves wouldn't cover them; little head, with flat top; big ears; green eyes; and a long beaky nose. If you had met him on a windy day, with his clothes all mud, you'd have thought he was a scarecrow blown out of a cornfield.

He lived away up the Hudson, in that quiet country where even the hills sleep and dream in

the sun. Sleepy Hollow is its name. It was so sleepy that the only real live thing in it was a man who was dead. Queer? Oh, no; you see he was a ghost—a real frolicsome, interesting ghost! He had been a Hessian soldier, and his head had been blown off; so every night he used to jump on his horse, and go galloping off, looking for his lost member. There were lots of stories up there, but the man looking for his head was the chief one.

Ichabod Crane was a great man for stories. But I must first tell you about his schoolhouse. It was just one big room, built of logs, its windows partly glass, partly old leaves of used copybooks stuffed in where there was no glass; a very crude sort of place, locked up with a willow twig stuck through the latch, the shutters closed by stakes laid against them. It stood in a lonely place; not far away a brook babbled; close by a mighty birch tree grew. On the warm summer days the hum of children's voices flowed out of the windows, varied by the loud voice of Ichabod as he scolded them, or the scream of some naughty one which showed what the birch's branches were used for. Those fat little Dutch urchins were not spoiled!

Ichabod Crane was quite an important personage, for not only was he a teacher, but he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and on Sundays he led the singing in church. Led, for did not his voice sound high over all others! So important a man, of course, was a frequent visitor at the farm-houses, especially where there was something good to eat: for you must know that Ichabod had but little money, but he had a terrific appetite. He was also the news-gatherer, and passed on the gossip from house to house; moreover, he had some books and he had read them; books all about witches and such things, so when he sat by the fireside he would tell such awful tales of witches, and ghosts, and haunted houses, and haunted bridges, and especially of the Headless Horseman on his hunt for his head, that everybody shuddered, and shivered, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves by being horribly afraid. Filled to the neck with wild stories, and believing them, Ichabod saw witches, ghosts, and goblins on every side as he wandered homeward after dark.

Amongst those who came to learn singing was Katrina van Tassel. She was the only child of a rich Dutch farmer, a bright, rosy-cheeked little lassie, as sweet as her father's peaches; something to see and remember, especially when dressed in the quaint frock of the time, gleaming with red gold ornaments that her great-great-grandmother had brought from Holland.

Ichabod, of course, looked longingly on this pretty maiden, especially after he had visited her home. Her father, old Balt van Tassel, was a rich, contented, and generous soul. His home nestled in the rich lands near the river-side, surrounded by troops of black pigs, armies of turkeys, geese, chickens, and ducks. He smoked his pipe in peace. Whenever the schoolmaster came and saw all these things, and the house shining with pots and kettles, the tables stacked with good things to eat, and Katrina, his mouth watered and he dreamed about the time when he should dwell there.

The rustic admirers were rather afraid of Ichabod—teacher, psalm-singer, and man who knew all about witches, warlocks, and spooks. But there was one fellow who was a serious rival of Ichabod's, Abraham van Brunt, known as "Brom Bones." He was a big, burly, black-headed fellow, a good rider, great at rough-and-tumble fights, the leader of a mischief-loving gang of noisy companions; a bit of a bully, overbearing, but at the bottom good-hearted, and with a strong sense of humor. In the cold weather he wore a fur cap, topped by a bushy fox-tail; and when he and his following went yelling and whooping, all screaming, through the village at midnight, the good folks were not quite certain whether it was Brom Bones and his madcaps or the ghostly person looking for his head.

Naturally, the boisterous, rakish Brom cast longing eyes on Katrina; and so long as his horse was found on a Sunday night tied to the van Tassel's railing, no other suitor ventured to cross his path.

Ichabod Crane knew full well what a formidable rival he had, and how useless it was to oppose him, in the open; and so he quickly set to work to use his position to approach the fair lady. Brom understood all about this, and began to try to see what he could do to upset Ichabod's plans. The schoolmaster knew but too well how careful he must be, and so gave Brom no chance to "double him up and lay him on the schoolroom shelf."

Brom was determined to do something, so he and his gang began to make things lively for Ichabod; they stuffed the chimney of the singing-school, and smoked the songsters out, or broke into the schoolroom, breaking everything therein, so that the distracted man thought the witches held their meetings there. Worst of all, Brom

taught a mongrel pup he had to howl whenever Ichabod lifted up his voice to sing.

One day, as Ichabod sat enthroned on his high stool surrounded by apples, popguns, and toys taken from naughty children, a ragged Negro mounted on a wild colt appeared, and in pompous language invited Ichabod to a quilting frolic to be held that evening at Mynheer van Tassel's. In a moment all was in uproar; books filled the air, ink-pots fell over, benches were overset, as, an hour ahead of time, a mob of shouting, laughing youngsters rushed out of school. As for Ichabod, he brushed up his rusty best suit and titivated himself before his broken bit of mirror; then he borrowed a horse from his landlord, Van Ritter. Such a horse! Shaggy and vicious, his one good eye terrific in its glare. Once this horse had been such a fine animal that he was called Gunpowder. He still had some of that spirit tucked away. Horse and man were a wonderful couple.

On the way that fine fall day, Ichabod dreamed of nice things to eat; his very mouth watered over the thought of pies, cakes, and flapjacks swimming in butter, luscious with treacle, all served by the dainty Katrina!

He arrived and joined the festive crowd gathered from everywhere. Then there was supper, such a supper that even the dreams of Ichabod were more than fulfilled, and he thought of the time when he should own this, and Katrina. The old Negro scraped his fiddle, and the floor was filled with merry dancers, amongst them none so wonderful as Ichabod; here and there he flew, he jumped, he kicked, he spun, whilst Brom sat in a corner and glowered. Was not Katrina that man's partner!

Amongst the old folks the air was filled with war stories; wild ones, such as how one of the heroes stopped a bullet with a sword, but none so strange and wonderful as the yarns about the ghosts, and cries, and wailings of Sleepy Hollow. Chief of them all was the Headless Horseman, who nightly tethered his steed in the church-yard. The church-yard was on a lonely hill which sloped down to a noisy brook. At one place, where the water was deep and black, not far from the church, a wooden bridge had been built. The road leading to it was dark and gloomy even in the daytime, being thickly shaded by overhanging trees. It was just the place for ghosts, and said to be a favorite haunt of the headless one. Such stories were bandied amongst the crowd, who shivered and shook, especially when Ichabod added some fearful ones from his store.

The party over, he left in a very mixed state of mind, the more so as he had lingered convinced that all was well with the lady, although all was wrong with his nerves.

What did Katrina think? Who knows?

The night was dark and silent, save for the bark of some watch-dog, or the dull boom of a restless bullfrog. Ichabod was lonely and frightened—the more so as the night grew darker. Right in the middle of the road a curious old twisted tree waved its branches like a giant. His fear grew! Beyond was that awful brook and bridge. Taking courage, he made a dash to get across, but the old nag would not go; right in the middle he stopped with terrible suddenness.

Out of the gloom rose something! Ichabod's hair stood straight up! "Who are you?" he stammered. No answer. Again he tried to get on; again the awful Thing drew nearer—a great black horse and a giant on its back. Silently it drew near to Gunpowder's blind side. Ichabod thought of the Hessian. He would ride fast; the mysterious pair kept up with him. He slowed down; so did the ghost. He tried to sing; his tongue was too dry. The silence of his companion was appalling. When they got to the hill-top he saw the Thing had no head. *That,* he carried in front of him, tied to the saddle.

Terrified, he whipped, kicked and lashed Gunpowder to get away; he could not; the spook kept up with him. Away they galloped headlong, stones and sparks flying on every side; away streamed his flimsy garment. On and on! Down and up and down to the fateful bridge. The saddle girths broke, and he had but time to hang on to the old horse's neck. On and on, jolt, bang, slip, slide, grab. Lo! through an opening the church bridge was seen—the place where Brom Bones said he saw the ghost disappear. If he could but reach that spot, he thought. Behind he heard the panting and blowing of the black horse. Another kick and over the bridge they thundered. Safe? He turned to see, and lo! the ghost was in the very act of throwing his head at him. Ichabod tried to dodge. Too late! It hit him square on the head with a fearful smash, and down he went into the mud. Gunpowder and the spectre horse and rider whirled on!

Next morning, the old horse, minus his bridle, was found quietly cropping the grass at his master's gate.

No Ichabod at breakfast. No Ichabod at din-

ner. No Ichabod at school! Search showed deep dents made by racing horses' feet on the church road, and a saddle trampled in the mud. On the brook-bank, where the water was deep, lay Ichabod's hat, and nearby a shattered pumpkin! Never again was Ichabod seen. Hans van Ritter took possession of the bundle that held the unfortunate one's effects. Evidently the Hessian had carried him off. The school moved; a new schoolmaster came. Nobody bothered any more.

Some years later a farmer, who went to New York City, reported that Ichabod was alive. He had left, it seemed, partly from fear of the ghost; partly because Katrina would have none of him. Then he had studied law and been made a Justice.

As for Brom, he married Katrina; and, whenever Ichabod was mentioned, looked as if he knew something he could tell, if he liked!

But the old country-folk firmly believe that the schoolmaster was carried away by the Headless Horseman. The fateful bridge was feared more and more; the old schoolhouse fell into ruin; but the ploughboys declare that, on quiet summer evenings, the sad sounds of Ichabod's melancholy psalm are still heard floating out of the dreamy and mysterious Sleepy Hollow.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat—
He earns whate'er he can;
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

And children, coming home from school,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing—
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

DON QUIXOTE

RETOLD FROM MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

About three hundred years ago a strange old gentleman named Quixada lived in Spain. He had a horse and a small farm; his niece and his housekeeper lived with him.

Quixada never spent his time thinking about breakfast, and dinner, and supper. Instead, he thought about fairies, and giants, and magicians, and the wonderful adventures men sometimes have. He found the plain, ordinary, every-day things, like eating and sleeping, very dull; and

he longed for the excitement of the days when Knights, all clad in armor, sallied forth on prancing steeds to fight for ladies to whom they had sworn loyalty. Of course, he understood that they often did not know the ladies at all: that made the adventure the more exciting. Besides, Quixada didn't have a thing in the world to do, because he hired a man to work the farm.

Quixada read stories about giants and Knights and thrilling adventures so constantly that he finally decided he could no longer endure the stupid life he was living. He determined to set forth on his "fine white steed"—which was really a decrepit old farm-horse—in quest of adventure.

"I have a charger," said he, "but where shall I find armor?" And he proceeded to rummage in the old house where he lived until he found the armor which belonged to his great-grandfather. He spent days polishing and mending it.

Quixada looked at himself with pride and satisfaction when he had donned his complete suit of armor. He had made his helmet himself, out of pasteboard, lined with thin metal; but he was sure it looked like the real thing!

"Now," said Quixada, drawing himself up proudly, "it remains to name myself and my noble steed." For days he pondered, and then, "Ah!" he cried, "my charger shall answer to the name of Rozinante, and I shall be known as Don Quixote de la Mancha.

"But who shall be the lady whom I shall defend, and whose glove I shall wear on my helmet as token of my devotion?" This was indeed a hard question, for Don Quixote knew no ladies.

"There's Aldonza Lorenzo," he mused. "She's just a healthy, country girl, but I guess she'll do. She must change her name, though. Henceforth, oh, Aldonza Lorenzo, thou shalt be known as Dulcinea del Toboso! And I, thy faithful Knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, will proclaim thee everywhere the fairest lady in the land. Let who dares deny it at his peril!"

The very next morning Don Quixote fared forth on Rozinante. He was terribly upset when he suddenly thought: "I've not yet been knighted!" He knew, however, that adventurers were sometimes knighted by persons they happened to meet.

"My first duty," he swore, "shall be to earn my knighthood. Come, Rozinante, go which way thou pleasest, but see to it that it be in the way of adventure!"

All day Don Quixote jogged along, but, sad to relate, without any kind of an adventure. Fortunately, Rozinante's instinct directed him to an inn, where he thought he could spend a comfortable night. Horse and rider were very tired when they approached the inn at nightfall.

"Ah! a castle!" cried Don Quixote, when he saw the inn before him. "What! I hear no trumpet sounding to announce our approach!"

If Don Quixote had had his way he would have waited no one knows how long for the trumpet to sound; but Rozinante took affairs into his own hands, and made straight for the stable and supper.

"Toot! toot!" Just as the horse started off, a horn sounded. Don Quixote did not know that it was merely a swineherd summoning his pigs; he was satisfied that a watchful dwarf had spied him out and announced his coming very properly to the castle.

At the door of the inn were two village girls; to Don Quixote they were charming ladies of the castle, enjoying the evening glories of nature.

"Good evening to you, fair ladies." said Don Quixote, in his best knight-errant manner; and entered upon a long speech about everything imaginable. Don Quixote was exceedingly gallant and entirely in earnest, but the girls did not understand him at all, and laughed rudely in his face. Such treatment did not at all suit Don Quixote's idea of his own dignity, and something quite terrible might have happened had not the inn-keeper come out in the nick of time.

The inn-keeper was a jolly, good-natured fellow, and a friend to every man. So, although he thought Don Quixote the strangest guest he had ever had, he did not laugh at him, but did his best to make him feel at home.

Don Quixote dismounted with difficulty: he was stiff from his long ride.

"If it please you, most honorable governor of the castle," he said to the inn-keeper, handing Rozinante over to him, "see that my good steed wants for nothing; there is not his like in the whole world."

Then Don Quixote learned some of the inconveniences of wearing armor. He could not get his helmet off without cutting the green ribbons with which it was tied. Nothing could persuade him to cut the ribbons, so the inn-keeper had to get a long funnel, through which Don Quixote's supper was poured.

When supper was over Don Quixote turned suddenly to the landlord and said: "Most gra-

cious Sire, will you honor me by meeting me in the stable?" The inn-keeper obediently followed Don Quixote to the stable, wondering what he would do next.

"Noble and valorous Knight," cried Don Quixote, shutting the stable door, and flinging himself at the inn-keeper's feet, "I shall kneel before you like this until you grant me a boon."

"'Tis granted before you ask it," said the inn-keeper, determined to play his part in the strange game of his guest.

"The boon, honored Sire, is that you make me a Knight to-morrow!"

Don Quixote prepared to carry out all the proper ceremonies connected with being knighted. He was disappointed that there was no chapel where he could stand all night on guard over his armor; but, at the landlord's suggestion, he watched in the court-yard instead. He laid his armor in the watering trough, and began to march solemnly up and down the court-yard. The inn-keeper had told the other guests what was going on, and they enjoyed the performance greatly—from a safe distance!

A mule-driver brought his mules up to the trough to water them. "Hold, bold Knight!" shouted Don Quixote. "Touch with your defiling hand that armor, and you risk your life!" But the mule-driver threw out the armor, and was about to lead the mules up to drink.

"My Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, be gracious to me as I risk my life to defend your honor and mine!" With this prayer Don Quixote brought down his spear upon the poor mule-driver's head. The man fell down senseless; Don Quixote put his armor back in the trough, and continued his march up and down the court.

In a few moments another driver came up to water his mules. Without any warning, Don Quixote struck at him with his spear. The man was badly hurt, and made an outcry which brought a number of persons to his defense. They threw stones at Don Quixote; but the Knight, undaunted, drew his sword, protected himself with his shield, and shouted: "Lay on, base knaves, if ye dare!"

At this juncture the inn-keeper appeared as peacemaker; he stopped the stone-throwing and soothed Don Quixote's ruffled dignity.

"You have proved yourself so valiant," said the inn-keeper, "that you need watch your armor no longer. I will knight you at once."

This he did. The inn-keeper mumbled some words he pretended to read from a book; he struck Don Quixote a smart blow with the flat of a sword; the sword was belted around him; his spurs were buckled on; Rozinante was brought forward, and Don Quixote rode forth—a Knight!

The inn-keeper had suggested to Don Quixote that he ought to have money and a squire to attend him on his adventures, and Don Quixote determined to go home in search of these. But he kept his eyes and ears open for adventure along the way.

"Halt! I hear the moans of one in distress!" Don Quixote exclaimed. He turned Rozinante into a wood, thankful to have found so soon an opportunity to prove himself worthy of his knighthood. Sure enough, he found a boy tied to a tree, and a man beating him angrily, and calling out: "I'll teach you! I'll teach you!"

Don Quixote lost no time in making his presence known. "Sir Knight," he said decidedly, "the laws of knighthood forbid a Knight to strike one who cannot defend himself. I challenge you to combat! I will show you that you are a coward."

The countryman was so terrified that his legs shook beneath him. "The lad is my servant, Sir, and he is indeed a poor one." (At this the lad howled again.) "I tell him to watch my sheep, but he goes off and plays and lets the sheep stray and get lost."

"But, Sir," the lad protested, "not a cent has he paid me in wages."

"Scoundrel!" cried Don Quixote. "So you beat the lad and cheat him as well! But now the defenseless has in me a defender. I command you to pay the boy and let him go."

"Nine months have I worked for him, Sir, and not a cent has he paid me!"

"The boy does not tell the truth to you, for I owe him much less than he says. Nevertheless, to show you that I am a kind master, I will take the boy home and pay him the full nine months' wages. I cannot pay him here, for I have no money."

"No, no! Don't let him do that!" Andreo begged. "I am afraid to go home with him!"

"Be not afraid, Andreo," said Don Quixote. "He will not dare harm you, for I command him to treat you well. Sir," said he to the man, "swear by your order of knighthood that you will deal fairly with the boy."

"I swear," said the fellow. "Come on, Andreo."

"Remember your oath, for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, the righter of wrongs." And the Knight spurred his horse and set off at a gallop.

Little did Don Quixote guess that as soon as his back was turned the countryman seized the lad again and punished him more severely than before. Then he set him free, but he did not pay him. Don Quixote, however, felt quite sure that he had performed a knightly service well, and was satisfied with himself.

He did not have to wait long for his next adventure. Six silk merchants appeared on the road, each riding a fine horse, and shading himself with a big umbrella. They had four servants on horseback and three on foot.

"What a chance," thought the Knight, "to prove that my lady is most lovely of all!"

"Halt!" he shouted to the men. "I hold this road against all who do not declare that the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso is the loveliest lady in the whole world!"

"Who is this lady? Without seeing her, we cannot pass judgment on her beauty." So spoke the silk merchants, who were quite puzzled by the strange encounter.

"I will fight anyone who dares say he does not know the famous beauty of Lady Dulcinea del Toboso," roared the Knight, who was furious that the men had not given in to his demand without question. "Prepare to defend yourselves."

With this, Don Quixote rode at full speed toward the men, who had nothing but their umbrellas with which to defend themselves. Luckily for them, Rozinante stumbled and fell, rolling poor Don Quixote off into the ditch in a manner most unseemly for a Knight. His armor was so heavy that he could not rise and attack the men with weapons, but he continued to call them knaves and cowards. One of the servants resented this tongue-lashing, and beat the Knight with the Knight's own spear!

Don Quixote lay in the ditch for several hours, but was at last discovered by a friend, who took him home. He was very sick after this, and had to stay in bed a long time.

The village curate and the barber decided that the only way to keep Don Quixote from starting off again in search of adventure was to destroy the books where he had read all the tales of Knights and ladies. They not only burned the books, but they bricked up the library door, and made it appear as if there had never been a library there.

When Don Quixote was well enough to walk again he searched in vain for his library. Finally, much disturbed, he asked his niece about it.

"No, there is no library here now," she told him. "While you were away a famous enchanter flew here on a dragon. He entered your study. We were too frightened to stop him. The house filled with smoke. Then we saw him fly out of the roof. Since then we have looked without success for your library."

"Freston! It must have been Freston, the notorious enchanter, for he hates me bitterly. I shall get the better of him yet!"

Don Quixote spent several weeks after his recovery in preparation for the next adventure. He found a farm laborer, named Sancho Panza, to whom he promised fame and great riches, and who agreed to go with him as his squire. He got together some money, too, remembering what the inn-keeper had told him.

One night, when everyone was asleep, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza set out, without telling anyone of their plans. As they rode they talked of the great conquests which lay before them.

"Already adventure is upon us," cried Don Quixote, as they came to the top of a hill. "Do you see the giants on the plain below?" And he pointed to several windmills flapping their wings in the breeze.

"Giants!" exclaimed the squire, scornfully. "They're windmills."

"They are giants, I say, ignoramus! I shall conquer them all." Without waiting another instant, he rode furiously at the windmills, lance in hand, to attack them. The breeze turned the windmills just then, and rolled horse and rider over, as Don Quixote's spear entered the whirling sail.

Sancho ran quickly to the rescue. "But, Sir, did I not say they were windmills?"

"Friend Sancho," said the Knight, "they merely look like windmills. In reality they are giants to whom Freston, that wicked enchanter, has given the shape of windmills, so that they could overcome me. Next time I shall win." Sancho helped him to mount, and they started off again.

Don Quixote was quiet as they rode, worrying over the loss of his spear. "Sancho," he said, "I shall get me a new spear in a manner befitting a knight. The next oak tree we meet shall be my spear."

"What, Sir, will you pull up a big tree for a spear?"

"Perhaps a branch will do," said Don Quixote. "Whatever it is, it will bring me fame, as did the sword which the Bruiser, famous Knight that he was, made for himself of a tree limb." That night he fixed his spear end on a branch he tore

from a tree, and was well pleased with his make-shift lance.

Adventures now came thick and fast for Don Quixote. In the very next encounter his helmet was ruined, although he conquered his opponent. Don Quixote swore he would not rest until he took a helmet just as good from another Knight. He did not have long to wait.

"Sancho," he called eagerly, as they rode along one morning, "do you see the Knight on a fine gray charger, wearing a helmet of gold? That helmet shall be mine!"

Sancho was skeptical, as usual. "The man's on an old ass, Sir, and that's no helmet on his head."

Don Quixote would not listen to such nonsense, and rushed at his opponent. The man jumped from his ass in an effort to save himself; and his helmet, which was too big for him, rolled off. The man fled, too frightened to protest, and left helmet and ass behind.

Sancho ran quickly to pick up the booty.

"This is a strange helmet," said Don Quixote, trying it on.

"Why, master, it's not a helmet at all," said Sancho. "The fellow must have been a barber, for that's the sort of a basin they use in their trade. He must have put it on to keep the rain off, for it's raining hard."

"It may look like such a basin," said Don Quixote, decidedly, "but it is not. It's an enchanted helmet of pure gold."

Don Quixote was proud and happy as he rode along with his new helmet on his head.

Not many days later the Knight was greatly excited by a cloud of dust on the road ahead.

"It must be a mighty army, and they are marching this way," said he.

"There must be two armies then," said Sancho, "for I see another cloud of dust just like it over there." Don Quixote was mightily pleased, thinking a great battle was about to take place before their eyes.

"What shall we do, master, if they fight?"

"Help the weaker side, of course," said Don Quixote. "What else could brave men do? Do you see that valiant knight, Laurcalio, and the giant Braudabarbaray, and hear the horses neigh? It will be a glorious battle."

"But, master, not a horse do I see or hear. I believe it is two flocks of sheep. Yes, I hear them bleating. Come, do not attack them!"

Sancho's words had no effect on Don Quixote, who rushed off to the attack, leaving Sancho behind, protesting.

The shepherds who were watching the sheep were astounded to have an armed man bear down upon their flocks and scatter them right and left. They shouted at him to stop, but he paid no attention. Then they threw stones at the Knight, and at last made him stop his destruction of their innocent sheep. Don Quixote fell from his horse, and the shepherds ran away.

Once more Sancho came to the rescue. "But, master," he said, "why did you attack them when I told you they were sheep?"

"They were not really sheep, Sancho, but Knights whom Freston disguised as sheep to shame me. Over that hill you may see them, I wager, returned to their real knightly shapes."

The encounter with the shepherds, and many other adventures, left Don Quixote weak and sick, so they rode away to rest awhile. One night they even fell sound asleep before they got off their mounts.

Sancho's loud snores attracted a passing adventurer, who wanted an ass. He placed four long sticks under Sancho's saddle, loosened the straps, raised the saddle and Sancho above the ass's back, and led the animal off, leaving Sancho and the saddle behind, high in the trees!

These were but the beginning of the adventures of this strange pair. Sancho got back his ass, and Don Quixote had many other encounters. At last the curate and the barber found the Knight and took him home, in a very ordinary cart, which Don Quixote knew to be an enchanted chariot.

The curate and the barber could take Don Quixote home, but they could not keep him there. It was not long before he started off for a third journey, with the faithful Sancho in attendance. This time the purpose was a visit to the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

They reached the town at midnight. "Lead me to her palace, Sancho," the Knight directed.

"Palace!" exclaimed the matter-of-fact squire. "When last I saw her she lived in a very small cottage in a very poor part of the village. Besides, this is no time of day to go calling."

"Leave that to me, Sancho," said Don Quixote, in his sternest manner. "This very building before us must be my lady's palace."

With this the Knight smote mightily on the door of a huge building, which happened to be the church of Toboso. Not a trace of Dulcinea's palace did they find, although they hunted all night. In the morning they rested in a grove of trees well out of the village. There could be no rest for Don Quixote, however, until he

should find Dulcinea. Sancho was sent to the village to look for her again.

The idea of hunting through Toboso again for Dulcinea did not appeal to Sancho at all. He was sure he could not recognize her, if, as Don Quixote said, she was a beautiful lady and lived in a palace. The girl that Sancho had known was a simple country maid.

"My master is surely mad," he thought. "He never sees things as they are. Sheep to him are Knights, and windmills giants. I believe any country maid might seem to him to be his Dulcinea. What's the use in hunting? I'll wait here until a country girl comes along, and take her to the master."

It was nightfall when Sancho saw three girls riding along on asses. Sancho hurried to tell Don Quixote.

"Lady Dulcinea del Toboso and two of her attendants are on the way, master. Make haste and meet them!" shouted Sancho.

Don Quixote lost no time in mounting his horse. As they rode to meet the girls, Sancho said: "They're three most beautiful ladies, Sir, and are wearing jewels that sparkle a mile off, diamonds and rubies. Their dresses are of cloth of gold."

"Where are they, Sancho?" asked the Knight, looking up and down the road, where the three country lasses were plainly visible.

"Before your very eyes, master," said Sancho. "I see only three country wenches riding asses."

"Country wenches! asses! Your eyes must be bewitched, Sir! It's the lady herself, and two attendants. I at least will do her honor." And Sancho dismounted and flung himself at the feet of one of the girls.

Don Quixote followed suit, wondering how this red-faced, fat lass could be his fair Dulcinea.

The girl was frightened. "Leave us alone!" she cried. "We must hurry home."

"Ah, now I am sure the enchanter has been at his evil work again," said Don Quixote, roused by the girl's voice. "He has even hid from me, most beautiful lady, your loveliness."

"Silly old fellow! Go on about your business, if you have any," the girl said. "We're off." And before Sancho and Don Quixote could get from their knees the girls were gone in a great cloud of dust.

"The deceit of those unscrupulous enchanters! To make my lovely Dulcinea, fairest and daintiest lady in all the world, look and act like that!" Don Quixote was saddened by fate's cruel treatment of him.

"Would that we could make way with all the evil crew of enchanters, and force them to do penance for their foul deeds!" Sancho echoed heartily. But behind Don Quixote's back he laughed at the way he had outwitted his master.

One day as Don Quixote journeyed along with Sancho they were overtaken by a gentleman in a green suit, who rode a fine horse. The gentleman was interested in the Knight, and rode along with him. They had not gone far when they saw a large wagon approaching, drawn by mules, and gay with little red-and-yellow flags.

"An adventure!" cried Don Quixote. "Bring me my helmet, Sancho!" Sancho heard the shout and came up, not knowing what was wanted. He had just filled Don Quixote's helmet with milk, which he had bought of some shepherd. He dared not hesitate to hand it to the Knight when he asked for it, and Don Quixote clapped it on his head, full of milk as it was.

"The enchanter has sent this adventure against me, and, coward that he is, would give my opponent the odds by blinding me before the combat! Or, Sancho, perhaps you put this milk in my helmet?"

"I, Sir?" asked Sancho, mournfully. "I'd much rather put it in my mouth!" Sancho was depressed by seeing the milk he had paid for go to waste. "The devil himself must have done that deed," he said.

The wagon was all the time coming nearer. Don Quixote rode up and spoke to the driver.

"What have you in this wagon, and where are you taking it? What do the flags mean?"

"In the wagon I have a lion, which we are taking to the King, and the flags mean it is royal Spanish property," the driver answered, politely enough.

"Is it a large lion?" asked Don Quixote, rather taken aback.

"Large! It's far the biggest lion I've ever seen, and I've seen a lot of them, too." This was from the keeper, who sat on top of the wagon. "Pray, clear the road so we can pass. The lion's dinner-time is past, and he is getting hungrier and more savage every minute."

"I am not to be frightened by such talk, young man," said Don Quixote, proudly. "I'll show that wicked enemy of mine the stuff of which I am made. Mr. Keeper, kindly let the lion out of his cage so I can engage him in combat."

Sancho appealed to the gentleman who had joined their party. "Pray, Sir, keep my master from this dangerous and foolish act! We shall all be torn to pieces!"

"Is your master mad, then?"

"No, Sir; only rash; very, very rash."

"I'll fix it," said the gentleman, and remonstrated with Don Quixote. The Knight told him quite bluntly not to interfere.

"Mr. Keeper," cried Don Quixote, "open that cage at once, or I'll give you reason to regret it."

"My mules!" cried the driver. "If the lion is to be let out, they will be eaten; and this wagon and team are all I have. Pray, let me take them to a safe distance."

"Very well," said the Knight, "but be quick about it."

"Everybody get out of the way!" shouted the keeper. "This gentleman, against my will, makes me loose the lion. Everybody for himself now; and, remember, if the lion gets you, it's this gentleman's fault, not mine."

"Pray, let the men take their lion off in peace," the gentleman in green begged.

"Sir, let not my acts concern you. I know what I do. If you are afraid, ride quickly to a place of safety," said Don Quixote, haughtily.

"Dear master," pleaded Sancho, who was quite upset, "what shall I do if the lion kills you?"

"Go to Dulcinea and tell her—I have often told you what to tell her!"

So everyone but the keeper and Don Quixote scurried off to safety. Don Quixote dismounted, determined to meet the lion on foot, because he felt sure Rozinante would be more timid than he. He placed himself, sword in hand, before the door of the cage.

Still protesting, the keeper threw the door as far open as it would go, and ran off to a safer place. The lion saw the open door, and, looking straight at Don Quixote, stretched himself, and thrust out his great paws. He stuck out his huge tongue and licked his chops. He rose to his feet, walked to the door, and put his great shaggy head out. He gazed with his blazing eyes at Don Quixote. He turned and walked toward the rear of the cage. Then he opened his huge jaws and yawned a great, lazy yawn, and proceeded to lie down.

"Force him to come out and do battle," cried Don Quixote to the keeper.

"I will not. I dare not. And, indeed, Sir, you have conquered. What more can a man do than persuade his enemy by the fierceness of his manner, that it were best he did not fight?"

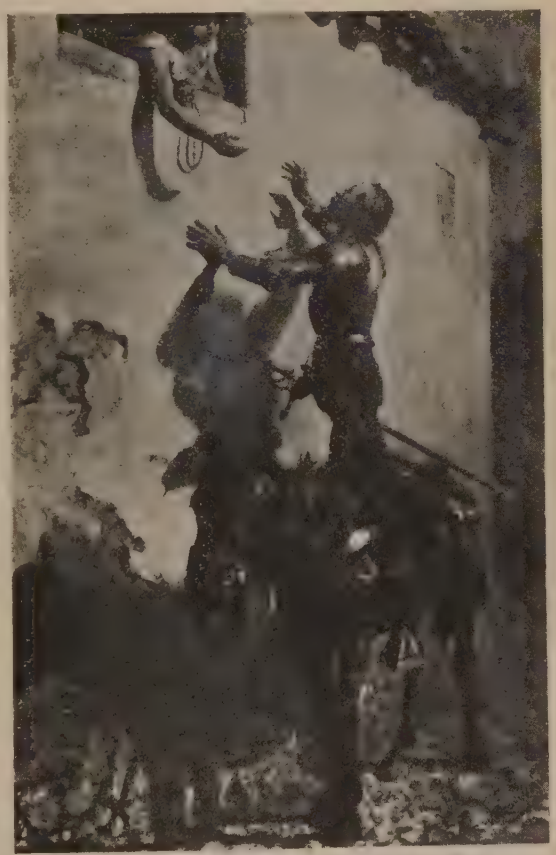
"You are right, my man," said Don Quixote. "Shut the door, then, and see that you give a true account of this happening, that all men may know that even a lion fears to fight Don Quixote de la Mancha." And the Knight waved a white cloth on the end of his spear to let the others know that the danger was over.

Sancho and the rest came hurrying up, and the keeper told them what had occurred. He lost no opportunity to show how brave Don Quixote had been. "When I get to court," he declared, "I shall tell the King himself of this gentleman's bravery."

"If," said Don Quixote, drawing himself up, "the King should ask who did this thing, you may say that the Knight of the Lions did it, for that shall be my name from this day on."

The gentleman in green now begged Don Quixote to spend some time at his mansion, and they all proceeded thither together.

When Knight and squire set out again they stopped one night at an inn. They had hardly arrived when another guest appeared. He was clad in leather, and wore a green patch over his left eye.



AT THE LAST DON QUIXOTE GETS A KIND WORD FROM HIS DULCINEA

"Have you lodgings to-night for Master Peter, who has with him the fortune-telling ape and the famous puppet show of Melisendra's Deliverance?"

The landlord received Master Peter with great enthusiasm. He explained to Don Quixote that Master Peter had the cleverest ape in the world. "Just try him, Sir," urged the landlord. "Ask it any question, and it will jump up on its master's shoulder and tell him the answer."

The ape no sooner arrived than Don Quixote and Sancho commenced to ask him questions. Sancho asked: "What is my wife Teresa doing at home?"

The ape, at his master's signal, jumped on his shoulder and chattered in his ear. Apparently the ape told Master Peter who Sancho Panza and the Knight were. Master Peter listened, and then fell in admiration at Don Quixote's feet, crying: "Oh, wonderful Knight of the Lions! Great Don Quixote de la Mancha! We have not words to praise you rightly!"

Don Quixote and Sancho were amazed at the ape's cunning. Little did they guess that Master Peter and not the ape had found out about Don Quixote, and the landlord had told him what he knew.

Soon the puppet show began. Master Peter moved the puppets, and a boy in front explained to the audience what was happening on the stage. The story was exciting. The hero, who had just rescued his wife from captivity, was being set upon by the enemy. There seemed no escape from death for hero and heroine.

Don Quixote could not endure this triumph of might over right. He rose in his seat and cried: "Halt! No harm shall befall that fair lady and her brave husband! I myself will defend them against the enemy host!" He drew his sword and attacked the puppets violently. Master Peter himself had hardly time to get out of his way.

Nothing could stop the Knight, who in his rage, broke the entire show into bits. When no puppet was left whole, he cried: "I rejoice that this trial did not find me wanting. I could never have called myself Knight again had I let those wicked Moors destroy the lovely Melisendra and her husband."

Master Peter wailed loudly over his loss. "Cheer up, Master Peter," Sancho said, "my master will repay you when he realizes that the Moors he thinks he killed are only your puppets."

"His puppets?" said the Knight.

"See, master, there before you, and all about you are the broken wooden pieces that were this man's puppet show."

"Those enchanters have been trying to outwit me again! All that was acted I believed to be real. Now the enchanters have turned my enemies to wooden puppets. I will give you money to buy you new puppets, Master Peter."

Don Quixote did not know that Master Peter was the thief who had taken Sancho's ass from under him. Do you suppose the story would have ended so well for Master Peter if he had known?

Soon after this, Don Quixote and Sancho were invited to join a group of picnickers whom they met in the woods. The men and women were dressed as shepherds and shepherdesses. The Knight was very grateful for their kindness, and, as a sign of his appreciation, announced that for two days he would remain in the middle of the high road leading to Saragossa and make everyone who came by admit that the ladies in the party, disguised as shepherdesses as they were, had no rival in beauty save the unequaled Lady Dulcinea.

The very first thing to pass along the road was a great herd of wild bulls, driven by several men on horseback. Even for them Don Quixote would not step aside. He stayed in the middle of the road and ordered them to halt. The bulls paid no attention, but ran right ahead, knocking horse and rider, squire and ass, into the ditch, and trampling on them. Don Quixote got up and ran after the herd, begging them to stop and fight him. They did not even stop to listen.

Knight and squire were in very low spirits when they reached the inn where they intended to spend the night. Sancho's spirits sank even lower when he found that the fare at the inn was very poor, but the Knight ate with other guests who had wisely brought their supper with them.

From this place the Knight went to Barcelona, which lies on the Mediterranean Sea. One morning Don Quixote rode, fully armed, on the road along the shore. A Knight armed as he was came toward him. A bright moon was painted on his shield, and he announced in a loud voice:

"I am the Knight of the White Moon, most famous Don Quixote de la Mancha. You have doubtless heard of my exploits. Be it known to you now that the lady of my heart—whoever she is—is far more lovely than your Lady Dulcinea del Toboso. Confess it, and you may go free. Deny it, and I shall overcome you. If I win, my prize must be that for a year you stay at home. Conquer me, and all that I have, even my fame, is yours."

"Your challenge, unknown Knight, is accepted. Your terms, also, I accept; but I will never add the fame of your deeds to my own, because my own are enough, and yours I know not. Had you ever but once seen my Lady Dulcinea, however, you would never have challenged me thus. Choose your ground, and let us speedily to the fray!"

Just then the Governor of Barcelona, who knew Don Quixote, came on the scene. He would have stopped the battle, but when he heard why they were fighting he decided it must be a joke, and stopped to watch what would happen.

UNDINE

In a moment the Knight of the White Moon had Don Quixote on the ground and stood over him. "Kill me!" Don Quixote exclaimed, "for I will never yield."

"Not so," said the Knight of the White Moon. "But you must do as you agreed and return home for a year."

The Knight did not tell Don Quixote, but the only reason he wanted to fight him was in order to make him go home and be cured of his mad desire for adventure.

After this battle Don Quixote was very sick. As soon as they could move him so far they took him to his home. There a fever set in, and he had to stay in bed. The doctor said he was in great danger. When Don Quixote heard this he asked everyone to leave the room that he might sleep. He awoke a different man.

"Those fairy tales are all gone. I am as I used to be before I knew of Knights, and giants, and great adventures. Bring me a lawyer, that I may make my will as a wise man."

In his will, Don Quixote left almost everything to his niece. But even though he had decided that all his adventures were madness, he did not forget to leave the devoted Sancho Panza a small sum of money. We can hardly imagine, though, that any amount of money would have comforted Sancho for the loss of the master with whom he had passed through so many strange adventures.

UNDINE

RETOLD FROM BARON DE LA MOTTE FOQUÉ

Once there was a little water-spirit named Undine. She lived down in the depths of the ocean among the fishes, and the corals, and the pearls, in a lovely palace, for she was the daughter of the Lord of the Ocean.

One dark night a fisherman and his wife who lived beside the sea found a little lost child at their door. And they took her in kindly and brought her up as their own. She was a beautiful little creature, but very frolicsome and thoughtless. And she was not careful to help the good people who had done so much for her. On wild and windy nights she would run away out of doors, and they would be frightened for fear she was lost. They did not know that the little mermaid dived down to the bottom of the sea to play with the fishes and the fairies there. But this she did even when she had grown up, so that she lived part of the time among men and part of the time in the water.

Once there came a brave Knight to the fisherman's hut, and Undine loved him and he loved her, and they were married. At the wedding they put on each other's fingers two beautiful gold rings that Undine had held in glad expectancy.

Then she took him over to the island that was near the hut, and told him her story. "I am the daughter of the Sea King," she said, "and I have no soul, and I cannot suffer. So my father sent me to live among men, because if I could learn to love I could learn to suffer and be kind. And he gave me these two rings that we wear to-day, to give to the one who should come to love me. Now I have told you my story, and if you cannot love me because I am a water-spirit I shall leap into the sea again, and there I shall live, always sorrowful, alone."

"Of course I love you, my dear Undine," he said, and the Knight took her up in his arms and carried her back with him to the cottage.

And now she had a soul, and could suffer and could be kind, and she was never thoughtless or cruel again. And she did not long to be back in the palace in the sea. But that night the candle light in the cottage seemed to her brighter than all the lights in her father's palace.

And they lived in the cottage together, and were forever happy.

THE GREAT STONE FACE

RETOLD FROM NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Once, long ago, a little boy sat talking to his mother at their cottage door. The sun was setting, and the glorious brightness of the sunset was flooding all the mountain-side with light.

Now, on this mountain, where the steep, bare cliffs towered straight above the lower sides, where forests grew, a Great Stone Face appeared, and seemed to look down at the broad, fertile valley where they lived. And the face seemed to send blessings on the valley land and people, it looked so noble.

Some men had climbed the mountain side to

see the face close by, and found only rough rocks. But when they gazed up at it from a distance, they saw a perfect face, as if a giant of the ancient days had carved his likeness there. Many thought that if the lips could speak, a voice of thunder would have rolled from them all down the valley.

The little boy—his name was Ernest—liked to look at it, and watch the sunbeams play around the lips that seemed to smile at him. And then sometimes, he thought, the smile crept all across the noble face, and filled the vale with warmth, and wrapped his little heart about with love.

He loved to think about it earnestly, and talk of it. And so he asked his mother what it was, and said: "Mother, I wish that it could speak. It looks so kind, I think its voice would be a pleasant one. If I could see a man with such a face I know that I should love him dearly."

Then his mother told him that when she herself was yet a little child, his grandmother had told her what the Indians said about the great face.

The Indians told the white men, when they came, that in the far-off past the murmuring mountain streams had told their forefathers, and the winds that wandered through the trees had whispered it, that some time there would come a child who would become a man with a grand, noble face, and a sweet smile, just like the mountain face. This man, they said, would be the noblest and the greatest person of his time. And some men thought this was a prophecy, and others thought it would be so long that they would never see a man like that.

"Oh, mother, mother dear," cried little Ernest, "I do hope that I shall live to see him." And his wise, loving, thoughtful mother said: "Perhaps you may."

The years went by, and Ernest grew to be a man. Always when he was a boy he loved to watch the face. When his tasks were done, and he had helped his mother, he loved to sit beside the cottage door and gaze at it. As he sat and gazed, and thought of what a man who looked like it would be, and of the great thoughts he would think, and all the noble deeds that he would do, the boy's own heart grew strong and loving, and the great and noble thoughts it seemed to him this man would think became his own.

As he grew up, a thoughtful sun-browned youth, and merry, too, he labored in the fields like other boys around him. But when his daily task had been well done, he would hasten to the cottage door and gazed up at the calm, strong face he loved so well.

So he grew up a calm, strong, tender man, ready to help; he never quarreled, but saw in all his neighbors something to love. But still he never thought he himself was noble.

Now, in the valley another boy grew up, and went away to a large town beside the sea. There he became a merchant, and was very rich. Men called him Gathergold. He had a fleet of ships that brought him gold and money, pearls and diamonds and other jewels, and rich furs, and teas and spices, from across the sea, to sell.

But he grew very weary; and he thought that if he could go back to the calm beauty of his native fields and woods he would have rest. So at his bidding a great white marble house was built for him, with gleaming windows, and huge and splendid rooms. And troops of servants came to wait on him.

And all the people in the valley said: "This is the great man, like the giant face, our fathers said would come." And even Ernest thought it might be true.

The day arrived for the rich man's coming, and he rode in a carriage drawn by four horses. And Ernest looked at him as he passed by, and saw his face was mean and hard. For all his life he had been gathering riches for himself, and never gave, nor even thought to give, some happiness to others. So his face grew cold, and little children shrank from him in fear.

The weary man went to his lovely, splendid house, where children never played, and there he died, and was forgotten.

Years still went on, and Ernest watched the Great Stone Face above him. The other men around him thought that this was idleness. But Ernest did his work better than they, and helped his neighbors in all kindliness. Only when the day was done, he loved to watch the face as the evening fell, and grew more like the man he thought would come.

Then a great soldier, who had been a valley boy, came home. He had seen great fights, and won great victories, and the people said: "This is the man!" One of his officers, who saw the Great Stone Face, said the great general was like it. The people of the valley made a banquet feast for General Blood-and-Thunder: so his soldiers called him. They brought one of George Washington's great chairs for him to sit in, and hung the flag above it, they were so proud of him.

Ernest went to see him, where the feast was spread beneath green trees. And when the Gen-

eral stood up to speak, all the people shouted with a mighty shout that rang for miles. But Ernest sadly shook his head. This man of energy, and iron will, and looks of stern command, never was like the giant face that looked down through the trees, as it had looked through ages long gone by. Ernest thought the giant face, too, could be stern, but never as hard as iron.

Again time went on. Ernest still lived in the same cottage. But years of thinking of great things had made this simple man a great man. He did not know it, and the people around him did not know it. They knew only that when he watched the face, they liked to sit with him, and listen to him talk of all the noble things he thought about; and, sometimes, of the great man he was sure would come into the valley, and of how the man would look, and speak, and act. And then they went away, and, without knowing it, tried to be like that man.

Again, another great man came—one who had left the valley in his boyhood days. This man was a statesman, and had helped to make his country's laws. His name was known through all the world. Indeed, his friends thought he would make a good President.

Before this time, many thousands, who had heard about the face, had come to see it. Some now said, "Why, this great man's face is like the mountain face." And, after that, "Old Stony Phiz" became the name by which the people knew him.

Ere the election came, the statesman thought he would like to see his native valley, and bring himself to the remembrance of the people there. He had brought fame to it; and so a huge crowd met, and made a great procession to do him honor.

There were bands of music, and banners flying; soldiers and men on horseback; and, in the midst of all, the great man came, bareheaded, in an open carriage drawn by four pure-white horses. The people said: "His face is like our giant face." And Ernest thought, perhaps so; but yet the statesman's face, he thought, was hard, also, and never had the smile the Great Stone Face had come to wear for him.

Long years went by, and Ernest was now a silver-haired old man. His fame had spread beyond the valley, and great and learned men come from far and near to talk with him, and learn wise things from this simple man of wisdom.

And when these great men went away they always looked up at the giant face, and each one said: "Somewhere I have seen a face like that great face up there."

Then a poet arose, whose songs of high and lovely things were known through all the world. And Ernest read them, and looked up at the face and said: "Surely this poet must have a noble face like that."

Then the poet came, and sat with Ernest on the bench beside the cottage door. There they talked about the beauty and the glory that are in the world. The poet thought that Ernest talked as if he had been taught by angels. And sometimes Ernest thought the poet's face was like the Great Stone Face. And then again his thoughts said, sadly: "No!"

The poet watched him, and his eyes grew dim with tears, and he said, sorrowfully: "No, my friend, I am not like it. How could I be? I have not always held the vision of beauty and of truth that I have seen."

When the sunset came, Ernest, by a pleasant custom that had grown up, set out to talk with neighbors in a little nook close by. They sat around him, in the sunset, on the grass, and Ernest stood against the rock and talked.

As the poet listened to his words he thought they were like pure pearls. It almost seemed to him as if the speaker's life of good deeds and of holy love were melted down and poured into his sentences.

Then the sunset glow lighted the Great Stone Face and Ernest's face with glory. And the poet cried: "Behold, behold! Ernest himself is like the Great Stone Face!"

The people looked, and lo! what the deep-sighted poet said was true. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, went slowly homeward in the twilight with the poet, hoping still that by-and-by some wise, strong man would come and grow into a likeness of the Great Stone Face.

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

RETOLD FROM LORD MACAULAY

Long, long ago there was a King in Rome whose name was Tarquin. He was a bad man, and the people sent him away, and said he should not be their King.

Then this wicked King went to another city, called Clusium, and begged its King, Lars Porsena, to come with him and fight against the city of Rome, and make him King again.

Lars Porsena was glad, and gathered a great army of his soldiers, who came with joy, thinking they would conquer Rome. They thought of all the treasure in the city that they could take away, and of the people they could carry off to be their slaves.

To surprise the Romans they marched in haste; and, as they came in thousands, all the people in the country through which they went fled before them into the city of Rome. The little children and their mothers wept with fear, but the Roman soldiers hurried them on, lest Lars Porsena and his men overtake them. Many a manly boy shook his little fist at the host that he could see in the far distance, and wished he was a man and, like his father, could fight to save his country.

The invading soldiers were so close behind, and came on so fast, that even while the helpless crowd was on the bridge, across the river in front of the city gates, Lars Porsena and Tarquin and their army were in sight.

The Roman rulers did not know what to do. The army was not strong enough to hold the land on the far side of the river. But the crowded bridge was standing. How could they keep the great Clusian army back? They thought of Tarquin and his cruelty. They thought of Lars Porsena, and of the ruin and the sorrow he and his conquering army would bring to all their dear ones and to their native country that they loved so well.

Little time had they to think. Already they could see the clouds of dust raised by the marching feet of thousands upon thousands of men and horses; and, alas! they could see, too, the fires that rose from burning homes and villages, for not a house, nor fence, nor dove-cote did the invaders leave behind.

And still the crowd of aged and helpless ones and farmers from the plain around, with all their household goods, their flocks and herds of sheep and goats and cattle, choked up the way, as they had done for two long nights and days since first the news of the invasion came, and they had fled to seek the shelter of the city walls.

And then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear;
"To arms! To arms! Sir Consul:
Lars Porsena is here."

The little town and hill of Janiculum, which guarded the bridge, were already lost, and on the messenger's heels the soldiers of the garrison came running hard to gain the bridge; while close behind them Lars Porsena's soldiers raced fast to cross with them and take the town.

The Consul and the Senators held council beside the city gate; and with his eyes fixed on the low hills to the west, the sorrowing Consul saw Porsena's host come marching down, and on the plain below the racing company that had taken Janiculum were closing up. Then in a low, deep voice the Consul said:

"The bridge must straight go down;
For since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."

Naught else could save Rome, for in the brightness of the noonday sun all might now see the shining of the helmets and the spears, and through the rolling clouds of dust could plainly hear the trampling and the hum of thousands, and loud trumpet-tones proclaimed the triumph that the invaders saw before them.

With axes, even with swords, the men of Rome were hewing at the bridge, to break it down and stop the invading army by the yellow flood that foamed between the Tiber's banks. But when they clearly saw the foremost faces in the marching host, the Consul feared the enemy would be upon them before the bridge fell, and sadly said: "If once they win the bridge, how can we save the town?"

And then Horatius, the Captain of the Bridge, stood forth and bravely said: "Sooner or later, death comes to all on earth. What can a man do better than, facing fearful odds, die to save his country, and keep her free from shame?"

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon straight path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spoke Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake Strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide at thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.

For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great:
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold;
Then Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

And now, the Three had given the Romans time to destroy the bridge. The Consul was the first to seize an axe, and hew with vigor at the heavy planks. And all the Romans, rich and poor alike, swarmed on the bridge and under it, and smashed the beams, and loosened the props that held it in its place.

The City Fathers, watching, saw the Three stand calm and silent as the invading host came rolling up with flying banners, and with trumpets sounding peal after peal of triumph, and the bright sun flashing on spears and swords and helmets as they came.

Not silent was the host, for when the foremost ranks saw the Three standing at the bridge's head, shout upon shout of laughter rose among them. Then three chiefs dashed up; and, springing from their horses, drew their swords, and with their shields raised high rushed on to slay the Three. The proud chiefs fell in death; and other three, and still others who came after shared their fate.

There stood the Three, and facing them a whole army, six spear-lengths away. Forward they could not move while the Three lived, for only three had room at once to battle in that narrow way, where the three Roman champions, backed by grim death, awaited them. The host stood silent in astonishment, while battle after battle was fought out in silence; and on the city side the Romans still worked desperately to break the bridge.

Then from the invaders rose a mighty roar of anger, and the great crowd of soldiers seethed with wrath. But still, although Horatius was wounded, the Three fought on, and even taunted their proud foes, until at last the trumpets died away, and the great army shrank back.

And now the bridge was tottering to its fall, and all the City Fathers cried aloud: "Come back, come back, Horatius! Back, Lartius! Back, Herminius! Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Lartius and Herminius darted swiftly back, while brave Horatius stood behind to guard the bridge, lest one should slip behind him. And as they sped, the last plank crashed beneath their heavy tread, and with a thunder-crash the bridge went down into the furious waters of the rushing stream. A loud triumphant shout rose from the walls, and Lartius and Herminius would have rushed back to stand once more beside their friend, but could not:

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"O Tiber, Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

The weary, wounded man had a hard fight to keep himself afloat in the swift flood; but, heartened by the cheers, he held his way. Sometimes it seemed that he must drown; but then he rose again, and Sextus, the false son of Tarquin, cursed Horatius and said: "Had it not been for him, we would have burned the town and seized its treasures for our own!"

At length, Horatius touched the land, and willing hands were stretched to draw him to the shore. And shouts of gladness met him, and the City Fathers thronged around to press his hands and bless and thank him. And the young men took him up and put him on their shoulders, and carried him through crowds of cheering people to his home.

And because he had forgotten himself, and thought only of how the city could be saved, the people gave him land, and made him gifts, and put his statue in the public place.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north-winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
And the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom—
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

RETOLD FROM LEWIS CARROLL

Alice was beginning to get very tired of having nothing to do. She was considering whether it was worth while on a hot day to make a daisy chain, when suddenly a white rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing remarkable in that, nor did Alice think it so very much out of the way to hear the rabbit say to itself: "Oh, dear, I shall be too late." But when the rabbit actually took a watch out of its waistcoat pocket and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet. Burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge.

In another moment down went Alice after it. She had not a moment to think about stopping before she found herself falling down what seemed to be a very deep well. And after falling so far that she was dozing off, suddenly down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.

Alice was not a bit hurt; she jumped up and saw before her a long passage, and the White Rabbit, still in sight, hurrying down it. The Rabbit whisked round a corner, and Alice found herself in a long, low hall, lighted by lamps hanging from the roof.

There were doors all around the hall, but they were all locked. Suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table, upon which was nothing but a tiny golden key; and a moment later she saw behind a curtain a little door about fifteen inches high. She tried the little golden key in the lock, and, to her great delight, it fitted.

Alice knelt down and looked through the opened door along the passage into the loveliest garden you ever saw. Alice sighed as she saw that she could not get even her head through the doorway; but going back to the table, hoping she might perhaps find a book that would tell her how to get in, she saw a little bottle upon it, and tied around the neck was a paper label with the words "DRINK ME" beautifully printed on it in large letters.

THE MAGICAL BOTTLE

As this bottle was not marked "Poison," Alice ventured to taste it, and finding it very nice she very soon finished it off.

"What a curious feeling," said Alice; "I must be shutting up, like a telescope." And, sure enough, she was now only ten inches high, just the right size for going through the little door into that lovely garden.

But, alas for poor Alice, when she got to the door she found she had left the little golden key on top of the table, and now she was so small she could not reach it.

Soon her eyes fell on a little glass box that was lying under the table. She opened it and found in it a very small cake on which the words "EAT ME" were beautifully marked in currants. After she had finished off the cake she found that she was opening up again like a telescope; and soon she grew so big that she could look into the garden with but one eye!

While she was wondering what to do next, the Rabbit went trotting by again, muttering to himself: "Oh, the Duchess, the Duchess; won't she be savage if I have kept her waiting!" Alice started to ask him a question, but he jumped vio-

lently, dropped his gloves, and scurried away into the darkness as fast as he could go.

THE POOL OF TEARS

As she was talking to herself about his strange behavior, she looked down at her hands and was surprised to see that she had put on one of the Rabbit's little white gloves while she was talking. She picked up the Rabbit's fan, and, to her dismay, dropped it hastily, just in time to save herself from shrinking away altogether.

"That was a narrow escape!" exclaimed Alice, a good deal frightened at the sudden change, but very glad to find herself still in existence. "And now for the garden."

But, alas; the little door was shut again, and the little golden key was still lying on the table. Alice began to cry.

Just then her foot slipped. Splash! she was up to her chin in salt water! She soon made out that she was in the pool of tears that she had wept when she was nine feet high.

"I wish I hadn't cried so much," said Alice.

THE WHITE RABBIT'S HOUSE

By-and-by she succeeded in landing on solid ground, and at once she decided to carry his gloves and fan back to the Rabbit. As she did so, she came upon a neat little house, on the door of which was a bright brass plate with the name "W. RABBIT" engraved upon it.

Since nobody answered her knock, she found her way into a tidy little room with a table in the window. She was just going to leave when her eye fell upon a little bottle that stood near the looking glass. There was no label with the words "DRINK ME," but nevertheless she uncorked it and put it to her lips.

"I know something interesting is sure to happen. . . . I do wish I hadn't drunk quite so much," she added.

Alas! it was soon too late to wish that; she went on growing and growing, and soon she filled the room until she had to lie down with one elbow against the door and one arm out of the window.

She had an exciting time getting out of the house. The Rabbit sent his servants on ladders to fetch her out; but every time they looked in at the window, she would stretch out her hand, and they would fall in great alarm into the cucumber-frames below. At last, the White Rabbit bombarded her with little cakes. She swallowed one of the cakes and was delighted to find that she began shrinking directly. The next thing she knew, she found herself in the garden, looking into the eyes of a large blue caterpillar, who was quietly smoking a long pipe and taking not the slightest notice of her or of anything else.

THE PIG BABY

Finally he got off the mushroom on which he was sitting and crawled away into the grass, remarking as he went: "One side will make you grow taller and the other side will make you grow shorter."

Alice soon made up her mind that he was talking about the mushroom; so she began nibbling at the right hand bit, and then at the left hand bit, until she had brought herself down to nine inches high.

A few moments later two footmen in livery came running out of the wood into the garden. One looked like a fish and the other looked like a frog, and each was bringing an invitation for the Duchess from the Queen to play croquet. Alice followed them, and soon found herself in the Duchess' house. The Duchess was in her kitchen, sitting on a three-legged stool, nursing a baby. The cook was making soup, and a large cat was sitting on the hearth and grinning from ear to ear.

The Duchess was rocking her baby so violently, and the poor little thing howled so, that Alice offered to take it.

"You may nurse it a bit if you like," said the Duchess to Alice, flinging the baby as she spoke. "I must go and get ready to play croquet with the Queen."

The poor little thing had, it seemed to Alice, a curious shape and made strange noises. "Don't grunt," said Alice; "that's not at all the proper way of expressing yourself."

The baby grunted again so violently that Alice looked down into its face. This time there could be no mistake; it was nothing more nor less than a pig, and Alice felt that it would be quite absurd for her to nurse it any longer. So she set the little creature down, and felt quite relieved to see it trot quietly away into the wood.

"If it had grown up," she said to herself, "it would have been a dreadfully ugly child; but it makes rather a handsome pig, I think." She was a little startled at this moment by seeing the cat sitting on the bough of a tree a few yards off.

THE CHESHIRE CAT

The cat only grinned when it saw Alice.

"Would you tell me, please," said Alice, "which way I ought to walk from here?"

"In that direction," the cat said, "lives a hatter; and in that direction," waving the other paw,

"lives a March hare. Visit either if you like, they are both mad."

At these words the cat began to vanish quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone.

"I have often seen a cat without a grin," thought Alice, "but a grin without a cat is the most curious thing I ever saw in all my life."

THE MAD TEA-PARTY

There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it. A dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion.

"No room, no room," they cried out when they saw Alice coming.

"There's plenty of room," said Alice, indignantly, seeing that there were a dozen seats and only three of them occupied.

The Hare and the Mad Hatter began to ask Alice riddles; but Alice became quite disgusted when she discovered that while they knew some of the most interesting riddles she ever heard, neither of them knew any of the answers.

The last Alice saw of them, the Hare and the Mad Hatter were each moving one place on, so as to get a clean cup, and were trying to put the dormouse into the teapot.

"It is the stupidest tea party I was ever at in all my life," said Alice.

A CURIOUS CROQUET GAME

Once more she found herself in the long hall close to the little glass table. This time she took the little golden key and unlocked the door, walked down the passage, and found herself at last in a beautiful garden among the bright flower-beds and the cool fountains.

Three gardeners were at work busily painting the roses red. They were curious creatures. One looked and was shaped just like the Seven of Clubs, another like the Two of Clubs in a pack of cards.

At this moment the Five of Clubs, who had been anxiously looking across the garden, called out: "The Queen, The Queen!" and the three gardeners instantly threw themselves flat on their faces.

First came ten soldiers, carrying clubs, all shaped like the three gardeners, oblong and flat, with their hands and feet at the corners. Next came ten courtiers, ornamented all over with diamonds. After these came the royal children—there were ten of them. They were all ornamented with hearts. Next came the guests, among whom Alice recognized the White Rabbit, the March Hare, the Mad Hatter, and the Duchess. Then followed the Knave of Hearts, and last of all came the King and Queen.

"Off with their heads!" exclaimed the Queen, glaring about her, as she saw that the gardeners had not finished their work.

Nobody seemed to pay much attention to this order, and the game began.

It was a curious game. The croquet balls were live hedge-hogs; the mallets, live flamingoes; and the soldiers had to double themselves up and stand on their hands and feet to make the arches. The chief difficulty Alice found was in managing her flamingo. Just as she had got its neck nicely straightened out and was going to hit the hedgehog with its head, it would twist itself round and look up into her face with such a puzzled expression that she could not help bursting out laughing.

"Off with their heads!" would be a frequent remark by the Queen of Hearts, who seemed to be in a perpetual bad temper; and pretty soon the interest in the game lessened, because most of the spectators had been put in prison.

ALICE AWAKES

Finally it was decided to have a trial, and the King became the Judge and heard the witnesses.

"What do you know about this business?" the King said to Alice.

"Nothing whatever," said Alice.

"That's very important," the King said, turning to the jury. "Let the jury consider their verdict."

"No, no!" interrupted the Queen. "Sentence first, verdict afterward."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Alice, loudly. "The idea of having the sentence before the verdict."

"Hold your tongue! Off with her head!" the Queen shouted. Nobody moved.

"Who cares for you?" said Alice. For she had grown to her full size by this time. "You are nothing but a pack of cards."

At this the whole pack rose up into the air and came flying down upon her. She tried to beat them off, and found herself lying on the bank with her head in the lap of her sister, who was gently brushing away some dead leaves that had fluttered down from the trees onto her face.

"Wake up, Alice dear," said her sister. "Why, what a long sleep you have had!"

"Oh! I had such a curious dream!" said Alice.

THE RABBIT AND THE MAD HATTER

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

It was the season, when through all the land
The merle and mavis build, and building sing
Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand,
Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-heart King;
When on the boughs the purple buds expand,
The banners of the vanguard of the Spring,
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,
And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the blue-bird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee;
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be;
And hungry crows assembled in a crowd,
Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,
Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said:
"Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread!"

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed,
Speaking some unknown language strange and sweet
Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed
The village with the cheers of all their fleet;
Or quarreling together, laughed and railed
Like foreign sailors, landed in the street
Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise
Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth,
In fabulous days, some hundred years ago;
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow
That mingled with the universal mirth,
Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe;
They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful words
To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway
To set a price upon the guilty heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,
Levied black-mail upon the garden beds
And corn-fields, and beheld without dismay
The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds:
The skeleton that waited at their feast,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.

Then from his house, a temple painted white,
With fluted columns, and a roof of red,
The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight!
Slowly descending, with majestic tread,
Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right,
Down the long street he walked, as one who said,
"A town that boasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society!"

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
The instinct of whose nature was to kill;
The wrath of God he preached from year to year,
And read, with fervor, Edwards on the Will;
His favorite pastime was to slay the deer
In summer on some Adirondack hill;
E'en now, while walking down the rural lane,
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned
The hill of Science with its vane of brass,
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,
Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass,
And all absorbed in reveries profound
Of fair Almira in the upper class,
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
As pure as water, and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door,
In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow;
A suit of sable bombazine he wore;
His form was ponderous, and his step was slow;
There never was so wise a man before;
He seemed the incarnate "Well, I told you so!"
And to perpetuate his great renown
There was a street named after him in town.

These came together in the new town-hall,
With sundry farmers from the region round.
The Squire presided, dignified and tall,
His air impressive and his reasoning sound;
Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small;
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
But enemies enough, who every one
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart,
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,
And, trembling like a steed before the start,
Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng;
Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart

To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,
Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
And quite determined not to be laughed down.

"Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,
From his Republic banished without pity
The Poets; in this little town of yours
You put to death, by means of a committee,
The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,
The street-musicians of the heavenly city,
The birds, who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

"The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piny wood;
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;
The blue-bird balanced on some topmost spray,
Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

"You slay them all! and wherefore? for the gain
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
Scratched up at random by industrious feet,
Searching for worm or weevil after rain!
Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet
As are the songs these uninvited guests
Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!

"Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old, melodious madrigals of love!
And when you think of this, remember too
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

"Think of your woods and orchards without birds!
Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams
As in an idiot's brain remembered words
Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams!
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
Make up for the lost music, when your teams
Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more
The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

"What! would you rather see the incessant stir
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play?
Is this more pleasant to you than the whir
Of meadow-lark, and its sweet roundelay,
Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

"You call them thieves and pillagers; but know
They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

"How can I teach your children gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence.
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The selfsame light, although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions and your speech,
You contradict the very things I teach?"

With this he closed; and through the audience went
A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves;
The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent
Their yellow heads together like their sheaves;
Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment
Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves.
The birds were doomed; and, as the record shows,
A bounty offered for the head of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,
Who had no voice nor vote in making laws,
But in the papers read his little speech,
And crowned his modest temples with applause,
They made him conscious, each one more than each,
He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.
Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee,
O fair Almira at the Academy!

And so the dreadful massacre began;
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,

The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.
Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their breasts,
Or wounded crept away from sight of man,
While the young died of famine in their nests;
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds!

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead;
The days were like hot coals; the very ground
Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed
Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden beds
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,
Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun down
The canker-worms upon the passers by,
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,
Who shook them off with just a little cry;
They were the terror of each favorite walk,
The endless theme of all the village talk.

The farmers grew impatient, but a few
Confessed their error, and would not complain,
For after all, the best thing one can do
When it is raining, is to let it rain.
Then they repealed the law, although they knew
It would not call the dead to life again;
As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came
Without the light of his majestic look,
The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,
The illumined pages of his Dooms-Day book.
A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,
And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,
While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,
Lamenting the dead children of the air!

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,
A sight that never yet by bard was sung,
As great a wonder as it would have been
If some dumb animal had found a tongue!
A wagon, overarched with evergreen,
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
All full of singing birds, came down the street,
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,
By order of the town, with anxious quest,
And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought
In woods and fields the places they loved best,
Singing loud canticles, which many thought
Were satires to the authorities addressed,
While others, listening in green-lanes, averred
Such lovely music never had been heard!

But blither still and louder caroled they
Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know
It was the fair Almira's wedding day,
And everywhere, around, above, below,
When the Preceptor bore his bride away,
Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,
And a new heaven bent over a new earth
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

BY CHARLES LAMB

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. . . . The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following.

The swineherd, Hoti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of.

Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? Not from the burnt cottage: he had smelt that smell before; indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit.

The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel; and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it; when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out: "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O Lord!"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly set down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever.

At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole court, towns-folk, strangers, reporters, and all present

—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance-offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world.

Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

GOBLIN MARKET

RETOLD FROM CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

MORNING and evening
Maids heard the goblins cry:
"Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, Come buy."

This was the song of the goblins who haunted the glen where Laura and Lizzie, two sisters, used to walk after their work in the farmhouse was over. Both girls knew that it was dangerous to go near, even to peep at the goblin men, because whoever should taste their magic fruits would ever be thirsty until she should taste again, but having once tasted, the mischievous goblins would hide themselves and the unfortunate child who had been deluded by them would die of thirst.

The wiser Lizzie put her fingers in her ears, shut her eyes and ran away from the goblins' song, but

Curious Laura chose to linger
Wondering at each merchant man.
One had a cat's face,
One whisked a tail,
One tramped at a rat's pace,
One crawled like a snail,
One like a wombat prowled obtuse and furry,
One like a ratel tumbled hurry skurry.
She heard a voice like voice of doves
Cooing all together:
They sounded kind and full of loves
In the pleasant weather.

One set his basket down,
One reared his plate;
One began to weave a crown
Of tendrils, leaves, and rough nuts brown
(Men sell not such in any town);
One heaved the golden weight
Of dish and fruit to offer her:
"Come buy, come buy," was still their cry.

So, the unhappy Laura tasted the poisonous fruit and came home thirsty, anxious only for another evening until she could buy more of these delicious morsels.

Golden head by golden head,
Like two pigeons in one nest
Folded in each other's wings,
They lay down in their curtained bed:
Like two blossoms on one stem,
Like two flakes of new-fall'n snow,
Like two wands of ivory
Tipped with gold for awful kings.
Moon and stars gazed in at them,
Wind sang to them lullaby,
Lumbering owls forebore to fly,
Not a bat flapped to and fro
Round their nest:
Cheek to cheek and breast to breast
Locked together in one nest.

The next evening the two sisters went with their pitchers to the brook in the glen. Lizzie still heard the pranksome goblin men singing

and calling to her, but to the thirsty Laura they were silent and invisible.

Day after day she pined away, for her thirst could never be quenched. She even planted the seeds of the magic fruits, but they never felt the sun and never burst through the earth.

The loving Lizzie could not bear to see her sister waste away, so one evening the brave child put a silver penny in her purse, kissed Laura and for the first time in her life began to listen and look in the shady glen for the goblins. Chuckling and laughing they welcomed her, took her penny and pressed their fruits upon her. Lizzie held out her apron, but would not taste. Angrily they elbowed and jostled her, held her hands and squeezed their fruits against her mouth.

White and golden Lizzie stood,
Like a lily in a flood,—
Like a rock of blue-veined stone
Lashed by tides obstreperously,—
Like a beacon left alone
In a hoary roaring sea,
Sending up a golden fire,—
Like a fruit-crowned orange-tree
White with blossoms honey-sweet
Sore beset by wasp and bee,—
Like a royal virgin town
Topped with gilded dome and spire
Close beleagured by a fleet
Mad to tug her standard down.

Back home went Lizzie, aching and tingling, but she heard her penny jingle in her purse and its sound was music in her ear. "Kiss me, Laura!" she cried in the garden. "For your sake I have braved the glen and had to do with the goblin merchants."

Laura started from her chair, kissed Lizzie upon the mouth and quenched her thirst in the juice of the goblin's fruits. But it was wormwood to her tongue and she fell in a swoon.

But when the first birds chirped about their eaves,
And early reapers plodded to the place
Of golden sheaves,
And dew-wet grass
Bowed in the morning winds so brisk to pass,
And new buds with new day
Opened of cup-like lilies on the stream,
Laura awoke as from a dream,
Laughed in the innocent old way,
Hugged Lizzie, but not twice or thrice;
Her gleaming locks showed not one thread of gray,
Her breath was sweet as May,
And light danced in her eyes.

Days, weeks, months, years
Afterwards, when both were wives
With children of their own;
Their mother-hearts beset with fears,
Their lives bound up in tender lives;
Laura would call the little ones
And tell them of her early prime,
Those pleasant days long gone
Of not-returning time:
Would talk about the haunted glen,
The wicked, quaint fruit-merchant men,
Their fruits like honey to the throat
But poison in the blood
(Men sell not such in any town):
Would tell them how her sister stood
In deadly peril to do her good,
And win the fiery antidote:
Then joining hands to little hands
Would bid them cling together,—
"For there is no friend like a sister
In calm or stormy weather;
To cheer one on the tedious way,
To fetch one if one goes astray,
To lift one if one totters down,
To strengthen whilst one stands."

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Little Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side on the grass,
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow;
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly uses
Fills the silence like a speech,
While she thinks what shall be done,
And the sweetest pleasure chooses
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooses, "I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds:
He shall love me without guile,
And to *him* I will discover
The swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed shall be red roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath.
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

"And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure;
And the mane shall swim the wind;
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward, and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

"But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face.
He will say: 'O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in,
And I kneel here for thy grace!'

"Then, aye, then shall he kneel low,
With the red-roan steed anear him,
Which shall seem to understand,
Till I answer, 'Rise and go!
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.'

"Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a *yes* I must not say:
Nathless maiden-brave, 'Farewell,'
I will utter, and dissemble—
'Light to-morrow with to-day!'

"Then he'll ride among the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong,
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

"Three times shall a young foot page
Swim the stream, and climb the mountain,
And kneel down beside my feet:
'Lo! my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity's counting.
What wilt thou exchange for it?'

"And the first time I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon—
And the second time, a glove;
But the third time—I may bend
From my pride, and answer—'Pardon,
If he comes to take my love.'

"Then the young foot page will run—
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee:
'I am a Duke's eldest son!
Thousand serfs do call me master,—
But, O Love, I love but *thee!*'"

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gayly,
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding up the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads,
Past the boughs she stoops, and stops.
Lo, the wild swan had deserted,
And a rat had gnawed the reeds!

Ellie went home sad and slow.
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not; but I know
She could never show him—never,
That swan's nest among the reeds.

UNA AND THE LION

BY EDMUND SPENSER
RETOLD BY JEANIE LANG

[More than 300 years ago there lived in England a poet named Edmund Spenser. He was brave, and true, and gentle, and he loved all that was beautiful and good. He wrote many poems, but the most beautiful of all is the one called "The Faerie Queene." The story of "Una and the Lion" is taken from "The Faerie Queene," in which great poem there are many more. Some

day you will probably have an opportunity to read the others for yourself.]

Once upon time, in a country not far from Fairy-land, lived a King and Queen and their daughter Una.

A hideous dragon came from another country, and killed men and women and little children. With its fiery breath it turned the trees, and grass, and flowers into black ashes, and it slew everybody that it came across.

It would have killed Una's father and mother, too, but they and some of their servants shut themselves up in a tower made of brass. The dragon tried very hard to get in and eat them up, but it could not break into a tower so strong.

For seven years the King and Queen hid in their tower, while the dragon lay outside.

Many brave Knights came and fought with the horrible monster, and tried to save the King and Queen. But the dragon was stronger than all the Knights, and killed every one of them.

At last Una made up her mind to ride to Fairy-land and ask the Queen of the Fairies to send one of her Knights to kill the dragon.

Una took no soldiers nor servants with her, but a dwarf carried for her the food and clothes she needed, and she rode forth on a little white ass.

Una safely got to the court of the Faerie Queene, and a young Knight, fearless, and faithful, and true, offered to come back with her to kill the dragon.

His name was George, but on the breast of his silver armor, and on his silver shield, a red cross was painted.

The sun shone bright, and the birds sang sweetly, as Una and her Knight rode away through the woods that lay between her father's kingdom and the country of the Faerie Queene.

The Knight's great war-horse pranced and champed at its bit, and Una's little donkey put down its dainty feet gently on the grass and wondered at the great big horse and his jingling harness as they went along side by side.

Before they had gone very far a storm came on. The sky grew dark and rain fell heavily, and they would have been drenched had they not found shelter in a thick wood. There were wide paths in this wood, and tall trees whose leafy branches grew so close that no rain could come through.

It was such a beautiful wood, and they were so happy talking together and listening to the birds' sweet songs, that they rode along without noticing where they went.

So when the rain stopped and they wished to get back to the open road, they could not find the way. On and on they went, until they came to the mouth of a great dark cave.

The Knight sprang from his horse, and, giving his spear to the dwarf to hold, went forward to see what might be hidden in the darkness.

"Do not be so rash!" cried Una. "I know that this is a terribly dangerous place, and that a dreadful monster stays in that black den!"

The frightened dwarf also begged him to come away, but the Knight said: "I should be ashamed to come back. If one is good, one need have no fear of the darkness."

So into the darkness he went, and in the faint light that came from his shining armor he saw a hideous monster. It had a great ugly head and a long speckled tail like a serpent's, and it rushed at the Knight, roaring furiously. He struck at it with his sword, but it wound its horrible tail round him until he was nearly crushed to death.

Una called to him not to fear, but to strike the monster bravely. And he, smiting it with all his might, cut off its head.

Then Una and he rode joyfully onward, and, as evening fell, they found a way out of the wood. On the road they met an old man who looked kind and good. He asked them to stay all night in his cottage in a little valley near at hand, and they gladly went.

This old man was a wicked magician, and all he wanted was to do them harm.

When they had lain down to rest, he began to work his magic on them. So well did he do it he made the Red Cross Knight believe that Una was very false and wicked, and that the best thing he could do was to go away from her. Very early in the morning the Knight made the dwarf saddle his horse, and they went off together and left Una asleep in the house of the wicked magician.

When she awoke and found them gone, Una could only weep bitterly at what seemed to her their cruelty.

She rode after them as quickly as she could, but her little donkey could only go slowly; and in his anger and sorrow the Knight had made his horse gallop so fast that she had no chance of overtaking them.

Day after day, up hill and down dale, in woods and on lonely moors, she sought her Knight. And her heart was very sad, because he whom she loved had left her so ungently.

One day when she was very tired she lay down to rest under the trees in a thick wood. She took off her black cloak, and her beautiful golden hair

UNA AND THE RED CROSS KNIGHT
FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS

fell loosely round her face. Her face was so fair and so full of goodness that it seemed to make sunshine in the shady place.

Suddenly there rushed at her from out of the wood a furious lion. He was hunting for something to kill and eat, and when he saw Una he ran at her greedily, with hungry, gaping jaws.

But when he had looked at her lovely face, instead of tearing her in pieces he gently licked her little white hands and feet. And Una's sad heart was so grateful to the noble beast that her tears dropped on him as he did it.

The lion would not leave her. He kept watch while she slept, and when she was awake he followed her like a faithful dog.

Together they wandered on, but never met any one that Una could ask if he had seen the Red Cross Knight.

At last, one evening, they saw a young woman walking up a steep mountain path, and carrying a pot of water on her back. Una called to her, but when the woman looked round and saw a lovely lady and a lion, she got such a fright that she threw down the pot and ran for her life. Her old mother was blind, and they lived in a hut on the mountain, and when she got there she rushed in and shut the door.

Una and the lion followed her, and the lion, with one blow from his strong paw, drove the door in.

The two women were hiding in a dark corner, half dead from fear. Una tried to comfort them, and asked them if she and her lion might shelter there for the night.

In the middle of the night a knock came at the door. It was a wicked robber, who used to bring

the things he stole and give them to those two bad women. The women were so afraid of the lion that they dared not come out of their hiding-place. So the thief, in a rage, burst the door open, and when he did this, the lion rushed at him and tore him in pieces.

Next morning Una rose early and went away with the lion.

When she had gone, the women came out, and when they saw the robber's dead body, they were filled with rage at Una and her lion. They ran after her, calling her bad names, but they could not overtake her.

As they were going home they met the wicked magician. They told him about Una, and he rode quickly after her. By his magic he made himself armor the same as that of the Red Cross Knight; and when Una saw him she thought it was her own true Knight come back to her at last. He spoke to her as if he was really her Knight, and her heart was filled with gladness.

But she was not the only one who thought that the wicked magician was the Red Cross Knight. Sansloy, a rough and wicked man, whose brother had been killed in a fight with the Knight of the Red Cross, came riding along and met them. When he saw the red cross on the magician's breast he rode at him furiously.

The old magician had to fight, whether he wanted to or not, and Sansloy fought so fiercely that he wounded him and cast him bleeding on the ground. Then Sansloy dragged off his helmet and was going to kill him, when he found, instead of the Red Cross Knight's handsome young face, the wicked old face and gray hair of the magician.

Sansloy was afraid of the magician, so he drew back and did not hurt him more. But when he saw how beautiful Una was, he roughly dragged her off her ass, and made up his mind to take her away with him and make her his wife.

When the lion saw the Knight roughly take hold of Una, he made a fierce rush at him, and would have torn him in pieces; but Sansloy beat the lion back with his shield, and when the lion would have torn the shield from him, he drove his sword deep into the lion's faithful heart. With a great roar the noble beast fell dead, and Sansloy threw Una before him on his horse and galloped away with her. She wept and sobbed and begged him to let her go, but Sansloy would not listen. And it seemed as if Una had no friend left, or, at least, no friend that could help her. For the little white donkey trotted after her, afraid of nothing except to be left alone without his mistress.

Sansloy stopped his horse at last and lifted Una down. When she shrank from him in fear, he was so rough that she screamed for help until the woods rang and echoed her screams.

Now in the woods lived wild people, some of whom were more like beasts than men and women. They were dancing merrily in the starlight when they heard Una's cries, and they stopped and ran to see what was wrong.

When Sansloy saw them, with their rough long hair, and hairy legs and arms, and strange wild faces, he was so frightened that he jumped on his horse and galloped away.

But the wild people of the woods were more gentle than the cowardly Knight. When they saw Una, so beautiful, and so frightened, and so sad, they smiled at her to show her that they meant to be kind. Then they knelt before her to show her that they would obey her.

So Una was no longer afraid, and when the wild people saw that she trusted them, they were so glad that they jumped, and danced, and sang for joy. They broke off green branches and strewed them before her as she walked, and they crowned her with leaves to show that she was their Queen. And so they led her home to their chief, and he and the beautiful nymphs of the wood all welcomed her with gladness.

For a long time Una lived with them and was their Queen; but at last a brave Knight came that way. And when Una told him the story of the Red Cross Knight and the lion, and of all her adventures, his heart was filled with pity. He vowed to help her to escape, and to try to find the Red Cross Knight. So one day he and she ran away, and by night had got far out of reach of the wild men of the woods.

When the wicked magician knew of Una's escape, he dressed himself up like a pilgrim and came to meet her and the brave Knight of the forest.

"Have you seen, or have you heard anything about my true Knight, who bears a red cross on his breast?" asked Una of the old man.

"Ah, yes," said the magician, "I have seen him both living and dead. To-day I saw a terrible fight between him and another Knight, and the other Knight killed him."

When Una heard this cruel lie she fell down in a faint. The brave young Knight lifted her up and gently tried to comfort her.

"Where is this man who has slain the Red Cross Knight, and taken from us all our joy?" he asked of the false pilgrim.

"He is near here now," said the magician. "I left him at a fountain, washing his wounds."

Off hurried the Knight, so fast that Una could not keep up with him, and sure enough, at a fountain they found a Knight sitting. It was the wicked Sansloy who had killed Una's lion and carried her away.

The brave Knight rushed up to him with his drawn sword.

"You have slain the Red Cross Knight," he said; "come and fight and be punished for your evil deed."

"I never slew the Red Cross Knight," said Sansloy, in a great rage. "Your enemies have sent you to me to be killed."

Blood poured from their wounds, the earth was trampled by their feet, and the sound of their fierce blows rang through the air.

Una was so terrified at the dreadful sight that she ran away and left them fighting with great desperation.

Before she had gone far she saw a little figure running through the woods toward her. It was her own dwarf, and his woful face told her that some evil thing had happened to the Red Cross Knight.

The Knight had had many adventures since he left her in the magician's hut, and at last a giant had caught him, and kept him a prisoner in a dreary dungeon. The dwarf had run away, lest the giant should kill him.

Una loved the Red Cross Knight so much that her heart almost broke when she heard the dwarf's story. But she made up her mind to find her Knight and free him. So on she went, up hill and down dale, beaten by driving rain and buffeted by bitter winds.

At last, by good chance, she met a Knight and his squire. This Knight was the good Prince Arthur, of all the Knights of the Faerie Queene the bravest and the best. To him she told her sorrowful tale.

"Be of good cheer and take comfort," said the good Prince. "I will never leave you until I have freed the Red Cross Knight."

And the Prince kept his promise.

THE STORY OF THE BLUE BIRD

RETOLD FROM MAURICE MAETERLINCK

Mytyl and Tyltyl, the children of the woodcutter, were asleep in their little cots. Their careful mother had finished her work, tucked them up again to make sure that they were quite warm, and gone to her own bed in the next room. Before she went, she carefully put out the lamp, leaving them in darkness. But presently a beautiful clear light crept in through the chinks of the closed wooden shutters and flooded the cottage kitchen, in which the children slept, while the lamp relighted itself and burned with a soft glow that seemed to be part of the radiance from without.

Soft as it was, the light awakened the children. They lay quiet for a while, but soon the little boy raised his head, and called to his sister Mytyl. It was the night before Christmas, and the light was the light of a party that was being given to the rich children across the way. There was no Christmas gift for Mytyl and Tyltyl this year, for they were very poor.

The children jumped out of bed and watched the people coming and listened to the music. Just as they were about to get back, the door slowly opened, wide enough to let in a little old woman, whom they recognized at once as a fairy, although they thought she looked very like their neighbor, Madam Berlingot. She was dressed in green, with a red hood on her gray hair. Her back was bowed, so that she was bent almost double. She was so lame that she had to walk with a stick, her long nose and pointed chin almost met, and altogether she was as alarming-looking a fairy as one could wish to meet.

"Have you here," she said, "the Bird that is Blue?"

"Tyltyl has a bird," said Mytyl.

"But I can't give it away," said Tyltyl.

"Why not?" the fairy asked.

"Because it's mine."

"That is a reason, no doubt. Where is the Bird?"

Tyltyl pointed to the cage, and, to his relief, she said, "It's not blue enough." But his relief changed to alarm when she went on: "You will have to go and find me the one I want."

Her little girl was ill. She wanted to be happy, and she was sure she could never be well or happy unless she had the Blue Bird for her own.

THE FAIRY PREPARES THE CHILDREN FOR THEIR JOURNEY

The children were rather frightened at the idea of going to look for the Blue Bird. They wanted the fairy to go with them; but she said she

could not, for if she went out in the morning her soap always boiled over. However, she told them she would help them, and when they had dressed themselves she gave Tyltyl a pretty little green cap, with a great white diamond shining in front of it. If he wore this cap, she said, no one could see it; but if he turned the diamond, everything would change to their eyes and they would see into the souls of things.

She put the little cap on Tyltyl's head, he gave the diamond one little turn, and lo, the fairy changed into a beautiful princess with shining eyes and golden curls. The dingy cottage walls turned to a most beautiful color; the plain wooden furniture became noble and beautiful, and, most wonderful of all, the clock began to smile; the door opened, and out trooped the Hours, holding each other's hands, and dancing merrily to sweet music.

At the same moment the bread-box opened, and from it came a little man, dressed in crust-colored clothing; a small red-faced man in a red suit walked out of the smoldering fire; the cat and dog disappeared with a loud cry, and in their place appeared two little men. One had a face like a cat, who combed his hair and washed his face and hands before he went up and bowed to Mytyl. The other, who had a face like their bull-dog, rushed up to Tyltyl, kissed him, and capered round him.

In the meantime, out from the water-tap slipped a young girl, with long, streaming hair, who was weeping floods of tears and at once began to quarrel with Fire. The milk-jug tumbled off the table, broke, and from the pool of milk appeared a tall, shy girl, dressed in white, who seemed to be afraid of everyone.

From the sugar-bowl came a sweet-looking person in a long coat, half blue and half white, and best of all, the flame of the lamp grew taller and taller, and became the most beautiful maiden that ever was seen, dressed in long, shimmering garments, and wearing a soft white veil wrapped about her head.

"Who is it?" cried the children breathlessly, and the Fairy answered, "That, my children, is the Soul of Light."

At Fairy Berylune's house the children dressed themselves for their long journey, and while the Things waited for them the Cat, who did not want to go on the search, called a meeting and tried to arouse their feelings against the children. In high-sounding words the Cat told the Things that in serving man they were the victims of a nameless tyranny. Bread agreed with everyone. Sugar said sweetly, "There is something to be said on both sides." Fire and Water began again to quarrel, but the Dog said angrily: "This is ridiculous! I love man and that's enough. If you do anything against him I will beat you first and then go and tell him everything."

In the midst of the discussion the Fairy came in with Tyltyl and Mytyl and Light who was dressed in moonbeams. The Fairy asked the Things very brusquely what they were doing in a corner looking like conspirators and ordered them to get ready for the next day's journey.

Mytyl and Tyltyl were hungry, so Bread opened his robe and cut off a slice for each, and Sugar good-naturedly broke off a few of his sugar-candy fingers. He explained that it was no trouble at all, because they grew again at once, and so he always had clean fingers.

TO THE LAND OF MEMORY

Ere long the children found themselves in the Land of Memory, and here, as the fog lifted, they saw under an arching elm-tree a little vine-covered cottage, with bee-hives and flower-beds about it. The doors and windows stood open, and on a bench beside the door sat their grandfather and grandmother, fast asleep.

Just then they woke up, and the children rushed to them, shouting joyously.

How happy the old people were to see the children again, for in the Land of Memory folks sleep except when a loving thought from the living awakens them. Here, too, they found their lost little brothers and sisters, and here also was the old blackbird that they remembered from long ago.

"But he's blue!" cried Tyltyl; "why he's the Blue Bird which I am to take back to the Fairy! Oh, he's blue, blue! Grandad, Granny, will you give him to me?"

Their Grandmother bustled about, and, all the children helping her, she soon had supper ready on the table beneath the trees. When it was over, and Tyltyl and Mytyl had to leave them, their Grandmother begged them to keep her and their Grandfather and the little ones living in their memories, and with many promises Tyltyl and Mytyl went slowly away. The mist closed down around the cottage, the Land of Memory faded from their sight, and the two children found themselves alone again beneath the big tree.

"It's this way, Mytyl," said Tyltyl. "Where is Light?" asked Mytyl.

"I don't know, and the bird's no longer blue. He has turned black again."

IN THE UPPER, LEFT-HAND CORNER IS THE CHARACTER OF BREAD BEFORE HE DONS THE TOGS OF BLUEBEARD. HIS NEIGHBOR IS THE FAIRY BÉRYLUNE. BELOW THEM ARE LIGHT AND THE CHILDREN, MYTYL AND TYLTYL.

"Give me your hand, little brother," said Mytyl. "I feel so frightened and so cold."

ADVENTURES IN THE PALACE OF NIGHT

Tyltyl took her hand and, fighting back his own fears, he led her on until they came to the Palace of Night, where Light had directed them to go and to ask for the Blue Bird, if they did not find it in the Land of Memory.

Night had been warned by the Cat of their coming, and was anxiously waiting for them in the Palace Hall.

At first the children could see nothing; but soon their eyes became accustomed to the glimmering light which seemed to come from the polished surface of the doors and pillars, and they went forward to meet her, followed by Dog, Bread, and Sugar.

The Cat, who had been strangely absent, ran up to greet them, but Tyltyl passed him, and approached Night, and demanded from her the keys of her Palace. Night tried to frighten Tyltyl with her terrors, but Mytyl pressed boldly on.

First he opened the doors where all the Sicknesses of the world are imprisoned, but he found them looking but poorly since man has begun to conquer them. He unloosed some of the Ghosts, at which little Mytyl was frightened, but with the aid of the Dog and Night he soon had them shut up once more. He unclosed the Wars, and it was hard work indeed to fling them back behind their iron bars. He found the Will-o'-the-Wisps, the Glow-Worms, the Fireflies and the Nightingale Songs, with which Night makes beautiful her shadows. He opened her great Middle Door, at which even the Queen herself trembled, and even faithful Dog made his humble protest.

"I must," said Tyltyl, affrighted but sturdy, and, with no companion but Tylo the Dog, he swung open the great portals.

IN THE QUEEN NIGHT'S BEAUTIFUL GARDEN

The doors glided swiftly back, and disappeared into the walls, showing the most exquisite garden that ever was made. It was lighted by the stars and planets and the moonbeams, and from star to star flew so many exquisite little Blue Birds that the feathers of their wings seemed to be the air itself.

"Oh!" cried Tyltyl. "Come quickly! They are here! We have them at last. Come, Mytyl! Come, Tylo. Come all! You can catch them by handfuls! They are not afraid of us."

"I have caught seven already," said Mytyl, who had come running back; "I can't hold them."

But when they reached Light again, all the birds were dead. These could not live in the daylight. Light comforted them, and they sped on to the Land of Trees and Beasts.

THE TREES AND BEASTS RISE AGAINST THE CHILDREN

Here the sly Cat had been stirring up all the Souls of the Trees and the Animals against them, and when the children asked politely if they might search for the Blue Bird in the Forest, the Trees brought them before their court, and the Oak, their judge, put them on trial, and when nobody would say a good word for them, the Animals pitched upon them, before and behind. Had it not been for Dog, whom Cat had bound, but who burst his bonds and rushed in at the last moment, nobody knows what would have become of the children.

Back to their homes rushed the Souls of the Trees at the approach of Light, and the children learned that, in this world, it is Man alone against every living thing. Or shall we make exception of the Dog, who worships Man as his god?

THE WONDERFUL PALACE OF HAPPINESS

Next the children came to the Palace of Happiness. First they saw the Luxuries, fat and beastly, overeating at a gorgeous banquet, the Luxury-of-Being-Rich, and the Luxury-of-Eating-When-You-Are-Not-Hungry, and the Luxury-of-Knowing-Nothing, and all the rest. Here they met the little folks, a Child's-Happinesses, dressed in what is most beautiful in Heaven and Earth. Then came taller ones, all the Happinesses-of-Home, such as the Happiness-of-Being-Well, the Happiness-of-Blue-Sky, the Happiness-of-the-Forest, the Happiness-of-Being-Out-in-the-Rain, and the Happiness-of-Running-Barefoot-in-the-Dew, who is nimblest of all. These Home Happinesses all laughed aloud when they were told that the children did not yet know where to find the Blue Bird.

Last of all they saw, though they were not yet old enough to see them quite clearly, the Joy-of-Being-Good, the Joy-of-Loving, the Joy-of-Being-Just, and their sisters, and—the greatest and most beautiful of all, in lovely garments, and with a face they seemed to know—the Joy-of-Mother-Love. She told them that her dress was so lovely because it was made so by the kisses and caresses

THESE ARE THE SOULS OF THE "ANIMALS" AND "THINGS" IN "THE BLUE BIRD," AND FROM LEFT TO RIGHT THEY ARE: THE DOG, WATER, SUGAR, MILK, THE CAT, BREAD, AND FIRE. BESIDE BREAD IS THE WICKER CAGE IN WHICH THE BLUE BIRD IS TO BE CONFINED WHEN FOUND.

TYLTYL AND MYTYL WHILE SEARCHING FOR THE BLUE BIRD OF HAPPINESS PAY A VISIT TO GRANNY AND GRANDADDY TYL IN THE LAND OF MEMORY.

of her children, but that her eyes were no more beautiful than when she was at home, if only they would take the pains to look.

"May we not stay here with you?" the children both pleaded.

"Heaven," answered their Mother's-Love, "is wherever you and I love each other."

Glad were the Happinesses to come face to face with Light, whom they had long awaited but never seen. Light promised them that there should come a day when she would remain with them always.

WHERE WAS THE BLUE BIRD WAITING ALL THE TIME?

It had been said that in the Graveyard, at the hour of midnight, down behind the gravestones, one of the Dead was hiding the magic Bird. So here Tyltyl came, where even the faithful Dog could not follow, with Mytyl clinging to his coat. But when the clock struck and the crosses on the mounds toppled over and the graves opened, there came a breath of Spring, birds sang, flowers blossomed and there was a sunny stillness.

"Where are the Dead?" whispered Mytyl.

And Tyltyl answered: "There are no Dead."

After that the children searched for the Blue Bird in the Azure Palace of the Kingdom-of-the-Future, where the children who are to be born wait their turn to come to Earth. But the Blue Bird was not there.

They did not stay very long in this Kingdom; and soon after they left it, they came to a red wall, with a little green door, and Light said: "Don't you recognize this door?"

At first they did not, and Light said: "How odd people are when they dream. They do not recognize their own hands!"

"Am I dreaming?" asked Tyltyl, and then Light said:

"It's the dear old house of your father and mother!"

"But," said Tyltyl then, "I recognize the wooden pin. Are they in there? Are we near Mummy? I want to kiss her at once!"

And now they said farewell to the Things that had accompanied them. Fire promised always to befriend them. Water said that she would kiss them without hurting them, and begged them to love the wells, to listen to the brooks, and hear what they had to say. Light, their faithful guide, bade them remember that, though she went into silence, she would speak to them in every moonbeam, watch over them in every twinkling star, and be with them in every dawn, in every lighted lamp. Then she said "Good-by," and all returned to willing silence except the Dog, who refused to believe that his little friend would not always understand his voice and feel his love.

Mummy Tyl had been busy about the house all the morning, and now she called cheerfully: "Get up, you little Lazybones. The sun is high above the trees. How they sleep! How they sleep! What sweet things children are! Still, they can't go on sleeping till mid-day. I mustn't let them grow up idle. Besides, I have heard that it's not very healthy."

Then she gently shook them and awakened them.

Tyltyl joyously kissed her and hugged her, and they told her about their journey, which she insisted was all a dream.

After a while their neighbor, Madam Berlingot, came in to wish them a Merry Christmas. But, she said, sadly, that her little girl was still very ill; there was just one thing she wanted for her Christmas box.

"I know," said Mummy Tyl, "it's Tyltyl's bird. Well, Tyltyl, aren't you going to give it to the poor little thing?"

"My bird?" said Tyltyl. "Where is he? Hullo, why he's blue! Why that's the Blue Bird we were looking for. We went so far, and he was here all the time!"

FOR THE BOYS

THE RHYME OF THE TWO LITTLE BROWNS

A boy that was spare, and a girl that was fair,
Were riding from school in town;
With a pony and cart, through the heart of the mart,
Drove Edgar and Elinor Brown.

The brow of the lad was exceedingly glad,
With never a sign of a frown;
While with grace in her place, and a smile on her face,
Rode sweet little Elinor Brown.

But alas for the day and alas for the way
(O Edgar, O Elinor Brown!),
If a harness were sound, would it drop to the ground
On the smooth, even streets of a town?

In a ponyless cart, in the heart of the mart,
Sat Edgar and Elinor Brown,
While the frolicsome bay, with a gay little neigh,
Went galloping out of the town.

Then laughter broke loud from the men in the crowd,
For folk love a joke in the town;
But gayest of all in the street or the stall
Were Edgar and Elinor Brown.

Their carriage was light, they 'd no fright of the night,
Brave Edgar and Elinor Brown!
So they plodded the way of the frolicsome bay,
To their home in the outskirts of town.

'T was a sight for a dream, this brisk little team:
Bold Edgar swung strides through the town,
While with grace in her place, and a hot happy face,
Ran sweet little Elinor Brown.

Mary Elizabeth Stone.

BY ERIC PARKER

The King of Unsergarten
Went forth to fight the foe;
He took with him his trumpet,
His shield and sword and bow.

Along the gravel pathway
And round the lawn he passed;
He stopped at every corner
And blew a fearful blast.

His quiver and his buckler
He brandished in the breeze;
He shot a score of arrows
Into the ambush trees.

"AND BLEW A FEARFUL BLAST."

The King of Unsergarten,
When that the war was done,
His wooden sword beside him,
Lay sleeping in the sun.

FREDDY'S FIRST RESCUE

BY G. E. WALSH

Freddy Ray was big for his age, wearing a seven-year suit on a six-year-old body. But he thought he was older, much older than he was, and big—well, was n't he almost big as his father? At least he would be some day, and meanwhile he was growing!

The Ray family—father, mother, and Freddy, six years old, going on seven—lived on a rock in the middle of the ocean, or, at least, five miles from any other land. There was a tall light-house on the rock, and at the base of this white tower was a tiny house with five rooms. This house was home, the only home Freddy ever knew.

The lighting of the great lamp of the light-house had always been a great attraction to Freddy. One day, when his father carried him up, up the winding stairs and showed him how the lamp was lighted and how its rays spread far out over the tossing ocean, Freddy felt that his little world was the most wonderful that any boy could imagine. Think of the hundred steps up the tall tower and the magnificent view from the top!

But as time added another year to Freddy's age, his little mind soared to greater achievements. He was accustomed to storms and rough weather. He knew that his father often went out in his little boat to help strange people who drifted near the shoals. Sometimes he brought them back in his boat, half dead and so white! His mother then worked hard to give them warm clothing and hot things to drink and eat.

Freddy at first was content to watch and help; then he wanted to do more. He wanted to go with his father in the life-boat to pick up the shipwrecked people.

"Some day, lad, when you get bigger," his father answered this request.

After that Freddy asked every little while, "Am I big enough *now* to go with you in the boat, papa?"

"Not yet—not quite yet," had always been the response.

So Freddy had been forced to wait and grow. How he counted the days and looked at his figure in the glass to see if he was growing! When he first donned his seven-year suit he felt surely that he was almost big enough to help save shipwrecked people.

As chance would have it, his opportunity did come a few days after this important event. There had been a storm at sea, not a very heavy storm, but one which made the sea pretty rough off the shoals. The day after the storm, the sun came up bright and warm. The sea was rolling in long swells.

Not a mile away from the lighthouse something was drifting heavily, swinging slowly up and down with the waves. A quick glance through the telescope showed that it was a dismantled sloop, a small coasting vessel abandoned by its crew.

Mr. Ray quickly got his boat in the water, and was preparing to go to the derelict when Freddy's lips faltered:

"Papa, I *am* big enough to go!"

There was a smile on the light-keeper's lips, and, after glancing up at the weather and down at the sea, he said:

"Yes, Freddy, you can go to-day. Jump in the stern."

Now there was no happier boy in all the world than Freddy Ray at that moment. He fairly tumbled down the steps and dropped snugly in the stern of the life-boat. His eyes were bright and glowing. Was n't he going to a real wreck?

The row to the dismantled sloop was not a long or rough one, and Mr. Ray pulled so lustily at his oars that they were alongside in no time. When they reached the sloop Freddy gazed at it in awe. Would there be half-drowned people aboard, and would he be strong enough to help his father lift them into the life-boat?

"Now, boy, you stay quietly in the stern until I come back," cautioned his father.

He tied the boat to the stern of the sloop and then nimbly climbed aboard. He was gone a long time, so long that Freddy got worried. What would he do if anything happened to his father? Could he row back to the lighthouse? What if another storm should come up and make the ocean very rough?

He was thinking of such dreadful things when Mr. Ray appeared above and shouted:

"Nobody aboard, Freddy. She 's been deserted for a long time. We 'll go back home now."

This announcement was not pleasing to our little mariner. What a disappointment to go to a shipwreck and then find nobody, and not even go aboard the wreck!

"But, papa, there might be somebody in—in—"

His father shook his head.

"No, lad, I 've been everywhere."

Then, noticing the disappointment on the little face, he added: "But if you want to come aboard and look I 'll let you. I forgot this was your first shipwreck. Here, now, hold fast to my hand and I 'll pull you up."

Freddy climbed up, with his father's assistance, almost as easily as a veteran sailor. He stood on the deck of the old abandoned sloop in a moment. One glance showed him the awful desolation of the wave-swept craft. Mast, spars, sail, and rigging were tumbled about in a confused mass, and part of the cargo of lumber was shifted over to one side.

"Be careful, little man, and hold tight to my hand," his father cautioned. "I 'll take you to the cabin, and show you what an abandoned boat looks like."

Freddy seemed to come naturally into the use of his little sea-legs. He did not lurch and roll with each toss of the boat, but walked steadily forward. When they came to the cabin, Mr. Ray threw open the door, and—

Suddenly both of them started. Something moved inside, and then there was a mild cry of some frightened animal. Out of the darkness a bundle of white appeared. It came directly toward Freddy and mewed.

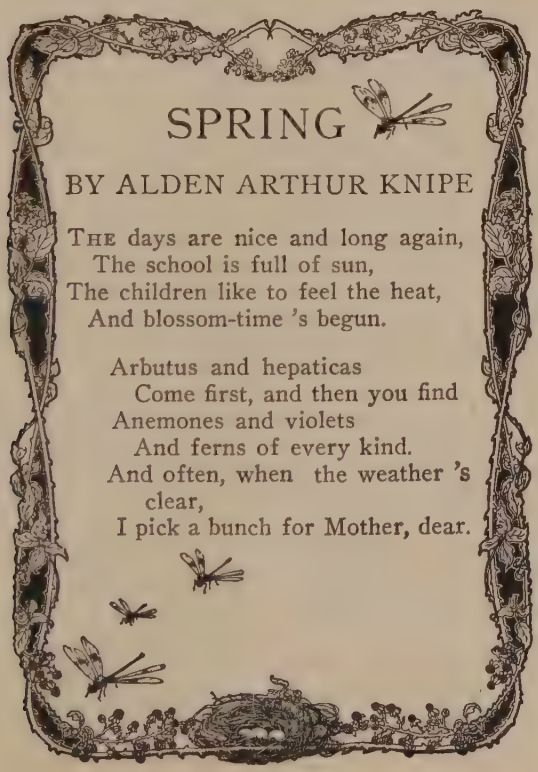
"It 's a pussy-cat, papa—a white pussy!"

Freddy took the frightened creature in his arms and stroked its soft fur. The kitten mewed and rubbed its nose in his face.

"Do you suppose he belongs to somebody, papa?" asked Freddy anxiously.

"It belongs to you, little man, if to any one. You rescued him, and I don't think anybody will take it away from you."

All the way back to the lighthouse home, Freddy held the kitten in his arms, and stroked and patted its head. In his affection for the shipwrecked cat he even forgot to notice the waves or the condition of the weather. The one fact to impress his mind was that he had made his first rescue from a shipwreck, and he would always keep the kitten for his own. He wanted a playmate—a kitten or dog—and now the sea had brought him one all for his own self.



SPRING

BY ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

The days are nice and long again,
The school is full of sun,
The children like to feel the heat,
And blossom-time 's begun.

Arbutus and hepaticas
Come first, and then you find
Anemones and violets
And ferns of every kind.
And often, when the weather 's clear,
I pick a bunch for Mother, dear.

"'WHAT 'S ALL THAT FOR?' WAS RED'S FIRST QUESTION"

THE SILVERTON REVOLUTION

BY ZELIA MARGARET WALTERS

"COME on, Red! We're waiting. Come on; hurry!"

Red put his head over the edge of the hammock in an exasperating, slow way, and demanded, "Why? where? what?"

"Because if we don't hurry we won't get done before dark; up to the top of Clover Hill; to pile up stuff for the biggest bonfire Silverton has ever seen."

"Good-by. Let me sleep. We 've more than two weeks before the Fourth. And, anyhow, I can't seem to get up any enthusiasm for bonfires with the thermometer climbing like a monkey."

"Oh, Red, come along; the fellows want you."

After an exaggerated snore had failed to convince Tom that he was n't going, Red sat up and reflected for a moment. Then he took his cap and strolled slowly toward the hill.

But he protested that the walk was too long; he complained that they had not rigged a cable-car to carry them to the top of the hill; he groaned over the heat, and in short acted like anything but a boy out for a frolic. When he reached the top of the hill, he sat down on a box and watched the others working for a while.

"Come on and help!" the indignant boys demanded.

"You fellows come over here for a minute, first," he returned, and as usual the boys did exactly what Red suggested.

"What 's all that for?" was his first question.

"For a great big Fourth of July bonfire. We 'll light it at midnight of the third, and we 'll bring our fire-crackers and cannon along, and a few tin horns for emphasis, and I 'll bet no one within a mile of the hill sleeps again that night. It will light up the country for miles around, and will make a dandy celebration."

This was the explanation given him by the half-dozen boys.

"Well, after what I saw last year, all this looks

like a little kid's celebration to me," said Red, calmly. "I 've outgrown that sort of thing."

"Where you were last year," cried Tom. "Why, Red Elsmore, you were in a *city*, where they did n't have any Fourth of July. And you made a rumpus about going, too. You said you would n't have a bit of fun, that there would n't be so much as a fire-cracker exploded in the whole place."

"Yes, I remember how you said you wished you could stay with us until after the Fourth. You were sure you could n't have a bit of fun," said Don, with great emphasis.

"Was I?" smiled Red. "Well, that was one of the few times in my long and checkered career when I have been mistaken. I had the time of my life. And fire-crackers! Why, I was associated with a bunch of twenty of the biggest ones you ever saw."

"How big were they?"

"Oh, about five feet long."

"Oh, come out of your dream, Red. They don't make them that big, you know. Why, when they blew up they would smash all the houses!"

"Well, these did n't blow up. Not that I know of. But I had more fun that day than I ever had in all the other Fourths of my life put together."

"Well, tell us about it," they said.

So Red told.

"I did say before I went that they would n't have any Fourth of July there. Well, they had the real thing. It was n't just an imported Chinese celebration, with a lot of noise. They had an American kind. I went to stay with my cousin. His class were going into the parade, and they said I might go too. And how do you suppose we dressed? Why, as giant fire-crackers. I tell you we made a hit, and we took a prize—but I 'm getting ahead of my story. I had heard quite a lot about how they got up the parade because my Aunt Maud was on a committee that was helping to manage things. They just asked all the schools, and Sunday-schools, and societies to send their young folk in marching bodies, or on floats. There was no one in the parade that was over twenty, except the bands and the policemen. You could put on funny clothes, or you could dress up as historical characters. Those that were to march together drilled for a fortnight, so that they would keep step well, and then on the morning of the parade they went to the square together, and the marshals gave them their place in the parade. We marched out to a big park and past a reviewing stand where the prizes were awarded. We "fire-crackers" had a place near the beginning, so when we got to the park, I had a chance to stop and see most of the parade come in. I was glad of it, seeing I came from a benighted town where the fellows still shoot fire-crackers instead of having a parade. I knew I 'd have to tell you all about it, and explain to you how behind the times we are, out here.

"Well, there were marching bodies of 'Uncle Sams,' and 'George Washingtons,' and some boys on ponies were 'Paul Reveres,' though they could n't go fast. There was one lot of fellows dressed like backwoodsmen, and there were soldiers, and sailors, and Indians, and farmers, and some Scotch boys came as 'Highlanders,' but they carried the good old Stars and Stripes. The girls were 'Columbias,' and 'Priscillas,' and 'Martha Washingtons,' and Quakers, and Puritans, and 'Pocahontases,' and fairies, and a lot more I don't remember. But the floats—fellows, you should have seen them! There was one showing the signing of the Declaration, and with John Hancock, and Franklin, and all those old fellows represented by boys in costume. And they had the First Thanksgiving, and the ringing of the Liberty Bell, and Washington's Farewell, and a Colonial home with the spinning-wheel, and all sorts of old-fashioned things. An Italian society sent a float showing Columbus before the council, doing his egg trick. And I tell you that was a great one."

When Red paused for breath, some one said: "Well, our little town can't have a parade like that."

"Yes, we can!" said Red. "And the managers there said it would be a lot more interesting in smaller places. People would know each other, and they could get together afterward for a sort of a picnic in a grove. Of course, our parade can't be as long as theirs, but what there is of it can be just as good."

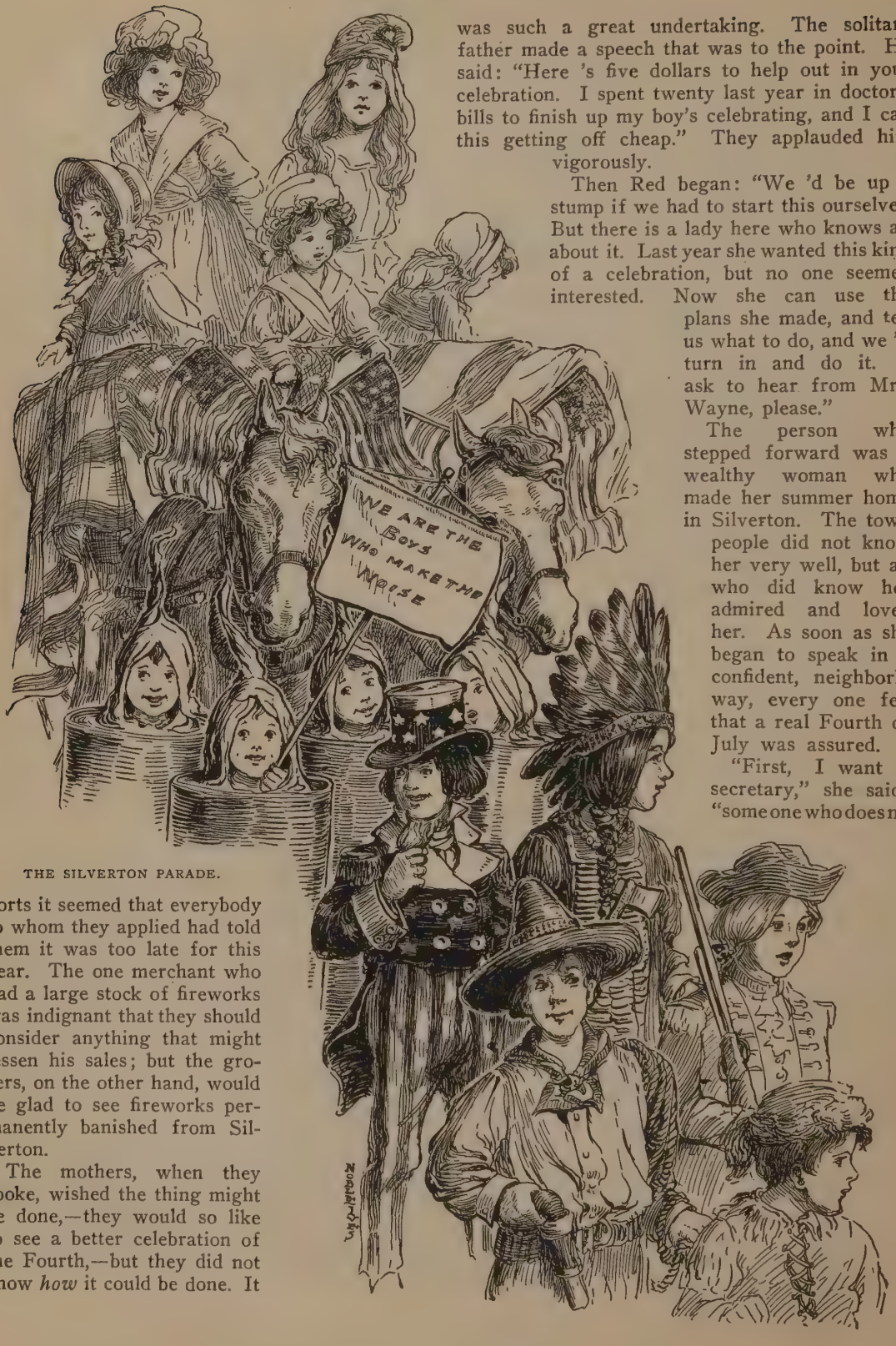
"But it will cost a lot," said another objector.

"Not a lot," said Red. "We can all put our fireworks money in, and the grown-up folks will help us. You 'll see."

"Let 's do it!" said Tom, rather unexpectedly.

Red evidently forgot that the thermometer was climbing. He suddenly sat upright, and began dividing the boys off, in committees, to see various people, and find out if they would help. And he ordered all the boys to report on his side porch that very evening, as the time was so short. "There 'll be fresh cookies—'the kind that Mother makes'—I 'll guarantee that, and lots of lemonade," said Red in conclusion. And the new Fourth of July committees started out.

When they met that night, discouragement was written over most of the faces. Red wisely passed the refreshments before he began to talk. There were three or four mothers and one solitary father present. When they began their re-



THE SILVERTON PARADE.

ports it seemed that everybody to whom they applied had told them it was too late for this year. The one merchant who had a large stock of fireworks was indignant that they should consider anything that might lessen his sales; but the grocers, on the other hand, would be glad to see fireworks permanently banished from Silverton.

The mothers, when they spoke, wished the thing might be done,—they would so like to see a better celebration of the Fourth,—but they did not know *how* it could be done. It was such a great undertaking. The solitary father made a speech that was to the point. He said: "Here 's five dollars to help out in your celebration. I spent twenty last year in doctor's bills to finish up my boy's celebrating, and I call this getting off cheap." They applauded him vigorously.

Then Red began: "We 'd be up a stump if we had to start this ourselves. But there is a lady here who knows all about it. Last year she wanted this kind of a celebration, but no one seemed interested. Now she can use the plans she made, and tell us what to do, and we 'll turn in and do it. I ask to hear from Mrs. Wayne, please."

The person who stepped forward was a wealthy woman who made her summer home in Silverton. The town people did not know her very well, but all who did know her admired and loved her. As soon as she began to speak in a confident, neighborly way, every one felt that a real Fourth of July was assured.

"First, I want a secretary," she said; "some one who does n't

mind a lot of writing." The boys all called for "Shorty," and, of course, it was the tallest boy in the crowd who blushingly made his way to the little table beside Mrs. Wayne.

"Now," she said, "I want you to make out a list of all the organizations in the town. I want the names of organized classes in the Sunday-schools, of the literary societies, the boys' and girls' clubs, the lodges, and we want the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. and the W. C. T. U. in the list."

All the committees helped prepare the list. Then Mrs. Wayne portioned it off among them. The head of each organization was to be visited the very next morning, and was to be asked to send either a marching body or a float for the Fourth of July parade. In case the organization was composed entirely of grown folk, they were to send their children to march or make up a float. "And if they have n't enough children, they must borrow some!" added Mrs. Wayne, decisively. "We want every person between eight and twenty-one in Silverton to be in the parade."

THE BOYS AND GIRLS SANG PATRIOTIC SONGS.

By distributing the work among all the clubs and societies, no one of them would have too much to do, as each organization would drill and dress and pose its own share of the parade.

Well, all went "swimmingly," as Red said, once a good start was made. The societies all helped. The boys and girls' choral club got together, and practised all the patriotic songs. The Woman's Aid societies agreed to provide and take charge of the picnic in the beautiful grove at the edge of the town. They had collected enough money to pay the band, but in a burst of generosity, it volunteered its services. The farmers willingly contributed their wagons for the floats. So the money bought quantities of flags, and gay parasols, and ice-cream for everybody.

The morning of the Fourth dawned clear and fine. With a capable marshal to direct the various groups and floats to their places, the parade formed on the town square without confusion. It was twice as long, and "ten times as beautiful," as people had expected. There was a fire-cracker brigade such as Red had told about. There were jolly "Uncle Sams," and Indians, and cow-boys, and backwoodsmen, and lovely "Libertys," and demure Puritans and Quakers. When they reached the grove, the choral society sang its songs, and everybody joined in the familiar airs. Then Ellen Chambers recited Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, turning at the right point to the group of veterans who represented Silverton's branch of the Grand Army of the Republic. Red had been chosen to read the Declaration, and the old words seemed to grow again in the memory as his earnest voice brought out all their eloquence and meaning.

With the young folk in mind, Judge Allen made his speech short and simple. When he said he hoped the old destructive Fourth was gone forever, and that a real American celebration such as they were enjoying would henceforth be the order, the people cheered until the woods rang.

It was a happy day. There was fun every minute from the time the first eager child woke and begged to be dressed for the parade, until the athletic events of the day were over at sunset.

"The Silverton Revolution," as the townfolk called it, was a great success.

EXAMPLES

BY RUDOLF F. BUNNER

I

Now see that lazy boy who sits
  Where the red embers gleam,
How dull must glow his sodden wits,—
  He has no lofty dream.
Good gracious! Why,—it 's Jimmy Watts
  Discovering of steam!

II

But here 's a lazy *man*, no doubt,
  Beneath that apple-tree,
Sitting so still. He gives a shout!
  Why! Why! Who *can* it be?
My eye—it 's Newton, finding out
  The Law of Gravity!

MORAL

Now you may say that this would seem
  A fair excuse for boys
To take their ease, and loll and dream,
  Far from the school-room's noise.
Yet wasted hours Watts *might* have spent
  Beneath old Newton's bough,—
And Newton o'er a kettle have bent
  From crack o' doom till now,
And neither would have wiser grown.
  Then you and I, you see,
Might travel yet by stage alone
  (And oft upset we 'd be),
Nor know (save from some bruisèd bone)
  The Law of Gravity!

MARMADUKE'S RECOVERY

BY MELVILLE F. FERGUSON

MARMADUKE MERRIMAC MASON was, you must understand, several persons all rolled into one—no doubt that was why so many things were all the time happening to him. He was, to begin with, an "angel child." His mother said so, and she knew. He was also a "perfect little fiend." For this we have the authority of his nurse, who was intimately acquainted with him, and who never told a fib. He was "gentle and affectionate"—so said his grandmother, a famous judge of boys. He was a "bouncer, and could hold his own with any youngster of his size in the neighborhood," his father declared.

Now, there were days when one side of Marmaduke's character stuck out so plainly that you could n't see the other sides at all, and this was one of them. The side the nurse usually saw was on top, absurd as it may seem for a side to occupy that position. Even his mother admitted that he must have climbed out of bed wrong foot first.

The fact is that Marmaduke was simply suffering from an attack of "give-it-to-me-itis," which is very much like tonsilitis or any other "itis" in making one uncomfortable inside and disagreeable outside.

A new neighbor had moved in across the street. The new neighbor had a little boy who had had the misfortune to be born without the power of speech, and whose father and mother for that reason lavished upon him all the things that a boy's heart could possibly desire. One of these luxuries was a little railroad train, with tracks and bridges and tunnels and stations and all the rest that makes a real railroad worth owning. Marmaduke saw that train—and caught "give-it-to-me-itis." His father said, "No." His mother said, "No, my dear," and tried to explain how costly such a toy would be, and how many things Marmaduke enjoyed that were denied to poor Edward because he was unable to talk like other little boys. But Marmaduke's attack was very serious; and so he sulked, and threw things on the floor, and broke a plate, and pinched his little sister. That 's why he was sent to the nursery at last and locked in just like a prisoner.

Marmaduke was very thorough in all that he did. So, having laid aside all his *angel* qualities, he kicked on the door with his stout little boots, and screamed, and had a tantrum. But as everybody knew by this time that he had "give-it-to-me-itis," no one came near the nursery, and at last he sat down on the floor to cry in earnest.

Crying is a pretty tedious business when there is nobody to listen to you. Marmaduke found it so, at any rate; and he was therefore just about to dry his tears on the sleeve of his jacket when a little tin soldier standing in the corner raised his arm stiffly to the visor of his cap, and said:

"Sorry to interrupt you, sir, when you are so busy shedding tears, but the General wants to see you. Sorry to interrupt you, sir, when you are so busy shedding tears, but the General wants to see you. Sorry to interrupt you, sir, when—"

"My gracious!" said Marmaduke, his eyes standing out of his head like a frog's. "I heard you! But I did n't know you could talk! Who is the General? What does he want?"

"Come with me, sir," said the tin soldier, half-leading, half-dragging Marmaduke to one side of the room. "I will conduct you to his presence, and he will explain for himself. Come with me, sir. I will conduct you—oh, fiddlesticks! When I get started it is so hard for me to stop."

Mounted on a spirited tin horse in the corner, fully as high as Marmaduke himself, sat another tin soldier, whom the first respectfully saluted.

"The shedder of tears, sir," said Marmaduke's military escort, shoving him forward. "Shed a tear for the General, my boy. The shedder of tears, sir. Shed a tear—"

But the General, leaning forward rigidly over

"'SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOU, SIR,' SAID THE SOLDIER."

the neck of his horse, drew his sword mechanically, and struck the private across the chest with it. Instantly the soldier fell upon the flat of his back on the floor, and lay there in silence, without making the least effort to arise.

"Well, young man," said the General, "what do you want? What are you standing there for?"

"If you please, sir," said Marmaduke, "I don't know. This soldier here says you sent for me."

"Oh, you are the boy who annoyed me by that very disagreeable sniffling. Yes. After I have heard your excuses I shall punish you. Certainly. You may proceed. I want you to tell me exactly why you behaved so foolishly. Now what is your excuse?"

Now, Marmaduke hardly liked the idea of telling the General that he had caught "give-it-to-me-itis," so he replied:

"Why, Edward has a railroad—with engines and cars that run on tracks all around the floor—and I want one, too."

"Humph!" snorted the General. "Edward cannot talk. He can only tell folks what he wants by making pictures on a slate. That 's why he has a railroad. It 's one of his compensations. You know what a compensation is, don't you?"

"No, I don't, and I don't care," said Marmaduke, stamping his foot. (His attack was growing much worse.) "I wish I could n't talk, either!"

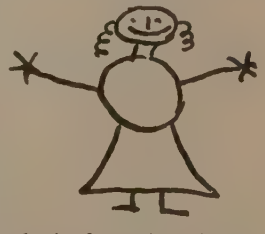
"Very well, you can't," replied the General. "You shall be like Edward. There 's your slate on the table. Whatever you want you will have to draw—and you 'll get it exactly as you draw it." And with that he stiffly whipped up his horse, galloped across the room and disappeared into the closet, the door of which stood just half an inch ajar—plenty wide enough to admit his body and that of his horse without any uncomfortable scraping.

No sooner had the General departed than Marmaduke heard the key turn in the lock of the hall door, and his mother entered.

"Are you through with your sulking, my son?" she asked. Marmaduke scowled and tried to say "No!" but somehow the word stuck in his throat and not a sound could he utter.

"Such an obstinate boy!" said his mother. "Well, when you feel that you can behave yourself you may call me, and I will bring you your supper." And, closing the door behind her, she went sorrowfully away.

Thoroughly frightened, Marmaduke tried to call her back. But no sound came from his lips. The General had said he could n't talk, and he could n't. He remembered the slate. The General had said: "Whatever you want you will have to draw." He wanted his mother. So he took the slate from the table and with a great deal of trouble, for he was not a very good artist, drew her, like this:



"'WELL, MARMADUKE,' SAID THIS QUEER FIGURE."

The moment his slate pencil traced the last stroke he heard soft footsteps, and the most extraordinary figure he had ever seen glided swiftly to his side. An exact likeness of his picture of his mother, enlarged to life-size, had appeared. He stared at her with mingled curiosity and awe. Flat as a pancake, she had the roundest of heads, the stiffest of necks, the most angular of hands and feet and skirts; her eyes were mere dots; her nose an exclamation point, and her hair two single spiral strands depending from the sides of her head just where one would have naturally looked for her ears.

"Well, Marmaduke, dear," said this queer figure, stroking his head affectionately with its claw-like hands, "did you call mother? Are you ready to say you are sorry now?"

Marmaduke nodded a "yes" and tried once more to speak. He wanted to say that he was hungry—oh, so hungry—and that he would be as good as pie if only he could have his supper. But the words would n't come; and so he took his slate and pencil and attempted to draw his supper on the other side. He had been in the kitchen early in the afternoon, and knew there would be roast chicken. This, and his cup of milk, with a knife and fork and plate, would be enough, he thought. He was n't a very good artist, but he set to work and in a few minutes he had outlined his wishes and handed the slate to his funny-looking mother, who turned her beady eyes that almost scared him upon this picture:

"Yes, darling," said she, just as if he had spoken. "I will bring it immediately"; and she was as good as her word. After five minutes' absence she returned to the nursery with an empty plate, a knife and fork and cup, and a live chicken, all precisely like his drawings. Certainly no one had ever seen such an odd-looking fowl. It had n't a single feather on it, and no wings. As for the cup, it was fully as large as the chicken, and, as Marmaduke soon discovered, to his intense disgust, absolutely empty. For he had had no means of drawing the milk. Once more, as Marmaduke surveyed his impossible

"'I MUST BE BETTER,' HE MURMURED, NESTLING CLOSER TO HIS MOTHER."

supper, consisting entirely of a very active old hen that hopped about the floor sidewise (both of its feet being on the same side of its body) he burst into tears. This time not anger, but helpless grief, overcame him. Marmaduke was tired out. He determined to flee from his troubles to bed. Rubbing his disappointing supper off of his slate, he drew this bed, and called his mother's attention to it by plucking at her skirts;

"My poor boy!" exclaimed Marmaduke's mother, clasping him to her in her straight, jointless arms, and imprinting on his face a kiss that extended from one eye away around to the ear on the other side of his face. "Did n't he want his nice supper? Well, never mind; he shall go to bed if he wants to." And straightway she undressed him and led him to his own bedroom, which was next to the nursery.

But some one had taken away the little bed he had expected to sleep in, and in its place stood, or rather leaned against the wall, a faithful copy of the one he had drawn on his slate. Having only two legs, if it had not been supported by the wall this bed would certainly have toppled over; and as Marmaduke's mother tucked him into it after kissing him good-night she was careful to place him on the very outside to preserve the balance.

It was a very uncomfortable bed. Right in the middle was a jagged point that penetrated Marmaduke's side as if it would cut him in two. The pillow was round and smooth, but as hard as a rock. How Marmaduke wished he had taken more pains to make a straight line when he had drawn the surface of that bed! How sorry he now was at having told the General he wished he could n't speak! And how sorry he was now that he had coveted the possessions of his afflicted little playmate! What would he not give to be cured of "give-it-to-me-itis" and restored to his former happy condition!

By and by the bed became so uncomfortable that Marmaduke, forgetting it had no legs under the other side, rolled toward the wall in the hope of finding a smoother place. But the bed swayed and rocked, and presently, with a mighty crash, upset altogether, hurling Marmaduke out upon the floor. As he rubbed his eyes with his tear-stained fists some one bent over him and picked him up.

"Why, my poor boy must have cried himself to sleep," said a soothing voice; and a soft hand swept the silken hair away from his forehead. He opened his eyes. His mother—his real, beautiful, mother—looked down at him.

Confusedly he peered through the deepening twilight at his surroundings. He was not in his bedroom at all, but in the nursery. The tin soldier stood in the middle of the floor, and was no larger than any ordinary tin soldier; the General sat sedately on his horse in the corner.

"I must be better," he murmured, nestling closer to his mother. Then, astonished at the sound of his voice, he added: "Why, it 's all over! I 'm cured!"

"Cured of what, darling?" asked his mother.

"Give-it-to-me-itis," said Marmaduke, closing his eyes again. And his mother supposed that he was talking in his sleep.

STORIES IN POEM AND PICTURE

PART I

I.
WHILE JOCKO DREAMED OF COCOANUTS
A LITTLE TURK CAME NEAR,
AND MEANLY TRIED HIS BLOW-GUN
IN STINGING JOCKO'S EAR.

II.
LOUD LAUGHED THE LITTLE TURKISH IMP,
TILL TEARS WERE IN HIS EYES.
SLY JOCKO, SWIFTLY SLIDING DOWNWARD,
SEIZES ON THE PRIZE.

III.
THE TURK IS LOOKING FOR HIS GUN.
'T WAS IN THAT VERY SPOT.
SLY JOCKO NOW TAKES CAREFUL AIM
AND MAKES A CLEVER SHOT.

IV.
THE LITTLE TURK IS DANCING NOW,
AND SINGS — THOUGH NOT FOR JOY;
WHILE JOCKO, RESTING AT HIS EASE,
SMILES AT THE ACTIVE BOY.

GOING INTO BREECHES

By Charles and Mary Lamb

Joy to Philip! he this day
Has his long coats cast away,
And (the childish season gone)
Put the manly breeches on.
Officer on gay parade,
Redcoat in his first cockade,
Bridegroom in his wedding-trim,
Birthday beau surpassing him,
Never did with conscious gait
Strut about in half the state
Or the pride (yet free from sin)
Of my little MANIKIN:
Never was there pride or bliss
Half so rational as his.
Sashes, frocks, to those that need 'em,
Philip's limbs have got their freedom—
He can run, or he can ride,
And do twenty things beside,
Which his petticoats forbade;
Is he not a happy lad?
Now he 's under other banners
He must leave his former manners;
Bid adieu to female games
And forget their very names;
Puss-in-corners, hide-and-seek,
Sports for girls and punies weak!
Baste-the-bear he now may play at;
Leap-frog, football sport away at;
Show his skill and strength at cricket,
Mark his distance, pitch his wicket;
Run about in winter's snow
Till his cheeks and fingers glow;
Climb a tree or scale a wall,
Without any fear to fall.
If he get a hurt or bruise,
To complain he must refuse,
Though the anguish and the smart
Go unto his little heart;
He must have his courage ready,
Keep his voice and visage steady;
Brace his eyeballs stiff as drum,
That a tear may never come;
And his grief must only speak
From the color in his cheek.
This and more he must endure,
Hero he in miniature.
This and more must now be done,
Now the breeches are put on.

RAINBOW SIGNS

Rainbow at night
Is the sailor's delight;
Rainbow at morning,
Sailors, take warning.

HUNTING SONG

By Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Up, up! ye dames and lasses gay!
To the meadows trip away.
'T is you must tend the flocks this morn,
And scare the small birds from the corn,
Not a soul at home may stay:
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Leave the hearth and leave the house
To the cricket and the mouse:
Find grannam out a sunny seat,
With babe and lambkin at her feet.
Not a soul at home may stay:
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

THE COW

By Robert Louis Stevenson

The friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart;
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

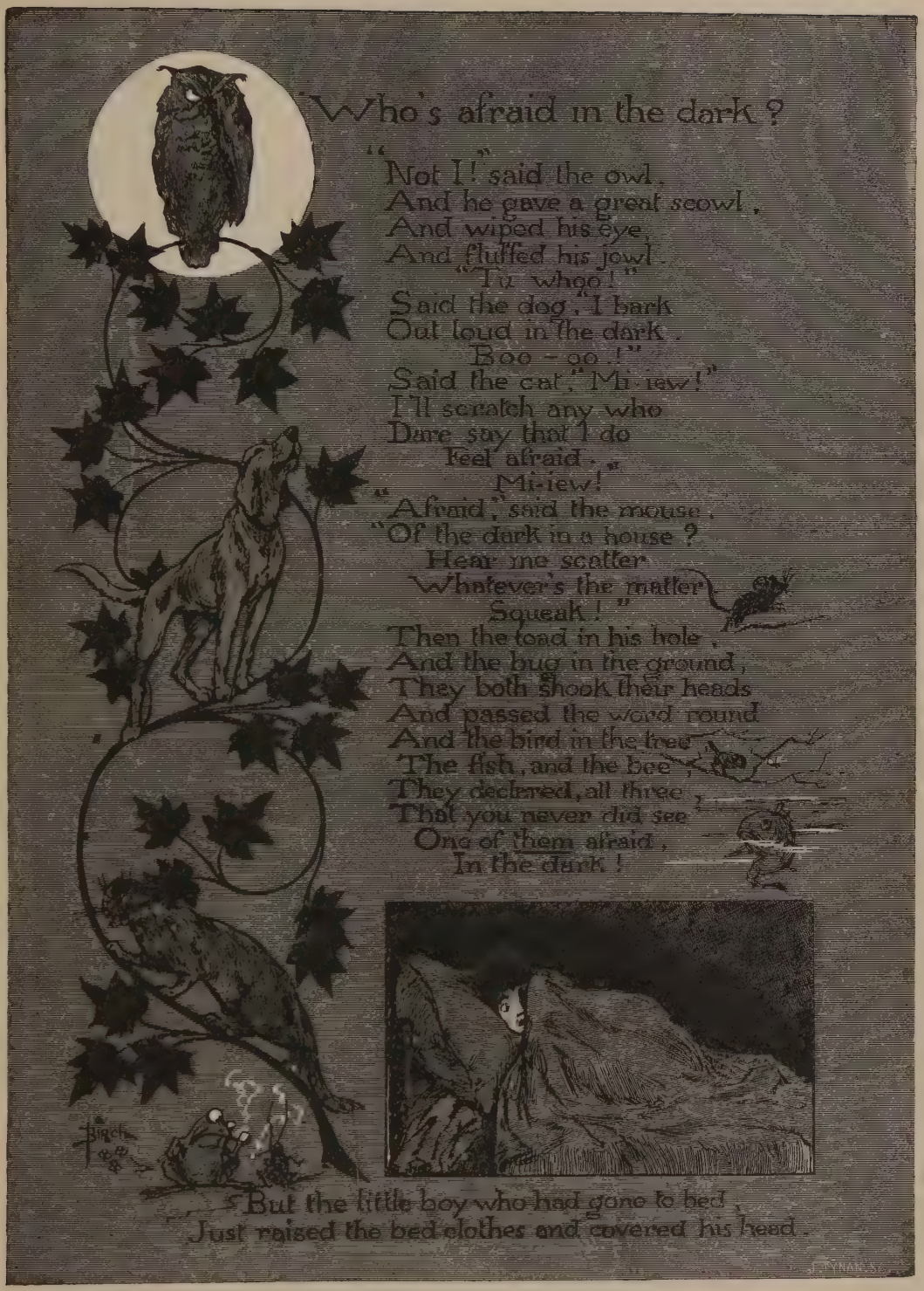
She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that pass,
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow-grass
And eats the meadow-flowers.

THE REASON WHY

"When I was at the party,"
Said Betty (aged just four),
"A little girl fell off her chair,
Right down upon the floor;
And all the other little girls
Began to laugh, but me—
I did n't laugh a single bit,"
Said Betty, seriously.

"Why not?" her mother asked her,
Full of delight to find
That Betty—bless her little heart!—
Had been so sweetly kind.
"Why did n't *you* laugh, darling?
Or don't you like to tell?"
"I did n't laugh," said Betty,
"'Cause it was me that fell!"


Who's afraid in the dark?
"Not I!" said the owl,
And he gave a great scowl,
And wiped his eye,
And fluffed his jowl.
"Tu whoo!"
Said the dog, "I bark
Out loud in the dark.
Boo-oo!"
Said the cat, "Mi-iew!"
I'll scratch any who
Dare say that I do
Feel afraid."
Mi-iew!
"Afraid," said the mouse,
"Of the dark in a house?
Hear me scatter
Whatever's the matter
Squeak!"
Then the toad in his hole,
And the bug in the ground,
They both shook their heads
And passed the word round
And the bird in the tree,
The fish, and the bee,
They declared, all three,
That you never did see
One of them afraid,
In the dark!
But the little boy who had gone to bed,
Just raised the bed clothes and covered his head.
Birch

THE PLAYING CHILD TO THE READER

COME, play with me!
Under the boughs of the chestnut-tree,
Here and there and all about,
And we can shout
And run
In the yellow sun;
And you can say,
"When I was eight years old
I used to play this way."
And there 'll be flowers of gold
And silver-buckled bees,
And very tall green-armored trees
Like knights,
And oh! such lovely sights!
The sky all satin blue,
And clouds that hang in rows
Like children's little clothes;
All fluffy white they blow!
And then we 'll play some more,
The sunny spots are open sea,
And you with me will sail and sail;
And if there comes a windy gale,
We 'll step upon the shore,
And that will be
The shadows on the grass!
And we shall watch the kinds of boat
That in the sea of sunshine float;
Now there will be the daisy craft
With linen sails all white,
And on the right
The dandelion raft,
What fun to see them pass!
Come out this happy day!
Come out with me and play!

Yes, do come out!
And we will wander all about,
And you shall see
How nice a place this world can be!
For there are brooks,
And fairy books,
And every kind
Of odd and funny tree,
And we shall find
By the ocean, up and down,
Or in the street, or in the town,
So many things to see and do,
Where there are ships and lights,
And, too,
Things that look quite good to eat;
Just lots of pretty sights!
And you shall play some games of mine.
Ah! out of doors it 's fine, just fine.
Oh, come, do come away
This happy day, and play!

Emily Rose Burt.

THE LITTLE DUTCHESS

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS

Once there lived a little Dutchess,
Just beside the Zuyder Zee;
Short and stout and roly-poly,
As a Dutchess ought to be.

Loudly laughed the Burgomaster,
"Naught I care for Dorking fowls;
Naught for pig, unless 't is roasted,
And on that my doctor scowls.

She had pigs and she had poultry,
She had lands and she had gold;
And she loved the Burgomaster,
Loved him more than can be told.

"Surly, burly Burgomaster,
Will you have me for your love?
You shall be my pouter-pigeon,
I will be your turtle-dove.

"You shall have my China porkers,
You shall have each Dorking hen;
Take them with your loving Dutchess,
Oh, you Dutchiest of men!"

"Frumpy, stumpy little Dutchess,
I do not incline to wed.
Keep your pigs, and keep your poultry!
I will take your gold instead.

"I will take your shining florins,
I will take your fields' rich hoard,
You may go and tend your piggies,
Till your spirits be restored."

Loudly wept the little Dutchess,
Tending sad each China pig;
Loudly laughed the Burgomaster
'Neath his merry periwig,

Till the Dutchy people, angry
Conduct such as this to see,
One day plumped the pouter-pigeon
Right into the Zuyder Zee.

ELF SONG

BY SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

I TWIST the toes of the birds a-doze,
I tinkle the dew-bells bright;
I chuck the chin of the dimpled rose
Till she laughs in the stars' dim light.
The glowworm's lamp I hide in the damp,
I steal the wild bee's sting;
I pinch the toad till his legs are a-cramp,
And clip the beetle's wing.
O ho! O hey!
My pranks I play
With never a note of warning.

I set a snare for the moonbeams fair
All wrought of spider-web twine;
I tangle the naughty children's hair
In a snarl of rare design.
I flit through the house without any noise,
There 's never an elf so sly;
I break the toys of bad little boys
And the cross little girls who cry.
O hey; O ho!
I work them woe,
Till crows the cock in the morning.

THE CLIPPER SLED

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

OH for the winters that used to be!
The winters that only a boy may see!
Rich with the snowflakes' rush and swirl;
Keen as a diamond; pure as a pearl;
Brimming with healthful, rollicking fun;
Sweet with their rest when the play was done;
With kingly revels each day decreed,
And a clipper sled for the royal steed.

A wonderful steed was this, in truth,
Fit for the galloping pulse of youth;
Little and pointed, squat and low—
But, bless my heart, how that sled could go!
Winning its owner loud acclaim,
Gemming his deeds with joy and fame;
Never an arrow swifter sped
Than on to its goal the clipper sled.

The Jenkinson hill stretched smooth and free
(In those glorious winters that used to be),
A speedway polished and steep and white,
Rife with turbulent, rapt delight;
Ringing with laughter, jest, and shout;
Gay with frolicking romp and rout;
Where many a courser bold was led,
But fleetest of all was the clipper sled.

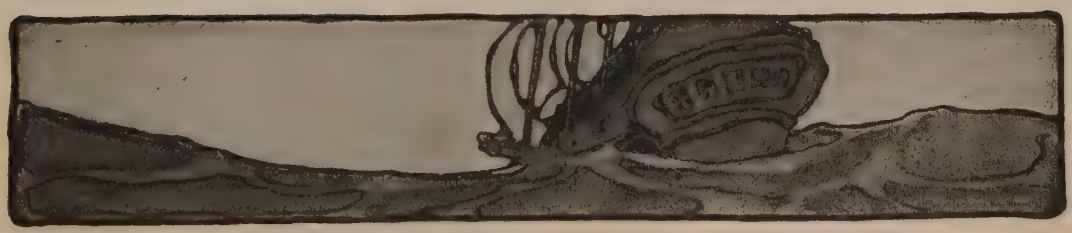
Down from the crest with a shrill hurray
(Clear the track, there! Out of the way!);
Scarcely touching the path beneath;
Scarce admitting of breath to breathe;
Dashing along, with leap and swerve,
Over the crossing, round the curve.
Talk of your flying-machines! Instead,
Give *me* the swoop of the clipper sled.

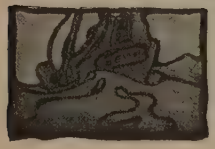
THE PIRATE

HELENA SHARPSTEEN

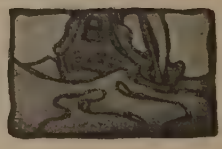
I WANT to be a pirate
  And sail upon the Sea,
And wear a sword so no one dare
  Say "do" and "don't" to me.

I want to take a hundred men
  And step upon the shore,
To meet a hundred thousand there
  And "leave them in their gore."



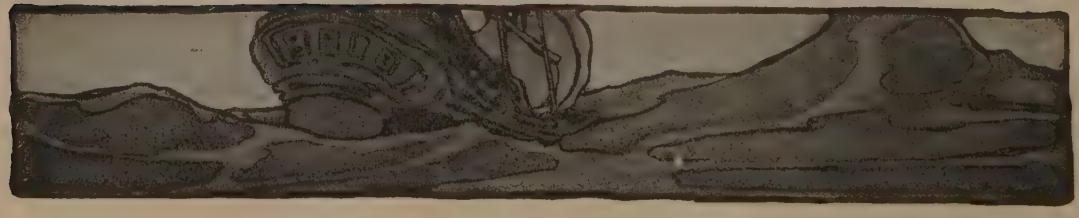


I want to find a cave of gold,
And, after fighting hard
With "might and main, set sail again"
And hide it in our yard.



I want to have a great big ship
And sail before the breeze,
'Till everyone shall say I am
The "Terror of the Seas!"

But I am sure that Captain Kydd
Would have grown up a lamb
If his mamma had been like mine
And caught him "looting" jam!



WILLIE WINKIE

BY WILLIAM MILLER

Wee Willie Winkie rins through the town,
Up stairs and doon stairs, in his nicht-gown,
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed?—for it's now ten o'clock."

Hey, Willie Winkie! are ye comin' ben?
The cat's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin' hen,
The doug's speldered on the floor, and disna gie a cheep;
But here's a waukrife laddie, that winna fa' asleep.

Ony thing but sleep, ye rogue!—glow'rin' like the moon,
Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,
Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about, crawin' like a cock,
Skirlin' like a kenna-what—wauknin' sleepin' folk!

Hey, Willie Winkie! the wean's in a creel!
Waumblin' aff a bodie's knee like a vera eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravellin' a' her thrums:
Hey, Willie Winkie!—See, there he comes!

Wearie is the mither that has a storie wean,
A wee stumpie stoussie, that canna rin his lane,
That has a battle aye wi' sleep, before he'll close an ee;
But a kiss frae off his rosy lips gies strength anew to me.

A TRIP TO TOY-LAND

BY EUGENE FIELD

And how do you get to Toy-land,
To all little people the joy-land?
Just follow your nose
And go on tiptoes,
It's only a minute to Toy-land.

And oh! but it's gay in Toy-land,
This bright, merry girl-and-boy-land,
And woolly dogs white
That never will bite
You'll meet on the highways in Toy-land.

Society's fine in Toy-land,
The dollies all think it a joy-land,
And folks in the ark
Stay out after dark
And tin soldiers regulate Toy-land.

There's fun all the year in Toy-land,
To sorrow 'twas ever a coy-land;
And steamers are run,
And steam-cars for fun,
They're wound up with keys down in Toy-land.

Bold jumping-jacks thrive in Toy-land;
Fine castles adorn this joy-land;
And bright are the dreams
And sunny the beams
That gladden the faces in Toy-land.

How long do you live in Toy-land,
This bright, merry girl-and-boy-land?
A few days, at best,
We stay as a guest,
Then good-by forever, to Toy-land!

A STORY OF A, B, C

BY PATRICK R. CHALMERS

When I'm going to town of a morning,
Every day I meet
Three little girls with grace adorning
The long, gray aisle of a London street
(The Saints be kind to their class-ward feet);
And I don't know what their names may be,
Never a one of all the three,
So we'll call them A, and B, and C.
And A's as slim as a willow,
And B's as nice as a bun,
And C's as pretty as sixpence—
And how shall the story run?

They go in orchard, apple-green dresses
(Best of Pomona's hues),
They wear the sun in their pig-tailed tresses,
They wear the wind in their walking-shoes;
You wouldn't know which of the three to choose.
Each of them fresh as an April day,
Each of them bright as a roundelay,
Each of them, C, and B, and A.
And A's the grace of a Princess,
And B's as sweet as a rose,
And C's as pretty as sixpence—
And that's how the story goes!

Now, that's as far as my knowledge reaches,
  Fancy finds the end,
"Sugar and spice" for all and each is
  Always there when it's "Let's pretend";
  So 'tis settled that Fate's to send
Sugar and spice to all the three
(Letting them know it comes from me),
Each of them, A, and B, and C.
  And A shall marry a marquis,
    And B shall marry a squire,
  And C (who's pretty as sixpence)
    Whomever her dreams desire!

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Between the dark and the daylight,
  When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
  That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
  The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
  And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
  Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
  And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;
  Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
  To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
  A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
  They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret
  O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
  They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
  Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
  In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
  Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
  Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
  And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
  In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
  Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
  And moulder in dust away.

MR. NOBODY

I know a funny little man, as quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done in everybody's house;
There's no one ever sees his face, and yet we all agree
That every plate we break was cracked by Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books, and leaves the door ajar;
He pulls the buttons off our shirts, and scatters pins afar:
That squeaky door will always squeak, for prithee don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done by Mr. Nobody?

He puts damp wood upon the fire, that kettles cannot boil;
His are the feet that bring in mud, and all the carpets soil;
The papers always are mislaid—who had been last but he?
There's no one tosses things about but Mr. Nobody!

The finger-marks upon the door by none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed to let the curtains fade;
The ink we never spill; the boots, that lying round we see,
Are not our boots; they all belong to Mr. Nobody!

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THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

FROM A PAINTING BY WILL L. TAYLOR

HUMAN NATURE

Two little children, five years old—
Marie the gentle, Charlie the bold;
Sweet and bright, and quaintly wise,
Angels both, in their mother's eyes.

But you, if you follow my verse, shall see
That they were as human as human can be,
And had not yet learned the maturer art
Of hiding the "self" of the finite heart.

One day they found, in their romp and play,
Two little rabbits, soft and gray—
Soft and gray, and just of a size,
As like each other as your two eyes.

All day long the children made love
To the dear little pets—their treasure-trove;
They kissed and hugged them until the night
Brought to the conies a glad respite.

But too much fondling doesn't agree
With the rabbit nature, as we shall see,
For ere the light of another day
Had chased the shadows of night away,

One little pet had gone to the shades,
Or, let us hope, to perennial glades,
Brighter and softer than any below—
A heaven where good little rabbits go.

The living and dead lay side by side,
And still alike as before one died;
And it chanced the children came singly to view
The pets they had dreamed of all the night through.

First Charlie came, and, with sad surprise,
Beheld the dead with streaming eyes;
Howe'er, consolingly, he said,
"Poor little Marie! Her rabbit's dead!"

Later came Marie, and stood aghast;
She kissed and caressed it, but at last
Found voice to say, while her young heart bled,
"I'm sorry for Charlie—his rabbit's dead!"

HOW THE LITTLE KITE LEARNED TO FLY

"I NEVER can do it," the little kite said,
As he looked at the others high over his head;
"I know I should fall if I tried to fly."
"Try," said the big kite; "only try!
Or I fear you never will learn at all."
But the little kite said: "I'm afraid I'll fall."

The big kite nodded: "Ah, well, good-by;
I'm off"; and he rose toward the tranquil sky.
Then the little kite's paper stirred at the sight,
And trembling he shook himself free for flight.
First whirling and frightened, then braver grown,
Up, up he rose through the air alone,
Till the big kite looking down could see
The little one rising steadily.

Then how the little kite thrilled with pride,
As he sailed with the big kite side by side!
While far below he could see the ground,
And the boys like small spots moving round.
They rested high in the quiet air,
And only the birds and the clouds were there.
"Oh, how happy I am!" the little kite cried,
"And all because I was brave, and tried."

THE MUSIC OF HAPPINESS

BY THOMAS SETOUN

FROM dawn to dark the old mill-wheel
Makes music, going round and round;
And dusty-white with flour and meal,
The miller whistles to its sound.

The brook that flows beside the mill,
As happy as a brook can be,
Goes singing its old song until
It learns the singing of the sea.

For every wave upon the sands
Sings songs you never tire to hear,
Of laden ships from sunny lands
Where it is summer all the year.

And if you listen to the rain
Where leaves and birds and bees are dumb,
You hear it pattering on the pane
Like Andrew beating on his drum.

The world is such a happy place
That children, whether big or small,
Should always have a smiling face
And never, never sulk at all.

LITTLE WHITE LILY

By George Macdonald

Little white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.
Little white Lily
Sunshine has fed;
Little white Lily
Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
Said, "It is good—
Little white Lily's
Clothing and food."
Little white Lily
Drest like a bride!
Shining with whiteness,
And crowned beside!

Little white Lily
Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.
Little white Lily
Holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling
And filling it up.

Little white Lily
Said, "Good again—
When I am thirsty
To have fresh rain!
Now I am stronger;
Now I am cool;
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full."

Little white Lily
Smells very sweet;
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
"Thanks to the sunshine,
Thanks to the rain!
Little white Lily
Is happy again!"

THE DIFFERENCE

By Laura E. Richards

Eight fingers,
Ten toes,
Two eyes,
And one nose.
Baby said
When she smelt the rose,
"Oh! what a pity
I 've only one nose!"

Ten teeth
In even rows,
Three dimples,
And one nose.
Baby said
When she smelt the snuff,
"Deary me!
One nose is enough."

GOING TO SLEEP

When little Birdie bye-bye goes,
Quiet as mice in churches,
He puts his head where no one knows,
On one leg he perches.

When little Babie bye-bye goes,
On Mother's arm reposing,
Soon he lies beneath the clothes,
Safe in the cradle dozing.

When pretty Pussy goes to sleep,
Tail and nose together,
Then little mice around her creep,
Lightly as a feather.

When little Babie goes to sleep,
And he is very near us,
Then on tip-toe softly creep,
That Babie may not hear us.
Lullaby! Lullaby! Lulla, Lulla, Lullaby!

HOW TO GET BREAKFAST

Said the first little chick,
With a queer little squirm,
"I wish I could find
A fat little worm."

Said the next little chick,
With an odd little shrug,
"I wish I could find
A fat little bug."

Said the third little chick,
With a shrill little squeal,
"I wish I could find
Some nice yellow meal."

Said the fourth little chick,
With a small sigh of grief,
"I wish I could find
A little green leaf."

"See here," called the hen,
From the near garden patch,
"If you want any breakfast
Just come here and scratch."

LITTLE MOUSE

I HAVE seen you, little mouse,
Running all about the house,
Through the hole, your little eye
In the wainscot, peeping sly,
Hoping soon some crumbs to steal,
To make quite a hearty meal.
Look before you venture out,
See if pussy is about,
If she 's gone, you 'll quickly run
To the larder for some fun,
Round about the dishes creep,
Taking into each a peep,
To choose the daintiest that 's there,
Spoiling things, you do not care.

JACK FROST

By GABRIEL SETOUN

THE door was shut, as doors should be,
Before you went to bed last night;
Yet Jack Frost has got in, you see,
And left your window silver white.

He must have waited till you slept;
And not a single word he spoke,
But penciled o'er the panes and crept
Away again before you woke.

And now you cannot see the hills
Nor fields that stretch beyond the lane;
But there are fairer things than these
His fingers traced on every pane.

Rocks and castles towering high;
Hills and dales and streams and fields;
And knights in armor riding by,
With nodding plumes and shining shields.

And here are little boats, and there
Big ships with sails spread to the breeze;
And yonder, palm-trees waving fair
On islands set in silver seas.

And butterflies with gauzy wings;
And herds of cows and flocks of sheep;
And fruit and flowers and all the things
You see when you are sound asleep.

For creeping softly underneath
The door when all the lights are out,
Jack Frost takes every breath you breathe,
And knows the things you think about.

He paints them on the window-pane
In fairy lines with frozen steam;
And when you wake you see again
The lovely things you saw in dream.

THE GIRL WHO CRIED

WINIFRED WATERS sat and sighed
Under a weeping willow;
When she went to bed she cried,
Wetting all the pillow.

Kept on crying night and day,
Till her friends lost patience;
"What shall we do to stop her, pray?"
So said her relations.

Send her to the sandy plains,
In the zone called torrid:
Send her where it never rains,
Where the heat is horrid!

Mind that she has only flour
For her daily feeding;
Let her have a page an hour
Of the driest reading.

When the poor girl has endured
Six months of this drying,
Winifred will come back cured,
Let us hope, of crying.

TIME TO RISE

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

A BIRDIE with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window-sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
"Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepy-head?"

DING DONG!

By ELIZA LEE FOLLEN

DING dong! ding dong!
I'll sing you a song.
'Tis about a little bird.
He sat on a tree,
And he sang to me,
And I never said a word.

Ding dong! ding dong!
I'll sing you a song.
'Tis about a little mouse.

He looked very cunning
As I saw him running
About my father's house.

Ding dong! ding dong!
I'll sing you a song.
'Tis about my little kitty.
She's speckled all over,
And I know you'll love her,
For she is very pretty.

A SLEIGH-RIDE

Jingle, jingle go the bells;
A right good time have we,
Across the hills and through the dells
Dear grandmama to see.

The day is bright, and on we go
As swift as swift can be,
Over the smoothly trodden snow
Dear grandmama to see.

And look, do look, for there she stands,
Aunt Mary by her side,
To welcome us with outstretched hands
After our pleasant ride.

And there are George and Will—oh my!
The telltale bells they've heard,
As along the shining road we fly
With the fleetness of a bird.

LITTLE BY LITTLE

"Little by little," an acorn said,
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed;
"I am improving every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away."
Little by little each day it grew,
Little by little it sipped the dew.

Downward it sent out a thread-like root,
Up in the air sprang a tiny shoot;
Day by day, and year by year,
Little by little the leaves appear,
And the slender branches spread far and wide
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

WISHING

By William Allingham

Ring-ting! I wish I were a primrose,
A bright yellow primrose, blowing in the spring!
The stooping boughs above me,
The wand'ring bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the elm tree for our king!

Nay—stay! I wish I were an elm tree,
A great lofty elm tree, with green leaves gay!
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
The birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing.

Oh—no! I wish I were a robin,
A robin or a little wren, everywhere to go;
Through forest, field or garden,
Ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wings!

Well—tell! Where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before a day was over,
Home comes the rover,
For mother's kiss—sweeter this
Than any other thing.

MINNIE AND WINNIE

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Minnie and Winnie
Slept in a shell.
Sleep, little ladies!
And they slept well.

Pink was the shell within,
Silver without;
Sounds of the great sea
Wandered about.

Sleep, little ladies!
Wake not soon!
Echo on echo
Dies to the moon.

Two bright stars
Peeped into the shell.
"What are they dreaming of?
Who can tell?"

Started a green linnet
Out of the croft;
Wake, little ladies!
The sun is aloft.

To Cloverley.

Two airy, fairy maids they were,
In giddy gowns of gossamer,
With frill and fluff and silken puff,
And flowery hats quite broad enough.
A goodly sight indeed to see
As they went down to Cloverley.

A breeze it was - a saucy breeze,
That caught their billowy draperies,
And like two puffs of thistle-down
Went floating with them into town.
A wondrous sight indeed to see
Above the roofs of Cloverley!

Two sober maids that night they were
Who doffed those gowns of gossamer!
They'd had enough of frill and puff,
They cared no more for silken stuff,
And now they look as here you see
When they go down to Cloverley!

TRY AGAIN

By Eliza Cook

King Bruce of Scotland flung himself down
In a lonely mood to think;
'T is true he was monarch, and wore a crown,
But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,
To make his people glad;
He had tried and tried, but could n't succeed;
And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair,
As grieved as man could be;
And after a while as he pondered there,
"I 'll give it all up," said he.

Now just at the moment, a spider dropped,
With its silken, filmy clue;
And the King, in the midst of his thinking, stopped
To see what the spider would do.

'T was a long way up to the ceiling-dome,
And it hung by a rope so fine;
That how it would get to its cobweb home,
King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl
Straight up with strong endeavor;
But down it came with a slippery sprawl,
As near to the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, not a second to stay,
To utter the least complaint;
Till it fell still slower, and there it lay,
A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,
And traveled a half-yard higher;
'T was a delicate thread it had to tread,
And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below,
But again it quickly mounted;
Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
Nine brave attempts were counted.

"Sure," cried the King, "that foolish thing
Will strive no more to climb;
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,
And tumbles every time."

But up the insect went once more,
Ah me! 't is an anxious minute;
He 's only a foot from his cobweb door,
Oh, say, will he lose or win it?

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,
Higher and higher he got;
And a bold little run at the very last pinch
Put him into his native cot.

"Bravo, bravo!" the King cried out,
"All honor to those who try;
The spider up there defied despair;
He conquered, and why should n't I?"

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,
And gossips tell the tale,
That he tried once more as he tried before,
And that time did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,
And beware of saying "I can't";
'T is a cowardly word, and apt to lead
To Idleness, Folly, and Want.

Whenever you find your heart despair
Of doing some goodly thing;
Con over this strain, try bravely again,
And remember the Spider and King!

THE BOY AND THE SHEEP

By Ann Taylor

"Lazy sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant field you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white,
From the morning till the night:
Everything can something do;
But what kind of use are you?"

"Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray!
Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back to make your clothes?
Cold, ah, very cold you 'd be,
If you had not wool from me.

"True, it seems a pleasant thing
Nipping daisies in the spring;
But what chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass,
Or pick my scanty dinner where
All the ground is brown and bare!

"Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,
Cuts my woolly fleece away,
For your coat in wintry day.
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie."

THE BARNYARD

BY MAUD BURNHAM

When the Farmer's day is done,
In the barnyard, ev'ry one,
Beast and bird politely say,
"Thank you for my food to-day."

The cow says, "Moo!"
The pigeon, "Coo!"
The sheep says, "Baa!"
The lamb says, "Maa!"
The hen, "Cluck! Cluck!"
"Quack!" says the duck;
The dog, "Bow Wow!"
The cat, "Meow!"
The horse says, "Neigh!
I love sweet hay!"
The pig near by,
Grunts in his sty.

When the barn is locked up tight,
Then the Farmer says, "Good-night!"
Thanks his animals, ev'ry one,
For the work that has been done.

THE FIRST OF MAY

The fair maid who, the First of May,
Goes to the fields at break of day,
And washes in dew from the hawthorn tree,
Will ever after handsome be.

PLAYGROUNDS

BY LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA

In summer I am very glad
We children are so small,
For we can see a thousand things
That men can't see at all.

They don't know much about the moss
And all the stones they pass:
They never lie and play among
The forests in the grass:

They walk about a long way off;
And, when we're at the sea,
Let father stoop as best he can
He can't find things like me.

But, when the snow is on the ground
And all the puddles freeze,
I wish that I were very tall,
High up above the trees.

THE CATS' TEA-PARTY

BY F. E. WEATHERLEY

Five little pussy-cats, invited out to tea,
Cried: "Mother, let us go—Oh, do! for good we'll surely be.
We'll wear our bibs and hold our things as you have shown us how—
Spoons in right paws, cups in left—and make a pretty bow;
We'll always say, 'Yes, if you please,' and 'Only half of that.'"
"Then go, my darling children," said the happy Mother Cat.
The five little pussy-cats went out that night to tea,
Their heads were smooth and glossy, their tails were swinging free;
They held their things as they had learned, and tried to be polite—
With snowy bibs beneath their chins they were a pretty sight.
But, alas, for manners beautiful, and coats as soft as silk!
The moment that the little kits were asked to take some milk,
They dropped their spoons, forgot to bow, and—oh, what do you think?
They put their noses in the cups and all began to drink!
Yes, every naughty little kit set up a meow for more,
Then knocked the teacups over, and scampered through the door.

DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY STARS?

Do you know how many stars
There are shining in the sky?
Do you know how many clouds
Ev'ry day go floating by?
God in heaven has counted all,
He would miss one should it fall.

Do you know how many children
Go to little beds at night,
And without a care or sorrow,
Wake up in the morning light?
God in heaven each name can tell,
Loves you, too, and loves you well.

FOLLOW ME!

By Eliza Lee Follen

Children go
To and fro,
In a merry, pretty row,
Footsteps light,
Faces bright;
'T is a happy sight,
Swiftly turning round and round,
Never look upon the ground;
Follow me,
Full of glee,
Singing merrily.

Work is done,
Play 's begun;
Now we have our laugh and fun;
Happy days,
Pretty plays,
And no naughty ways.
Holding fast each other's hand,
We 're a happy little band;
Follow me,
Full of glee,
Singing merrily.

Birds are free;
So are we;
And we live as happily.
Work we do,
Study too,
For we learn "Twice two";
Then we laugh, and dance, and sing,
Gay as larks upon the wing;
Follow me,
Full of glee,
Singing merrily.

DAYS AND MONTHS

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting leap-year, that 's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.

TAKE CARE OF LITTLE THINGS!

For want of a nail, the shoe was lost;
For want of the shoe, the horse was lost;
For want of the horse, the rider was lost;
For want of the rider, the battle was lost;
For want of the battle, the kingdom was lost;
And all from the want of a horseshoe nail.

JACK HORNER

Jack Horner was a pretty lad,
Near London he did dwell;
His father's heart he made full glad,
His mother loved him well.

While little Jack was sweet and young,
If he by chance should cry,
His mother pretty sonnets sung,
With a lul-la-la-by,

With such a dainty curious tone,
As Jack sat on her knee,
That soon, ere he could go alone,
He sung as well as she.

A pretty boy of curious wit,
All people spoke his praise,
And in the corner he would sit
In Christmas holidays.

When friends they did together meet,
To pass away the time—
Why, little Jack, be sure, would eat
His Christmas pie in rhyme.

He said, "Jack Horner, in the corner,
Eats good Christmas pie,
And with his thumbs pulls out the plums,
And says, 'Good boy am I!'"

THE LITTLE MAN AND HIS GUN

There was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;
He went to the brook,
And he saw a little duck,
And he shot it through the head, head, head.

He carried it home,
To his good wife Joan,
And bid her make a fire for to bake, bake, bake,
To roast the little duck
He had shot in the brook,
And he 'd go fetch her next the drake, drake, drake.

The drake had gone to sail,
With his nice curly tail,
The little man made it his mark, mark, mark.
But he let off his gun,
And he fired too soon,
So the drake flew away with a quack, quack, quack.

TO WHOM SHALL WE GIVE THANKS?

A LITTLE boy had sought the pump
From whence the sparkling water burst,
And drank with eager joy the draught
That kindly quenched his raging thirst.
Then gracefully he touched his cap,
"I thank you, Mr. Pump," he said,
"For this nice drink you've given me."
(This little boy had been well-bred.)

Then said the Pump: "My little man,
You're welcome to what I have done;
But I am not the one to thank,
I only help the water run."
"Oh! then," the little fellow said
(Polite he always meant to be),
"Cold Water, please accept my thanks,
You have been very kind to me."

"Ah!" said Cold Water, "don't thank me!
For up the hillside lives a spring
That sends me forth with generous hand
To gladden every living thing."
"I'll thank the spring, then," said the boy,
And gracefully he bowed his head.
"Oh! don't thank me, my little man,"
The Spring with silvery accent said.

"Oh! don't thank me, for what am I
Without the dews and summer rain?
Without their aid I ne'er could quench
Your thirst, my little boy, again."
"Oh, well, then," said the little boy,
"I'll gladly thank the rain and dew."
"Pray, don't thank us! Without the sun
We could not fill one cup for you."

"Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks
For all that you have done for me."
"Stop," said the Sun, with blushing face,
"My little fellow, don't thank me.
'T was from the ocean's mighty stores
I drew the draught I gave to thee."
"O Ocean, thanks!" then said the boy.
It echoed back: "No thanks to me!

"Not unto me, but unto Him
Who formed the depths in which I lie,
Go give thy thanks, my little boy,
To Him who will thy wants supply."
The boy took off his cap and said,
In tones so gentle and subdued:
"O God, I thank Thee for Thy gift,
Thou art the Giver of all Good."

WISE SAYINGS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

Them ez aims, hits.
Them ez has, gits.
Them as waits, win.
Them ez *will, kin.*
—Edward Rowland Sill.

Jog on, jog on the foot-path way
And merrily hent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the way,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.
—William Shakespeare.

Tommy's tears and Mary's fears
Will make them old before their years.

Cock crows in the morning to tell us to rise,
And he who lies late will never be wise;
For early to bed and early to rise
Is the way to be healthy, and wealthy, and wise.

A child should always say what 's true
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table;
At least as far as he is able.
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Work while you work,
Play while you play;
This is the way
To be happy and gay.
All that you do,
Do with your might;
Things done by halves
Are never done right.

Hearts, like doors, will ope with ease
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that two of these
Are "I thank you" and "If you please."

Seldom "can't,"
Seldom "don't";
Never "sha'n't,"
Never "won't."

THE MYSTERY

BY GEORGE PHILLIPS

Elizabeth and Mary are the most peculiar girls!
Elizabeth has braided hair and Mary bobbing curls;
But that 's the only difference between the happy pair,
And when you see the swinging braid you know the curls are there.
They live across the roadway and they wave a fond "Good-night,"
And they call across "Good-morning," at the very earliest light.
They do their work together and they study and they play,
And they have to see each other at least twenty times a day!

They talk and laugh and chatter till you 'd think that they had said
Every single thing that could be found within a small girl's head.
But when they sleep together after talking all the day
They have to wake each other up—they have so much to say!
You 'll scarce believe this story, but in all the tongues we speak,
Whether French or German, English, Latin, Portuguese or Greek,
Sufficient words are lacking, and a language all their own
Has this clever pair invented for their use when all alone!

They let me hear it one day, and my brain it simply whirled
To hear them glibly saying each unutterable word!
Yet they tell me Mary cannot learn a single Latin noun—
And Elizabeth in German has been seven times sent down!
When I ask them if they 'll kindly clear the matter up for me
They simply stand and giggle, and then say, "Why don't you *see*?"
I know they think me stupid, though they 're always most polite,
And they sometimes come and tell me when they 've had a little fight.

I see them walking slowly with their heads an inch apart—
I find them in the orchard cutting up an apple tart;
I see them making bonfires or a very shaky swing,
And I fear I sometimes hear them when they 're madly quarreling!

But what I really want to know and never can find out
Is what on earth that couple has to talk so much about!

THE CARELESS CHILD

ELIZABETH L. GOULD

THERE was a careless little maid
Who sat with toes turned in,
Until it really grew to be
Her most besetting sin;
    Which mortified her mother,
    And horrified her brother,
And caused the deepest sorrow
    to her Kith and Kin.

What cured her of this dreadful trick
You scarcely could surmise—
An instantaneous photograph
Which took her by surprise
    With feet well in the foreground!
    Where they 'll be never more found,
She says, "in *that* position" till the
    day she dies!

POLLY PIGEON-TOES' SHOES

BY INA BOLES MORTON

OH, dear! Whatever shall I do!
  It seems a perfect sin,
The moment I forget my feet
  My toes straightway turn in.

But when we 're playing 's worst of all,
  Somebody always goes
And shouts out loud and spoils my fun,
  "Oh, Polly Pigeon-toes!"

This morning as I lay in bed
  I heard the pigeons coo,
And this I 'm sure is what they said,
  "We walk like you,—like you!"

Then quickly out of bed I slid
  To flee their mocking din,
And, staring straight at me, there stood
  My shoes with toes turned in.

Little Good-for-Nothing Me

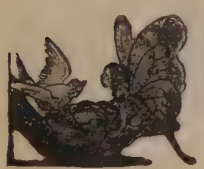
BY FRANCES SHAW

Oh, little good-for-nothing me,
My sums I cannot do;
I 'd love to please Miss Jones, you see,—
I always smile when she looks at me.
(There 's a tiny bird in the apple-tree:
It 's blue—it 's blue—it 's blue!)

My mother 'll be so 'shamed of me—
Why ever can't I think?
I left my hat at home, you see,
And my curls are mussed as mussed can be.
(There 's something else in that apple-tree:
It 's pink—it 's pink—it 's pink!)

The page? Why, it 's something thirty-three;
I guess mine is n't right:
I was drawing elves in my book, you see,
So I could n't hear when you spoke to me.
(There 's a cloud just over the apple-tree:
It 's white—it 's white—it 's white!)

I 'm just as sorry as I can be—
I 'm 'fraid you 'll have to scold:
I learned the little poem, you see,
Instead of the words that begin with T.
(There 's a wonderful light in the apple-tree:
It 's gold—it 's gold—it 's gold!)



Poor little good-for-nothing me,
I 've got to turn my back
To shut them out and away, you see,
Those lovely things in the apple-tree,
And the mark she has to give to me,
It 's black—it 's black—it 's black!

THE DESPERATE DOINGS OF DAN

BY MARTHA BURR BANKS

NOW these are the desperate doings of Dan,
Before he was old enough yet for a man;
A very good boy was Daniel, too,
But some direful deeds he dared to do.

He shot a look, and he stole a glance,
He took a joke and he seized a chance,
He smothered a yawn and stifled a sigh,
He dropped a tear and he choked a cry.

He drove a nail, and a picture hung,
And over the wall a word he flung;
He poked the fire, and after he 'd lunched,
He thrust out a ticket and had it punched.

He beat a game and he broke a fall,
He cut up a caper, and kicked a ball,
He cracked a whip, and a hand he shook,
He struck a path and he crossed a brook.

He pushed a plan and he crushed a hope,
He lashed some sticks with a piece of rope,
He scratched a note while he burned a lamp,
And finished his letter with a stamp.

Now this is the record of Daniel's fun,
But really, you see, no damage was done,
For a gentle lad was Desperate Dan,
And he wished no harm to any man.

"GOOD-BY TO SCHOOL-DAYS! COME, JOIN THE

THE NONSENSICAL NOTIONS OF NAN

BY MARTHA BURR BANKS

H, but hear the nonsensical notions of Nan,
For I 'll tell you about them as well as I can;
Very truthful is youthful Miss Nanny, I 've heard,
Yet you 'll find that her fancies are fairly absurd.

She 's sure that the yardsticks buy shoes for their feet,
That the limbs of the trees must be agile and fleet;
For the clock to claim gloves for its hands must be right,
And the soft lady-fingers with rings must be bright.

The canals must have brushes and combs for their locks,
The necks of the land are encircled with stocks;
There are certainly sleeves for the arms of the sea,
And a veil for the face of the deep there must be.

The legs of a table can merrily dance,
The lip of a bowl can curl proudly, perchance,
The lid of a kettle can waver and wink,
And the throat of a bottle can easily drink.

In the eye of the wind there are tears to be seen,
And a stovepipe, with grace, on its elbow may lean.
The teeth of a harrow can bite, it is clear,
And the ears of the corn can quite readily hear.

The tongues of the wagons must warily wag,
And the spirits of flagons quite frequently flag;
But now, I suppose, it might be a good plan
To drop the nonsensical notions of Nan.

PROCESSION FOR VACATION-LAND!"

WHAT BETTY THINKS OF BOBBY

BY CAROLYN WELLS

My brother is the grandest boy! You ought to see him jump
From big, high steps where I 'm afraid, he just comes down ker-plump!

I 'm just exactly Bobby's size, 'cause we are twins, you see;
But Bobby knows such heaps of things,—and tells them all to me.

He tells me every single day, "You don't know nothin' 't all!
Now, Betty, while I fix this play, you sit still on the wall."

Sometimes he says, "Don't bother me," and then I know, of course,
He 's making up some game about my dolly and his horse.

And if I tell him what to do, he 'll do it,—but he 'll say,
"Pooh, Betty, I know *that!* I meant to do it, anyway!"

He 's very kind, my brother is,—he 's not like other boys;
Why, when he does n't want them, I can always have our toys.

And generous! He always offers me the biggest bun;
But 'course I have to be polite,—I take the other one.

He lets me watch him building things; he does n't mind a bit.
And when he wants a nail or string, he lets me run for it.

And when we play, he lets me choose what I think is most fun;
Then, if he does n't like that game, we choose another one.

Bobby is very brave and bold. I s'pose, as like as not,
If 'leven tigers came at once, he 'd kill them with one shot!

For Bobby says he 's not afraid of bears or any beast;
And he can shoot an elephant! He told me so, at least.

I do love Bobby. And sometimes I tell him so. But he
Says gruffly (he 's a boy, you know), "Oh, pshaw, don't bother me!"

Of course I 'd rather be a girl,—but lots of fun I miss,
When Bobby says, "No, girls can't go. You could n't stand it, Sis."

I guess I could! I 'm big as Bob; for we are twins, you see.
But Bobby knows so much, of course, and tells it all to me.

Sometimes he lets me hear him say his spelling lesson through;
And then I do his sums for him, and he says, "Good for you!"

It makes me feel so glad and proud, to think that I can be
Even a little help to Bob, when he 's so good to me.

UNDER MY WINDOW

BY THOMAS WESTWOOD

Under my window, under my window,
All in the midsummer weather,
Three little girls with fluttering curls
Flit to and fro together:
There's Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,
And Maude with her mantle of silver-green,
And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
Leaning stealthily over,
Merry and clear, the voice I hear,
Of each glad-hearted rover.
Oh! sly little Kate, she steals my roses;
And Maude and Bell twine wreaths and posies,
As merry as bees in clover.

Under my window, under my window,
In the blue midsummer weather,
Stealing slow, on a hushed tiptoe,
I catch them all together:
Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,
And Maude with her mantle of silver-green,
And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,
And off through the orchard closes;
While Maude she flouts and Bell she pouts,
They scamper and drop their posies;
But dear little Kate takes naught amiss,
And leaps in my arms with a loving kiss,
And I give her all my roses.

VIOLETS

BY DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK

Violets, violets, sweet March violets,
Sure as March comes, they'll come too,
First the white and then the blue—
Pretty violets!

White, with just a pinky dye,
Blue as little baby's eye—
So like violets!

Though the rough wind shakes the house,
Knocks about the budding boughs,
There are violets.

And the frozen birds sit dumb,
Though the passing snow-storms come,
Up spring violets,
One by one among the grass,
Saying "Pluck me!" as we pass—
Scented violets.

By-and-by there'll be so many,
We'll pluck dozens nor miss any:
Sweet, sweet violets!

Children, when you go to play,
Look beneath the hedge to-day:
Mamma likes violets.

TO MOTHER FAIRIE

BY ALICE CARY

Good old Mother Fairie,
Sitting by your fire,
Have you any little folk
You would like to hire?

I want no chubby drudges
To milk, and churn, and spin,
Nor old and wrinkled Brownies,
With grizzly beards, and thin;

But patient little people,
With hands of busy care,
And gentle speech, and loving hearts:
Say, have you such to spare?

They must be very cunning,
To make the future shine
Like leaves, and flowers, and strawberries,
A-growing on one vine.

Good old Mother Fairie,
Since my need you know,
Tell me, have you any folk
Wise enough to go?

A TRAGIC POEM

Canto one

Boy,
Gun;
Joy,
Fun.

Canto two

Gun,
Bust;
Boy,
Dust.

JEMIMA

THERE was a little girl, and she wore a little curl
  Right down in the middle of her forehead;
When she was good, she was very, very good,
  And when she was bad she was horrid.

One day she went up-stairs, while her parents, unawares,
  In the kitchen were occupied with meals;
And she stood upon her head, on her little trundle-bed,
  And she then began hurraying with her heels.

She stood on her head, on her little trundle-bed,
  With nobody by for to hinder;
She screamed and she squalled, she yelled and she bawled,
  And drummed her little heels against the winder.

Her mother heard the noise, and thought it was the boys
  A-playing at a combat in the attic;
But when she climbed the stair, and saw Jemima there,
  She took her and did spank her most emphatic.

PART II

THREE WELSHMEN

THERE were three jolly Welshmen
As I have heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting
Upon St. David's day.

All the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
The other he said, nay;
The third said it was a house,
With the chimney blown away.

Then all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,
The other he said, nay;
The other said it was a cheese,
With one-half cut away.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID?

WHERE are you going, my pretty maid,
With your rosy cheeks and golden hair?
"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said;
The strawberry-leaves make maidens fair.

Shall I go with you, my pretty maid,
With your rosy cheeks and golden hair?
"Yes, if you please, kind sir," she said;
The strawberry-leaves make maidens fair.

What is your father, my pretty maid,
With your rosy cheeks and golden hair?
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said;
The strawberry-leaves make maidens fair.

What is your fortune, my pretty maid,
With your rosy cheeks and golden hair?
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said;
The strawberry-leaves make maidens fair.

Then I won't have you, my pretty maid,
With your rosy cheeks and golden hair.
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said;
The strawberry-leaves make maidens fair.

SEVEN TIMES ONE

BY JEAN INGELOW

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven:
I've said my "seven times" over and over,—
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done:
The lambs play always—they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O Moon! in the night I have seen you sailing,
And shining so round and low:
You were bright—ah, bright—but your light is failing;
You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon! have you done something wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet Bee! you're a dusty fellow,—
You've powdered your legs with gold.
O brave marsh Mary-buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O Columbine! open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle doves dwell.
O Cuckoo-pint! toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell:

And show me your nest with the young ones in it;
I will not steal them away.
I am old! you may trust me, Linnet, Linnet!
I am seven times one to-day.

THE LONESOME PRINCESS

BY HAPGOOD MOORE

DEAR little lonesome Princess,
She plays alone all day,
With always a nurse beside her
To see that she does not stray.
No wandering in the wildwood
Where vagrant dryads be,
And never a chance for a fairy dance
Beneath the rowan tree.

Dear little lonesome Princess,
She can't go down the street,
Or search with other children
Adventures fair to meet,
Or peer from prisoned alleys
On gardens of delight
Or walk with the band, each hand in hand,
When the lamps are all alight.

Dear little lonesome Princess,
She goes alone to bed,
And no one tells her a story
Or smooths her tired head,
And nobody cuddles a Princess
And hears her say her prayers,
Alone she seems, even in her dreams,
In her golden bed up-stairs.

THE PIPER ON THE HILL

BY DORA SIGERSON SHORTER

THERE sits a piper on the hill
Who pipes the livelong day;
And when he pipes both loud and shrill,
The frightened people say:
"The wind, the wind is blowing up,
'Tis rising to a gale."
The women hurry to the shore
To watch some distant sail.
The wind, the wind, the wind, the wind
Is blowing to a gale.

But when he pipes all sweet and low,
The piper on the hill,
I hear the merry women go
With laughter, loud and shrill:
"The wind, the wind is coming south,
'Twill blow a gentle day."
They gather on the meadow-land
To toss the yellow hay.
The wind, the wind, the wind, the wind
Is blowing south to-day.

And in the morn, when winter comes,
To keep the piper warm,
The little angels shake their wings
To make a feather storm:
"The snow, the snow has come at last!"
The happy children call,
And "ring around" they dance in glee,
And watch the snowflakes fall.
The wind, the wind, the wind, the wind
Has spread a snowy pall.

But when at night the piper plays,
I have not any fear,
Because God's windows open wide
The pretty tune to hear;
And when each crowding spirit looks,
From its star window-pane,
A watching mother may behold
Her little child again.
The wind, the wind, the wind, the wind
May blow her home again.

THE PEDDLER'S CARAVAN

BY WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

I WISH I lived in a caravan,
With a horse to drive, like the peddler-man!
Where he comes from nobody knows,
Or where he goes to, but on he goes!

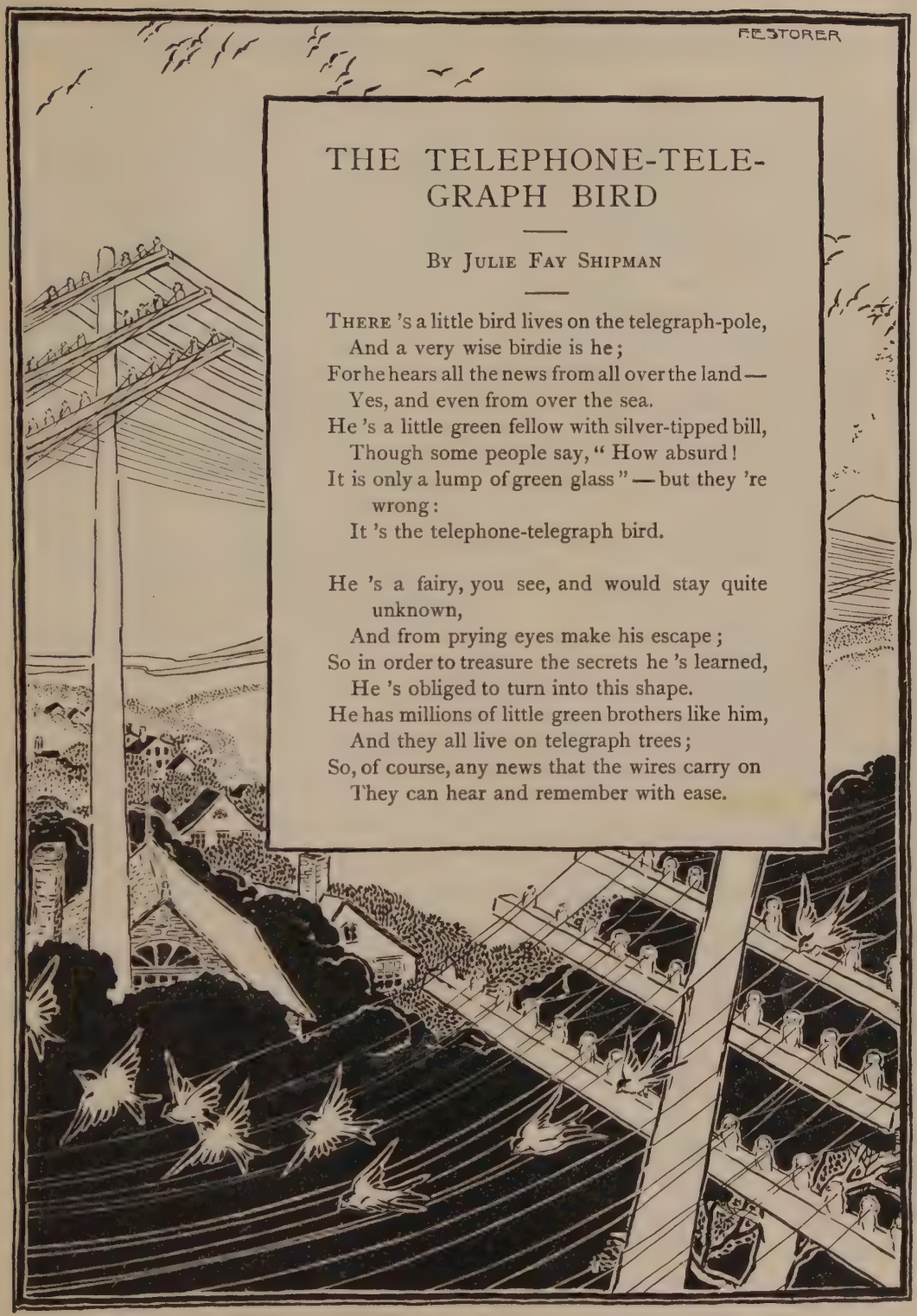
His caravan has windows two,
And a chimney of tin, that the smoke comes through;
He has a wife, with a baby brown,
And they go riding from town to town.

Chairs to mend, and delf to sell!
He clashes the basins like a bell;
Tea-trays, baskets ranged in order,
Plates with the alphabet round the border!

The roads are brown, and the sea is green,
But his house is just like a bathing-machine;
The world is round, and he can ride,
Rumble and splash, to the other side!

With the peddler-man I should like to roam,
And write a book when I came home;
All the people would read my book,
Just like the Travels of Captain Cook!

THE LONESOME PRINCESS
From a painting by Maxfield Parrish



THE TELEPHONE-TELEGRAPH BIRD

By Julie Fay Shipman

There 's a little bird lives on the telegraph-pole,
And a very wise birdie is he;
For he hears all the news from all over the land—
Yes, and even from over the sea.
He 's a little green fellow with silver-tipped bill,
Though some people say, "How absurd!
It is only a lump of green glass"—but they 're wrong:
It 's the telephone-telegraph bird.

He 's a fairy, you see, and would stay quite unknown,
And from prying eyes make his escape;
So in order to treasure the secrets he 's learned,
He 's obliged to turn into this shape.
He has millions of little green brothers like him,
And they all live on telegraph trees;
So, of course, any news that the wires carry on
They can hear and remember with ease.

A STRANGE WILD SONG

BY LEWIS CARROLL

He thought he saw a Buffalo
  Upon the chimney-piece:
He looked again, and found it was
  His Sister's Husband's Niece.
"Unless you leave this house," he said,
  "I'll send for the Police."

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake
  That questioned him in Greek:
He looked again, and found it was
  The Middle of Next Week.
"The one thing I regret," he said,
  "Is that it cannot speak!"

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk
  Descending from the 'bus:
He looked again, and found it was
  A Hippopotamus.
"If this should stay to dine," he said,
  "There won't be much for us!"

He thought he saw a Kangaroo
  That worked a coffee-mill:
He looked again, and found it was
  A Vegetable-Pill.
"Were I to swallow this," he said,
  "I should be very ill."

He thought he saw a Coach and Four
  That stood beside his bed:
He looked again, and found it was
  A Bear without a Head.
"Poor thing," he said, "poor silly thing!
  "It's waiting to be fed!"

He thought he saw an Albatross
  That fluttered round the Lamp:
He looked again, and found it was
  A Penny Postage-Stamp.
"You'd best be getting home," he said:
  "The nights are very damp!"

He thought he saw a Garden Door
  That opened with a key:
He looked again, and found it was
  A Double-Rule-of-Three:
"And all its mystery," he said,
  "Is clear as day to me!"

He thought he saw an Argument
  That proved he was the Pope:
He looked again, and found it was
  A Bar of Mottled Soap.
"A fact so dread," he faintly said,
  "Extinguishes all hope!"

HIDING

BY GABRIEL SETOUN

When the table-cloth is laid
  And the cups are on the table;
When the tea and toast are made,
  That's a happy time for Mabel.
Stealing to her mother's side,
  In her ear she whispers low,
"When papa comes in I'll hide;
  Do not tell him where I go."

On her knees upon the floor;
  In below the sofa creeping;
When she hears him at the door
  She pretends that she is sleeping.
"Where is Mabel?" father cries,
  Looking round and round about
Then he murmurs in surprise,
  "Surely Mabel can't be out."

First he looks behind his chair,
  Then he peers below the table,
Seeking, searching everywhere,
  All in vain for little Mabel.
But at last he thinks he knows,
  And he laughs and shakes his head;
Says to mother, "I suppose
  Mabel has been put to bed."

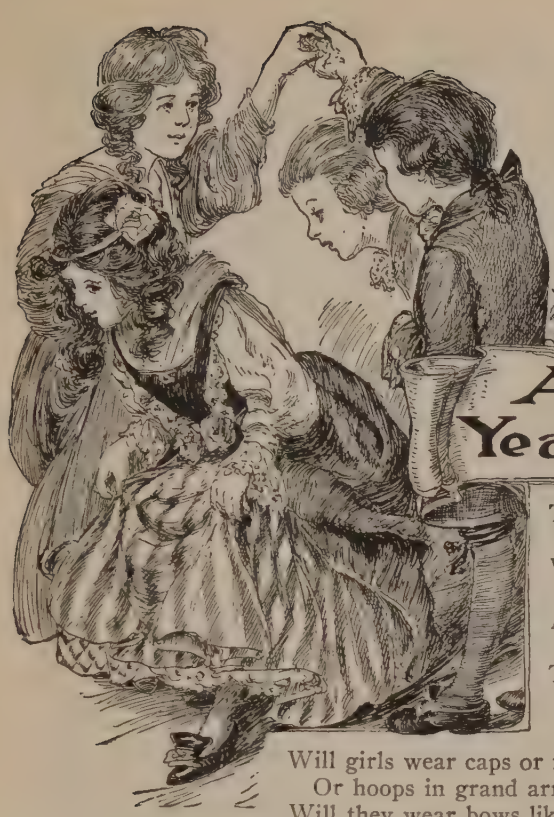
But when he sits down to tea,
  From beneath the sofa creeping,
Mabel climbs upon his knee,
  Claps her hands: "I was not sleeping."
Father whispers, "Where's my girl's
  Very secret hiding-place?"
But she only shakes her curls,
  Laughing, smiling in his face.

LAMBS IN THE MEADOW

BY LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA

O little lambs! the month is cold,
The sky is very gray;
You shiver in the misty grass
And bleat at all the winds that pass.
Wait! when I'm big—some day—
I'll build a roof to every fold.

But now that I am small I'll pray
At mother's knee for you;
Perhaps the angels, with their wings,
Will come and warm you, little things;
I'm sure that, if God knew,
He'd let the lambs be born in May.



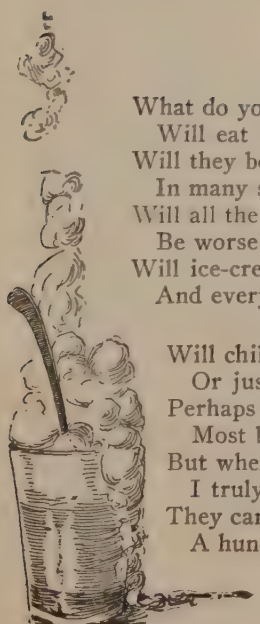
A Hundred Years from Now

By Sarah Noble Ives

THERE 's a picture in the window
Of a little shop I know,
With boys and girls dressed as they were
A hundred years ago.
And since I saw it, I have thought,
And keep on thinking how
The children, maybe, will be dressed
A hundred years from now.

Will girls wear caps or farthingales,
Or hoops in grand array?
Will they wear bows like butterflies,
Just as they do to-day?
Will boys wear jackets short, or tie
Their hair in queues? Just how
They 'll really look, I 'd like to know—
A hundred years from now.

What do you think the girls and boys
Will eat in those far days?
Will they be fed on breakfast foods
In many sorts of ways?
Will all the good and tasty things
Be worse for them than rice?
Will ice-cream soda make them sick,
And everything that 's nice?



Will children's books have pictures then,
Or just all reading be?
Perhaps they 'll be hand-painted and
Most beautiful to see.
But when I think of those I have,
I truly don't see how
They can be any prettier
A hundred years from now.

LULLABY

BY WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

Baby wants a lullaby;
  Where should mother find it?
In a bird's nest rocked on high;
  Birdie, birdie lined it;
Find it under birdie's wing—
  Soft birdie's feather—
O the downy, downy thing!
  O the summer weather!

Baby wants a lullaby;
  Where shall sister find it?
In a soft cloud of the sky,
  With white wool behind it;
Watch you may, but cannot guess
  If the cloud has motion,
Such a perfect calm there is
  In the airy ocean.

O the land of Lullabies!
  Where shall father find it?
Safe in mother's breast it lies,
  With her arms to bind it;
O a soft and sleepy song!
  Sleep, baby blossom!
Sleep is short, sleep is long,
  Sweet is mother's bosom!

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD *

BY EUGENE FIELD

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
  Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
  Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
  The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
  That live in this beautiful sea;
  Nets of silver and gold have we!"
        Said Wynken,
        Blynken,
        And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
  As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
  Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
  That lived in that beautiful sea—
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
  Never afeard are we."
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
        Wynken,
        Blynken,
        And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
  To the stars in the twinkling foam—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
  Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
  As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd
      dreamed
  Of sailing that beautiful sea—
  But I shall name you the fishermen three:
        Wynken,
        Blynken,
        And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
  And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
  Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
  Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
  As you rock in the misty sea,
  Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
        Wynken,
        Blynken,
        And Nod.

MEG MERRILIES

BY JOHN KEATS

Old Meg she was a gypsy,
  And lived upon the moors;
Her bed it was the brown heath-turf,
  And her house was out of doors.
Her apples were swart blackberries,
  Her currants pods o' broom;
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
  Her book a churchyard tomb.

Her brothers were the craggy hills,
  Her sisters larchen-trees;
Alone with her great family
  She lived as she did please.
No breakfast had she many a morn,
  No dinner many a noon,
And 'stead of supper she would stare
  Full hard against the moon.

* From "A Little Book of Western Verse"; copyright, 1889, by Eugene Field; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE GYPSY GIRL.

But every morn of woodbine fresh
She made her garlanding,
And every night the dark glen yew
She wore; and she would sing,
And with her fingers old and brown
She plaited mats of rushes,
And gave them to the cottagers
She met among the bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen,
And tall as Amazon;
An old red blanket cloak she wore,
A ship-hat had she on;
God rest her aged bones somewhere!
She died full long agone!

WHAT WOULD YOU SEE?

BY GEORGE MACDONALD

WHAT would you see if I took you up
To my little nest in the air?
You would see the sky like a clear blue cup
Turned upside downward there.

What would you do if I took you there
To my little nest in the tree?
My child with cries would trouble the air,
To get what she could but see.

What would you get in the top of the tree
For all your crying and grief?
Not a star would you clutch of all you see—
You could only gather a leaf.

But when you had lost your greedy grief,
Content to see from afar,
You would find in your hand a withering leaf,
In your heart a shining star.

WHEN

BY G. CLIFTON BINGHAM

WHEN cherries grow on apple trees,
And kittens wear lace caps,
And boys their sisters never tease,
And bears wear woollen wraps;
When all the nursery dolls and toys
Begin to dance and play—
Then little girls and little boys
May lie in bed all day.

When donkeys learn to sing and dance,
When pigs talk politics,
When London is a town in France,
When two and two make six,
When drops of rain are real pearls,
When coal is clear and white—
Then little boys and little girls
May sit up late at night.

ROMANCE

BY GABRIEL SETOUN

I SAW a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
Her masts were of the shining gold,
Her deck of ivory;
And sails of silk, as soft as milk,
And silvern shrouds had she.

And round about her sailing,
The sea was sparkling white,
The waves all clapped their hands and sang
To see so fair a sight.
They kissed her twice, they kissed her thrice,
And murmured with delight.

Then came the gallant captain,
And stood upon the deck;
In velvet coat, and ruffles white,
Without a spot or speck;
And diamond rings, and triple strings
Of pearls around his neck.

And four-and-twenty sailors
Were round him bowing low;
On every jacket three times three
Gold buttons in a row;
And cutlasses down to their knees;
They made a goodly show.

And then the ship went sailing,
A-sailing o'er the sea;
She dived beyond the setting sun,
But never back came she,
For she found the lands of the golden sands,
Where the pearls and diamonds be.

The Dragon
by
Carolyn Wells
A dragon, who was a great wag,
Went out one day, pulling a drag.
It filled us with awe,
For who ever saw
A dragon a-draggin' a drag?

Crinkum Crankums

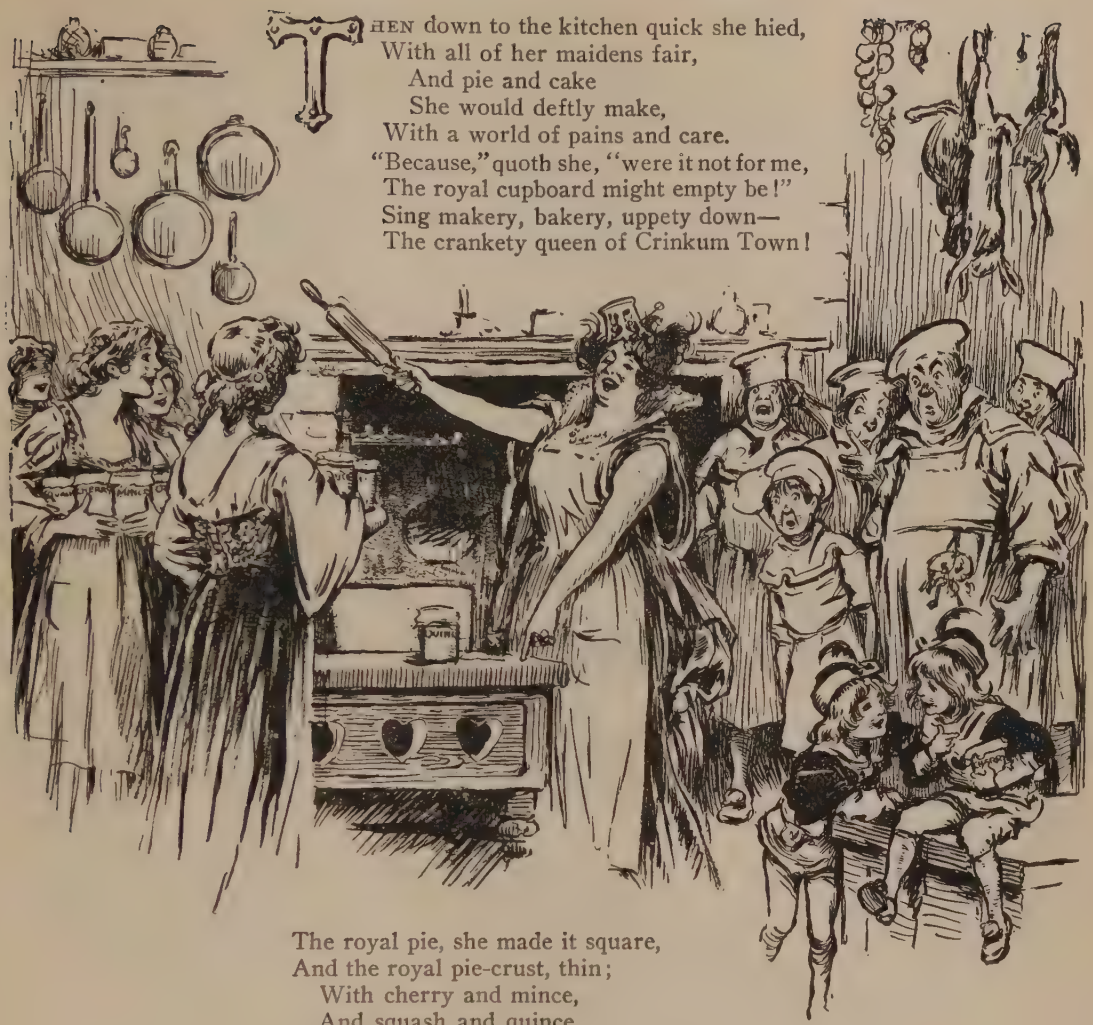
A NONSENSE RHYME

BY ELLEN MANLY

WITH PICTURES BY REGINALD B. BIRCH

The crankety queen of Crinkum Town
A singular dame was she,
For she wore her crown
Turned upside down,
Which made her a sight to see;
And never she cared what people said,
So long as it fitted her royal head!
Sing finery, minery, uppety down—
The crankety queen of Crinkum Town!

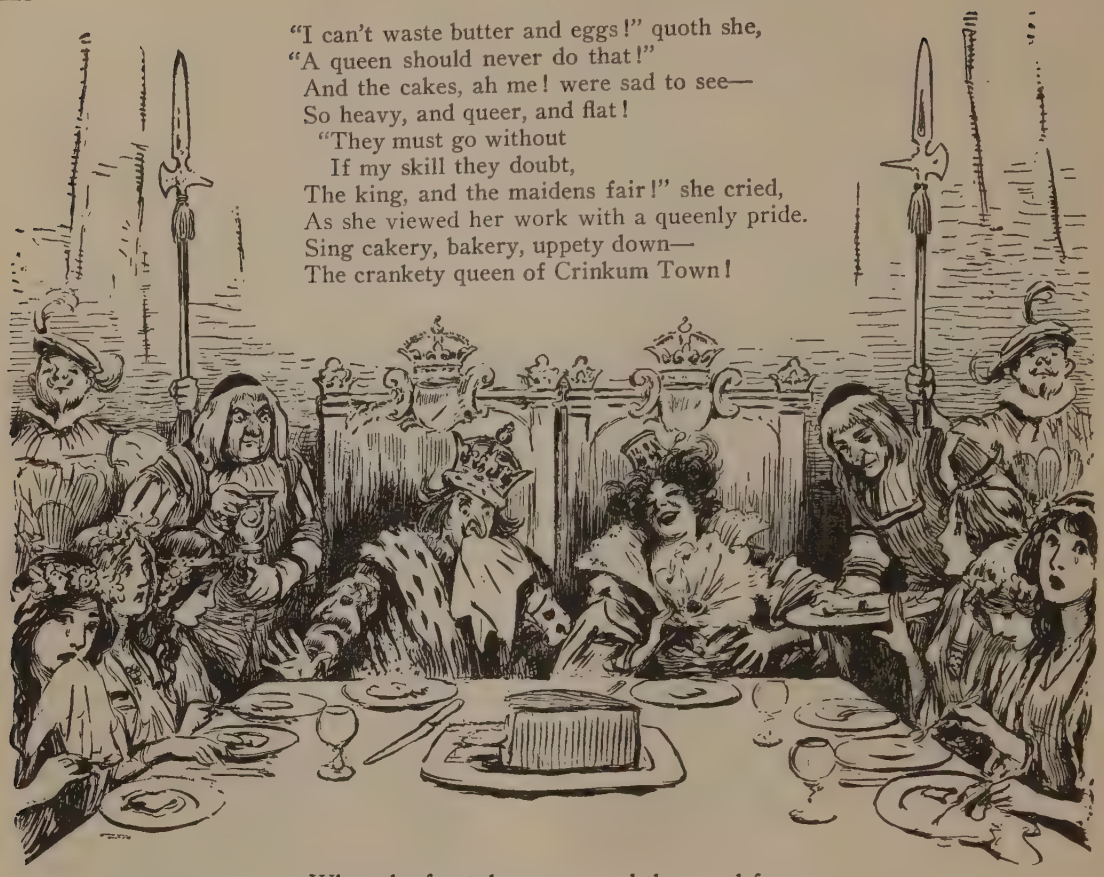
And once a week, on a Friday night,
As the clock was striking eight,
Her sleeves of white
She rolled up tight,
And she rose from her throne of state,
And over her robe of purple hue
She fastened an apron big and blue.
Sing eightery, latery, uppety down—
The crankety queen of Crinkum Town!



THEN down to the kitchen quick she hied,
With all of her maidens fair,
And pie and cake
She would deftly make,
With a world of pains and care.
"Because," quoth she, "were it not for me,
The royal cupboard might empty be!"
Sing makery, bakery, uppety down—
The crankety queen of Crinkum Town!

The royal pie, she made it square,
And the royal pie-crust, thin;
With cherry and mince,
And squash and quince,
And cranberry, too, within.
"For if *one* thing 's good in a pie," quoth she,
"Of course a dozen much better will be!"
Sing trykery, piekery, uppety down—
The crankety queen of Crinkum Town!

"I can't waste butter and eggs!" quoth she,
"A queen should never do that!"
And the cakes, ah me! were sad to see—
So heavy, and queer, and flat!
"They must go without
If my skill they doubt,
The king, and the maidens fair!" she cried,
As she viewed her work with a queenly pride.
Sing cakery, bakery, uppety down—
The crankety queen of Crinkum Town!



When the feast-day came, and the royal fare
Did the royal table grace,
The good king sate
In his chair of state,
With the maidens all in place,
And with many a sigh they ate the pie,
And the cake, with a wry grimace!
Sing sadery, badery, uppety down—
The crankety queen of Crinkum Town!

But the queen, with her crown all upside down,
And pride in her royal eye,
  Took great delight
  In the charming sight
Of her beautiful cake and pie.
For she reckoned in all the country round
A queen so clever could not be found.
Sing cookery-bookery, uppety down—
The crankety queen of Crinkum Town!

Then his majesty shook his royal head,
And unto the maidens fair he said—
To the maidens fair quoth he—
"She has excellent taste in dress, no doubt,
And right side in, or inside out,
  Or upside down,
  She may wear her crown,—
But to-day I issue a stern decree:
In the kitchen no queen may henceforth be,
But the *cook* makes pie and cake for *me!*"
Sing suppety, cuppety, uppety down—
The crankety queen of Crinkum Town!

MISS GINGHAM OF HINGHAM

(A Nonsense Rhyme)

BY ARTHUR UPSON

THERE sailed into harbor at Hingham
Three sailors one hot summer's day;
They were Brewster and Bartlett and Bingham,
And fair shone the houses of Hingham,
And kind were the breezes to bring 'em
To such a snug port in the Bay.

Right jolly those sailors at Hingham,
And worthy stout seamen were they,
And they sang up the streets of old Hingham,

Did Bartlett and Brewster and Bingham,
Till they reached the abode of Miss Gingham,
Who kept a small inn by the way.

"What cheer, Mistress Gingham of Hingham!"
Loud shouted those mariners gay;
"Be there any ice-cream here in Hingham?"
Quoth Brewster and Bartlett and Bingham;
"If you've any cold ices, pray bring 'em;
There's gold in our pockets to pay!"

Now Miss Gingham was noted in Hingham
For skill in concocting *frappés;*
Not a housewife at Weymouth or Hingham

But envied the way she could fling 'em;
And Bartlett and Brewster and Bingham
Regarded her skill with dismay.

With fond eyes they followed Miss Gingham,
And the ices that garnished her tray,
While more and yet more did she bring 'em,
Till, reluctantly, out of old Hingham
Went Brewster and Bartlett and Bingham
Pursuing their nautical way.

THE CRUISE OF THE *JENNY LEE*

A PRIVATEER BALLAD OF THE OLD DAYS

BY WILLIAM O. STEVENS

I

No stouter ship e'er made a trip
Than ours, the *Jenny Lee*,
When, tight and new, with all her crew,
She first stood out to sea.

II

Her polished deck bore not a speck,
Her spars were smooth as silk,
Her guns of brass shone bright as glass,
Her sails as white as milk.

III

The name she bore was taken for
A maiden lost at sea;
(Of whom no word had e'er been heard
Since she left Italy.)

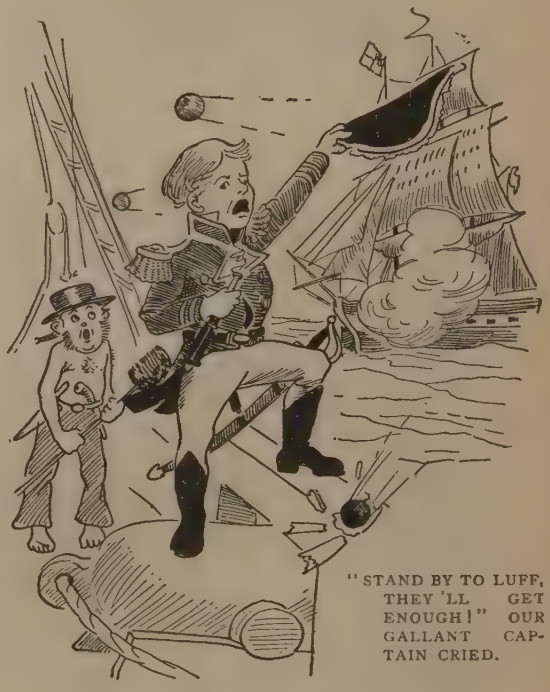
BUT NE'ER WAS SEEN AN EYE SO KEEN TO QUELL THE TIPSY TAR.

IV

The skipper bold was not so old
As most sea captains are,
But ne'er was seen an eye so keen
To quell the tipsy tar.

V

"Ahoy! my men," he shouted when
The harbor mouth we cleared,
"Where glory lies, or merchant prize,
This privateer is steered.



"STAND BY TO LUFF, THEY 'LL GET ENOUGH!" OUR GALLANT CAPTAIN CRIED.

VI

"The first one who could shame this crew
By showing craven fear
I 'll shoot!" and then his sturdy men
Responded with a cheer.

VII

When morning broke, the lookout spoke
A hostile man-o'-war;
With all sail spread toward us she sped,
Her guns began to roar.

VIII

"Stand by to luff, they 'll get enough!"
Our gallant captain cried,
With helm to port our ship wore short
And raked with her broadside.

OFF FLEW THE TURBANED HEAD!

IX

Again, again the deadly rain
Poured down the foemen's deck;
Her foremast fell, her main as well,
Her hull became a wreck.

X

Then o'er the sea rose suddenly
A gale as black as night;
The waves washed high—a woeful cry—
Our foe had sunk from sight!

XI

For three days through the tempest blew,
It drove us fast and far;
The shrouds sang loud, the scudding cloud
Hid us from sun and star.

XII

At last, the sky shone clear and dry,
Soft blew the breeze and fair;
But, strange to say,
that selfsame
day,
We spied a black
corsair.

XIII

From Tripoli of Bar-
bary
The huge sea-
rover hailed,
On, on she came,
with ports a-
flame,
As straight for us she sailed.

XIV

"Well, who 's afraid?" our skipper said,
"This chance we must not miss,
The *Jenny Lee* was put to sea
For just such work as this."

XV

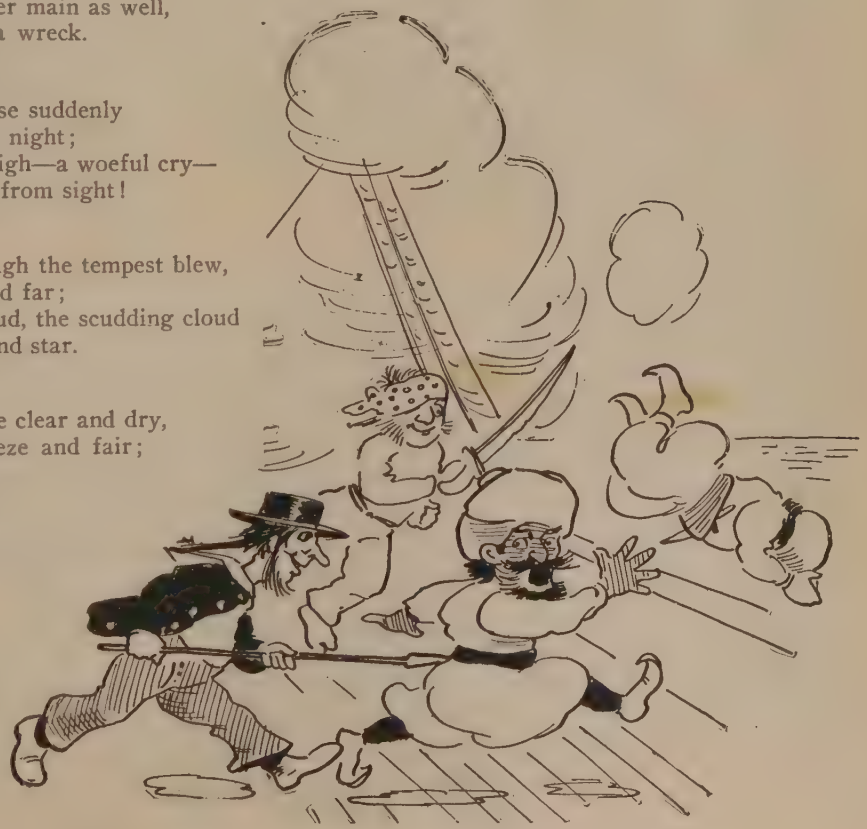
Soon, swift and sure, the pirate Moor
Ranged close along our beam,
And ere she passed she grappled fast.
Then, with exultant scream,

XVI

The heathen horde swarmed thick aboard—
Ah, there was strife to see!—
Not one would flinch or give an inch
On board the *Jenny Lee.*

XVII

And, 'mid the clash and sparkling flash
Of sword-play, with a shout
The captains met; with blades blood-wet
They fiercely fought it out.



LEAPED MADLY OVERBOARD.

XVIII

The fight was brief; the pirate chief,
By youthful looks misled,
Disdained to guard, his foe struck hard—
Off flew the turbaned head!

"'T IS SHE—'T IS SHE—MY JENNY LEE!"

XIX

At that dread sight the Moors took flight,
We put them to the sword.
A few thought best to yield, the rest
Leaped madly overboard.

XX

"Open the hatch, perhaps a batch
Of prisoners we 'll find,"
Our skipper said when all the dead
To sea had been consigned.

XXI

It was too true, a feeble crew
Were brought up to the light;
A maiden fair stood with them there
With eyes divinely bright.

XXII

"'T is she—'t is she—my Jenny Lee!"
The captain loudly cried,
"Searched for in vain, now found again!"
Swift sprang he to her side.

XXIII

The crew, rejoiced, their feelings voiced
By thundering a cheer,
Then straight for home, no more to roam,
Their captain bade them steer.

XXIV

When port was gained, high honors rained
On captain and his bride;
The church bells clanged, the cannon banged,
The people cheered with pride.

ENVOI

Such was the cruise of the *Jenny Lee;*
She sailed whene'er the rain
Kept me indoors to watch the sea
Through streaming window-pane.

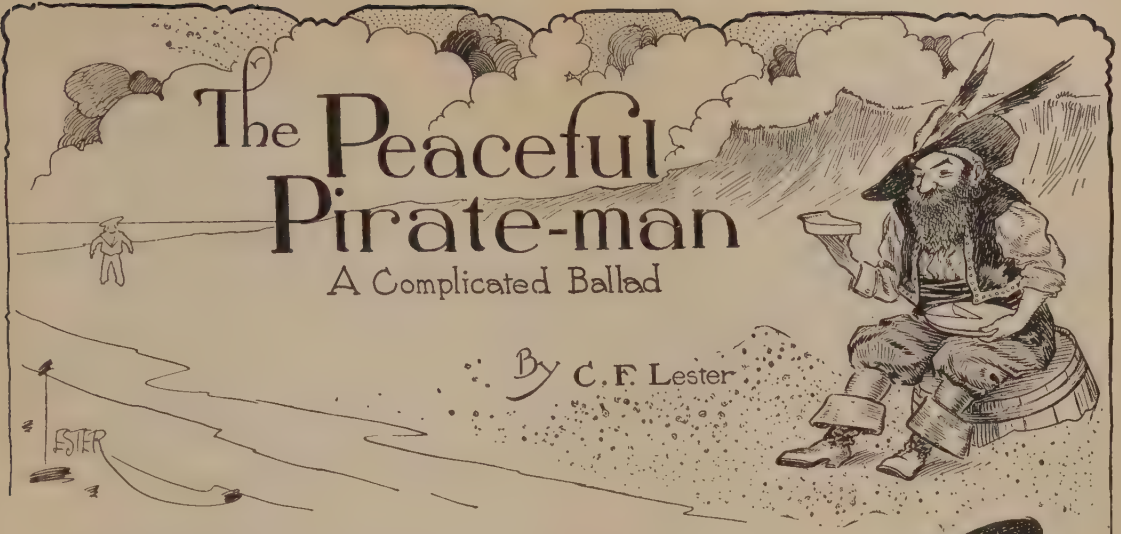
The real Jenny, if you must know,
Was very small and shy;
But she used to play with me, and so—
The skipper?—it was I!

ON THE WAY TO TREASURE ISLAND

The Peaceful Pirate-man

A Complicated Ballad

By C. F. Lester

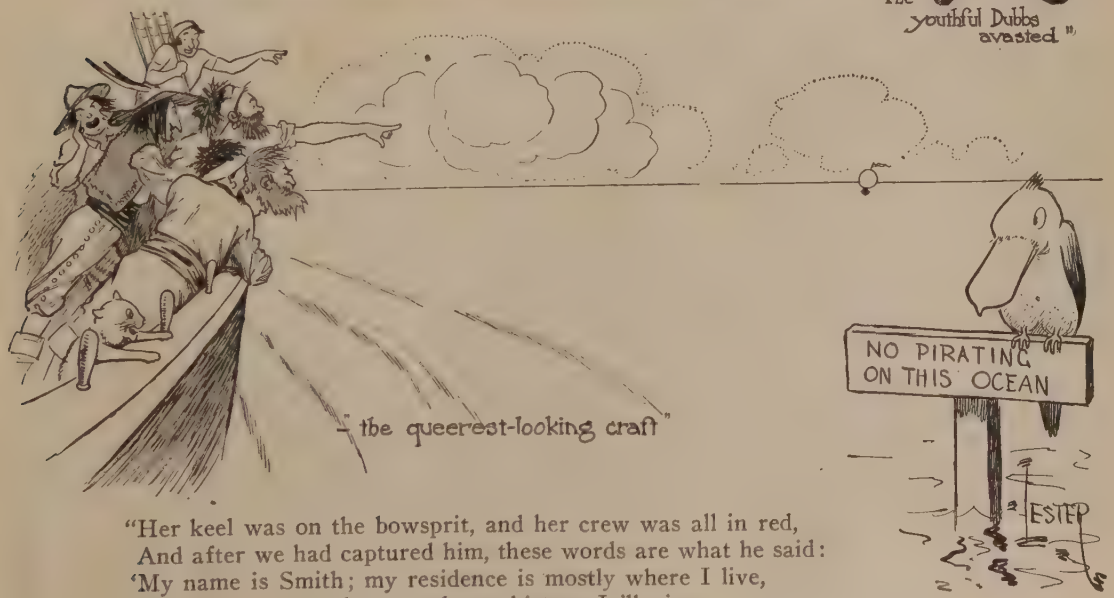


As Oscar Alexander Dubbs was strolling by the sea
(The youth was after pebbles, and the time was after tea),
The while the beach he idly eyed, he happened to descry
A Peaceful Pirate pensively consuming custard-pie.

"Avast!" remarked the Pirate (as pirates mostly do),
So the youthful Dubbs avasted, and promptly hove to, too.
"Now, prithee, pious person, spin me a yarn," quoth he,
Then thus the Peaceful Pirate-man discoursed to Oscar D.:

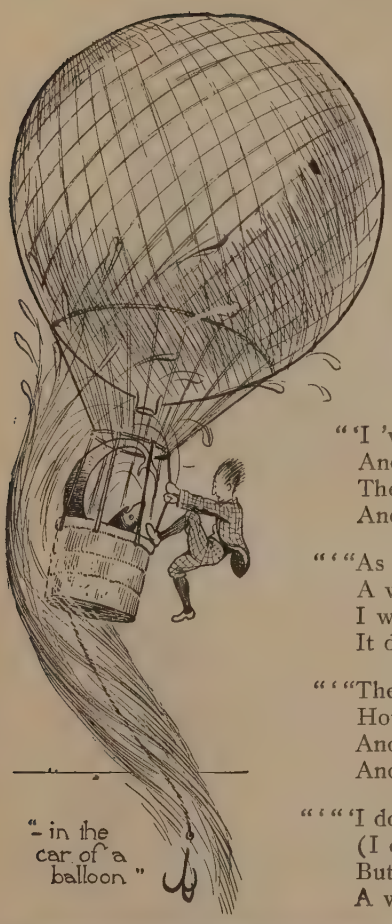
"One time when I was pirating (and likewise reading law)
We came across the queerest-looking craft I ever saw;
Her sails were round, her mast was square (she did n't have but one),
And she did her sailing sideways (which is *very* seldom done!);

"The youthful Dubbs avasted"



"the queerest-looking craft"

"Her keel was on the bowsprit, and her crew was all in red,
And after we had captured him, these words are what he said:
'My name is Smith; my residence is mostly where I live,
And, since 't is rather novel, my history I 'll give.

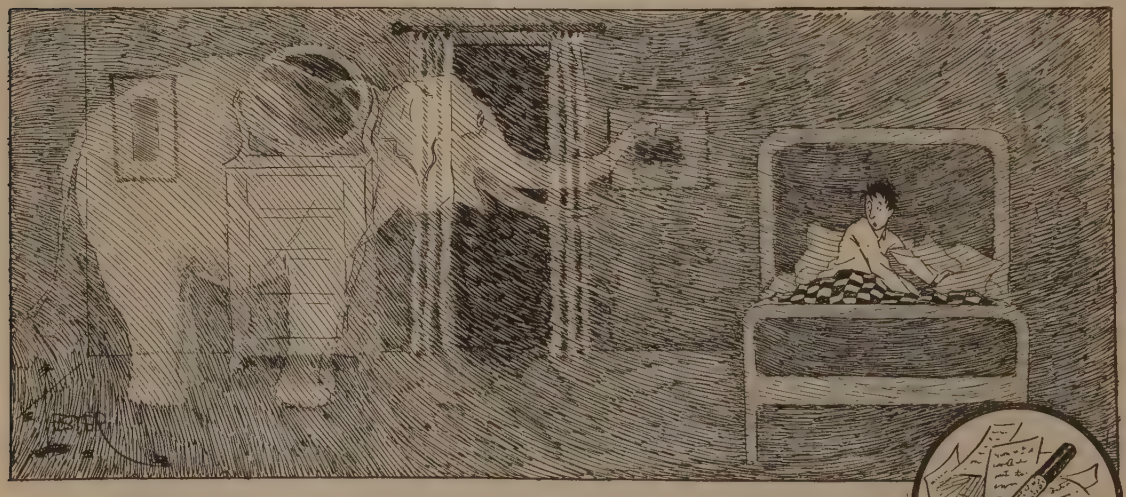


"'I 've traveled to and fro a lot, particularly fro,
And I always have adventures, no matter where I go.
The last time I was shipwrecked was when I was at sea,
And a friendly shark, who saved me, told this curious yarn to me:

"'"As I was busy basking in the tropics, one hot day,
A wayward, wandering waterspout came whirling by my way;
I was quite taken up with it, until, one afternoon,
It dropped me (very dizzy) in the car of a balloon.

"'"'The balloonatic was peevish at first, but when I told
How I became a flying-fish, of course he could n't scold;
And when he found I meant no harm, he soon became more gay,
And told this little anecdote, to pass the time away:

"'"'"I don't believe in spirits, and spooks I treat as jokes
(I can't respect a specter I suspect to be a hoax);
But once at midnight, in my room, I saw, as clear as day,
A white transparent elephant, and plainly heard him say—'"'"'



(Dear me! This ballad business is a most perplexing thing!
The way I don't get anywhere is quite discouraging.
I 'd like to start all over, but it 's too late now to try,
For I 've used up all my paper, and my fountain-pen 's run dry!)

A Youthful Martyr

by Pauline Frances Camp

I

For fibbing, many a lad, no doubt,
Has felt the sting of hickory sprout.
Eliphalet Pease, a pleasant youth,
Was birched because he told the truth.

II

One day, from school Eliphalet came,
And sought his mother, comely dame.
"Oh, Mother, have you heard the news?
As I was passing Parson True's,

III

"Down a long ladder, from the top,
Full twenty feet, without a stop,
Head over heels, did Parson go,
And landed on the rocks below."

IV

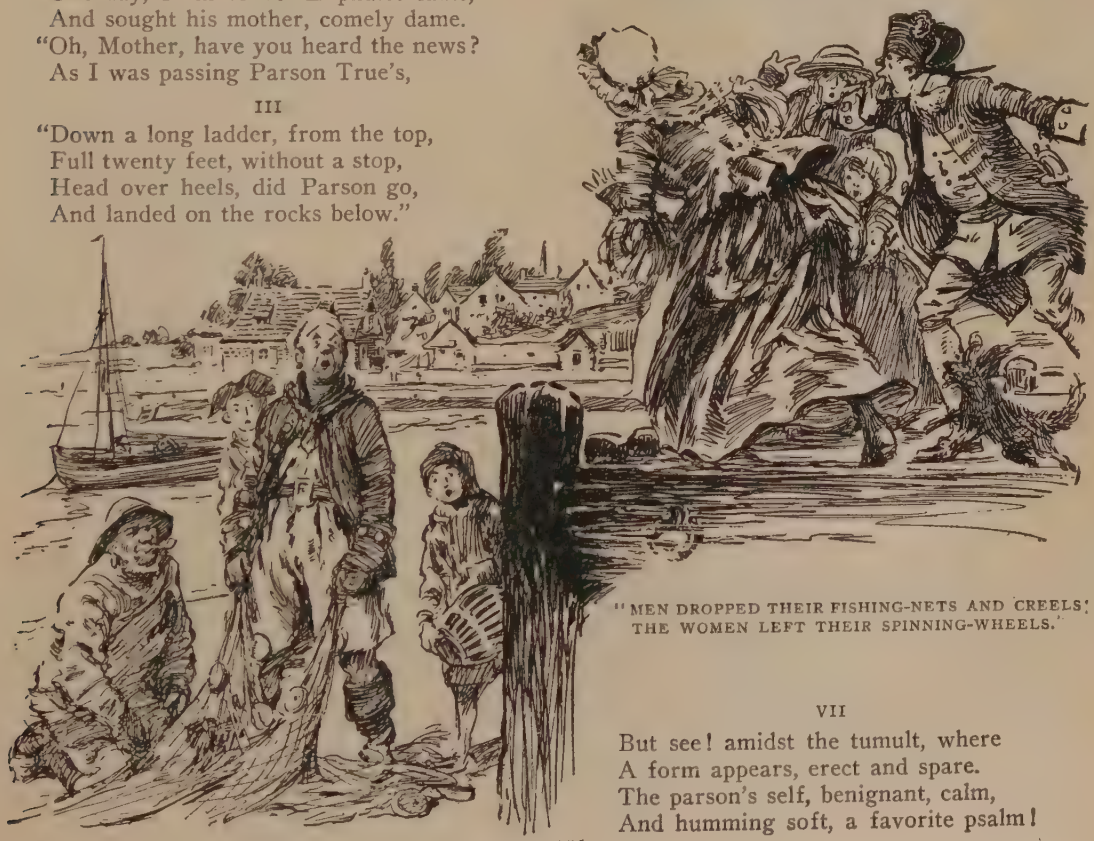
"Alack a day!" the good housewife cried,
And swiftly to her gossips hied.
And soon throughout the village, all
Had heard the tale of Parson's fall.

V

Men dropped their fishing-nets and creels;
The women left their spinning-wheels;
The broth was burned within the pot,
By wives and maids alike forgot.

VI

The rumor grew, as swift it spread,
And soon declared the parson dead.
And many fainted from the shock;
For he was loved by all his flock.



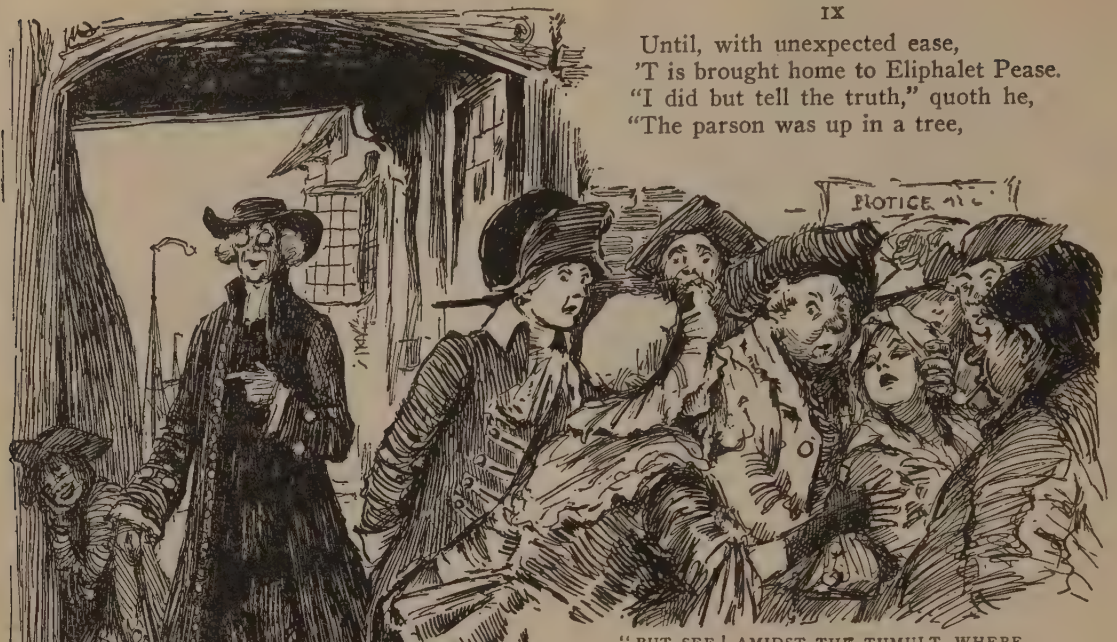
"MEN DROPPED THEIR FISHING-NETS AND CREELS; THE WOMEN LEFT THEIR SPINNING-WHEELS."

VII

But see! amidst the tumult, where
A form appears, erect and spare.
The parson's self, benignant, calm,
And humming soft, a favorite psalm!

IX

Until, with unexpected ease,
'T is brought home to Eliphalet Pease.
"I did but tell the truth," quoth he,
"The parson was up in a tree,



"BUT SEE! AMIDST THE TUMULT, WHERE A FORM APPEARS, ERECT AND SPARE."

X

"And down the ladder, round by round,
He came until he reached the ground.
Head over *heels,* he came; 't is true;
Pray, tell me, how else would he do?"

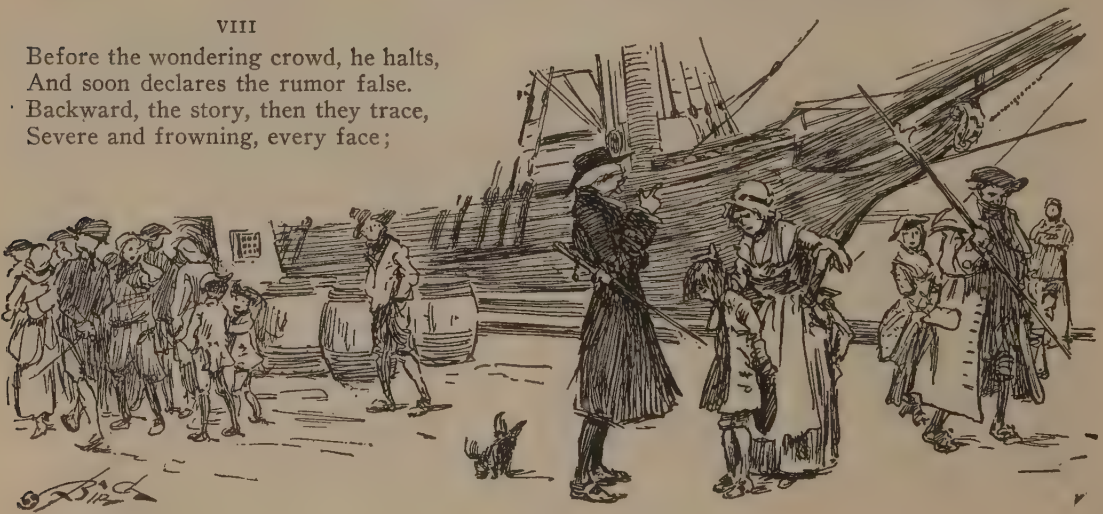
XI

Silence ensued that might be felt;
And then the crowd began to melt.
To melt away, with sheepish grin,
Which did n't save Eliphalet's skin.

For this is when that luckless youth
Was birched because he told the truth.

VIII

Before the wondering crowd, he halts,
And soon declares the rumor false.
Backward, the story, then they trace,
Severe and frowning, every face;



If you should stop by a baker's shop,
Does it ever come into your head,
How wheat must grow, before it can show
In the shape of a loaf of bread?

Do you ever think, how the wee grains sink
In the earth and seem to be dead,
Before the wheat in the August heat
Is reaped for your loaf of bread?

Do you know what labors a lot of your neighbors
Must do, that you may be fed?
Oh! you never could guess the half, unless
You read of this loaf of bread!

I

THE PLOWING

The Plowman drove his plowshare edge
Over the field, from hedge to hedge,
And he told his horses, "Get on! Gee Whup!"
Till the soil was properly broken up.

II

THE SOWING

The Sower came, and the grain he flung;
A seed-basket round his neck was hung;
He scattered the wheat both wide and deep,
And it fell into chinks, and went to sleep.

III

THE GROWING

The Farmer came in his heavy boots;
The field was full of little green shoots;
He said, "At present it's doing well,
But it may get spoiled—you never can tell!"

IV

THE RIPENING

It grew a bit bigger from day to day,
And thicker and stronger, strange to say,
In spite of the Bunnies who came to eat
The juicy stalks of the springing wheat.

And when it was only six months old,
The wheat had turned as yellow as gold;
Waving and nodding, in sun and rain,
Its beautiful heads of golden grain.

V

THE REAPING

When August came it was ready at last;
The Reapers sharpened their sickles fast;
It was reaped, which perhaps seems cruel, but
It didn't care—it was made to be cut.

VI

THE HARVEST HOME

The Farmer looked at the sheaves on the stubble,
And said, "I'm repaid for all my trouble."
He had songs and supper for all his men—
Harvest Home had come round again!

VII

THE RICK-BUILDING

They carted it home, and they built it all
Higher and higher, extremely tall;
They founded and rounded it, and thatched
Into four big ricks—very prettily matched.

VIII

THE THRASHING

So it stood in ricks; but it had not been
There very long, when a thrashing machine
Came to work, out of which one saw
A stream of grain and a pile of straw.

IX

THE MARKET

The Farmer drove to the market town
With a packet of grain, all hard and brown,
Showed it to people, and said, "You try it;
It's splendid wheat—you had better buy it!"

X

THE MILL

And somebody said, "Very well, I will."
And he bought the wheat, and went to the mill,
And said, "My wheat will be here in an hour;
Get it ground into sacks of flour!"

XI

THE WAGON

The Miller's wagon the very next day
Carried the sacks of flour away:
A heavy load, but it didn't stop
Till it came to the door of the Baker's shop.

XII

THE MAKING

The Baker made bread of the wheat; at least
He mixed it up with water and yeast,
And he set his men to work in a row
To knead the flour, which was now called dough.

XIII

THE OVEN

Then they shoved the loaves with a long, long pole
In at the mouth of a hot dark hole—
The oven, you know; and they shut it fast,
Till the bread was properly baked at last.

XIV

THE BAKER'S BOY

And then, when they had finished their task, it
Was taken round in the baker's basket.
The boy came knocking at our back door,
And said, "Will you have one loaf, or more?"

XV

BREAD AND MILK

And now the end of the wheat we see,
It is here at breakfast for you and me,
In steaming bowls, and we're eating some.
What a lot of trouble it's had to come!

THE END

Now the tale of the loaf is told,
From grain to green, from green to gold,
From gold to white; that's flour, you know.
From dry to wet: from flour to dough.

The plowman tall and his horses, too
Have helped the wheat to travel to you;
With sower and reaper, thrashing and mill,
The wheat has never been standing still.

For even while it grew in the sod,
It always could rock, and wave, and nod.
Now it has ended its journey, this wheat;
Cut the fine loaf and let every one eat.

A LITTLE GIRL
FROM A PAINTING BY OLIVER TILTON

Courtesy of the Artist

PART III

THE WONDERFUL WORLD

BY WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water around you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully dressed!

The wonderful air is over all,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the trees;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.
You, friendly earth, how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod, and the rivers that flow,
With cities, and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,
And people upon you, for thousands of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say:
"You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot;
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"

ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL

BY CECIL F. ALEXANDER

ALL things bright and beautiful
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river, running by,
The morning, and the sunset
That lighteth up the sky.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who hath made all things well.

THE MONTHS

BY SARA COLERIDGE

JANUARY brings the snow;
Makes the feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain;
Thaws the frozen pond again.

March brings wind so cold and chill;
Drives the cattle from the hill.

April brings us sun and showers,
And the pretty wildwood flowers.

May brings grass and leafy trees,
Waving in each gentle breeze.

June brings roses, fresh and fair,
And the cherries, ripe and rare.

July brings the greatest heat,
Cloudless skies and dusty street.

August brings the golden grain;
Harvest time begins again.

Mild September brings us more
Fruit and grain, for winter store.

Brown October brings the last
Of ripening gifts, from summer past.

Dull November brings the blast;
Down from the trees the leaves fall fast.

Cold December ends the rime
With blazing fires and Christmas Time.

THE FROST

BY HANNAH FLETCHER GOULD

THE Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered: "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train—
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain—
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamond beads; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the morn were seen
Most beautiful things: there were flowers and trees,
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities, and temples, and towers; and these
All pictured in silver sheen.

But he did one thing that was hardly fair:
He went to the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare—
"Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
And this glass of water they have left for me
Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I am drinking."

SPRING SONG

BY GEORGE ELIOT

SPRING comes hither,
Buds the rose;
Roses wither,
Sweet spring goes.

Summer soars,
Wide-winged day;
White light pours,
Flies away.

Soft winds blow,
Westward born;
Onward go
Toward the morn.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY

BY ANNA B. WARNER

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY
Came up in the cold,
Through the brown mould,
Although the March breezes
Blew keen on her face,
Although the white snow
Lay on many a place.

Daffy-down-dilly
Had heard under ground,
The sweet rushing sound
Of the streams, as they broke
From their white winter chains,
Of the whistling spring winds,
And the pattering rains.

"Now then," thought Daffy,
Deep down in her heart,
"It's time I should start."
So she pushed her soft leaves
Through the hard frozen ground,
Quite up to the surface,
And then she looked round.

There was snow all about her,
Gray clouds overhead;
The trees all looked dead:
Then how do you think
Poor Daffy-down felt,
When the sun would not shine,
And the ice would not melt?

"Cold weather!" thought Daffy,
Still working away,
"The earth's hard to-day!
There's but a half inch
Of my leaves to be seen,
And two-thirds of that
Is more yellow than green.

"I can't do much yet,
But I'll do what I can:
It's well I began!
For, unless I can manage
To lift up my head,
The people will think
That the Spring herself's dead."

So, little by little,
She brought her leaves out,
All clustered about;
And then her bright flowers
Began to unfold,
Till Daffy stood robed
In her spring green and gold.

O Daffy-down-dilly,
So brave and so true!
I wish all were like you!
So ready for duty
In all sorts of weather,
And loyal to courage
And duty together.

THE TREE

BY BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON

The Tree's early leaf buds were bursting their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.
"No, leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as he swung.
"No, leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow;
Said the girl, "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes, all thou canst see:
Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

JACK IN THE PULPIT

BY CLARA SMITH

Jack in the pulpit
Preaches to-day,
Under the green trees
Just over the way.
Squirrel and song-sparrow,
High on their perch,
Hear the sweet lily-bells
Ringing to church.

Come, hear what his reverence
Rises to say,
In his low painted pulpit
This calm Sabbath-day.
Fair is the canopy
Over him seen,
Penciled by Nature's hand,
Black, brown, and green,
Green is his surplice,
Green are his bands;
In his queer little pulpit
The little priest stands.

In black and gold velvet,
So gorgeous to see,
Comes with his bass voice
The chorister bee.
Green fingers playing
Unseen on wind-lyres,
Low singing bird voices,—
These are his choirs.
The violets are deacons,
I know by the sign
That the cups which they carry
Are purple with wine.
And the columbines bravely
As sentinels stand
On the look-out with all their
Red trumpets in hand.

Meek-faced anemones,
Drooping and sad;
Great yellow violets,
Smiling out glad;
Buttercups' faces,
Beaming and bright;
Clovers, with bonnets,—
Some red and some white;
Daisies, their white fingers
Half-clasped in prayer;
Dandelions, proud of
The gold of their hair;
Innocents, children,
Guileless and frail,
Meek little faces
Upturned and pale;
Wild-wood geraniums,
All in their best,
Languidly leaning
In purple gauze dressed:—
All are assembled
This sweet Sabbath-day
To hear what the priest
In his pulpit will say.

Look! white Indian pipes
  On the green mosses lie!
Who has been smoking
  Profanely so nigh?
Rebuked by the preacher
  The mischief is stopped,
But the sinners, in haste,
  Have their little pipes dropped.
Let the wind, with the fragrance
  Of fern and black birch,
Blow the smell of the smoking
  Clean out of our church!

So much for the preacher:
  The sermon comes next,—
Shall we tell how he preached it,
  And where was his text?
Alas! like too many
  Grown-up folks who play
At worship in churches
  Man-builded to-day,—
We heard not the preacher
  Expound or discuss;
But we looked at the people,
  And they looked at us.
We saw all their dresses,
  Their colors and shapes;
The trim of their bonnets,
  The cut of their capes.
We heard the wind-organ,
  The bee, and the bird,
But of Jack in the Pulpit
  We heard not a word!

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn't take your nest away,
Not I," said the cow, "moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree, to-day?"

Said the Turtle Dove: "Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too.
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?"

"Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, anyhow!
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I," said the dog, "bow-wow!
I'm not so mean, anyhow."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree, to-day?"

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?"

"Not I," said the sheep; "oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa! Baa!" said the sheep, "oh, no,
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree, to-day?"

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From little yellow-breast?"

"Caw! Caw!" cried the crow;
"I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest, to-day?"

"Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen;
"Don't ask me again;
Why, I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.
We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again."

"Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!
All the birds make a stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry 'For shame!'"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green;
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

"It is very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal;
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?"

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed,
For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast,
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.

THE NEW MOON

BY ELIZA L. C. FOLLEN

Dear mother, how pretty
The moon looks to-night!
She was never so lovely before;
Her two little horns
Are so sharp and so bright,
I hope she'll not grow any more.

If I were up there
With you and my friends,
I'd rock in it nicely, you'd see;
I'd sit in the middle
And hold by both ends;
Oh, what a bright cradle 'twould be!

I would call to the stars
To keep out of the way,
Lest we should rock over their toes;
And there I would rock
Till the dawn of the day,
And see where the pretty moon goes.

And there we would stay
In the beautiful skies,
And through the bright clouds we would roam;
We would see the sun set,
And see the sun rise,
And on the next rainbow come home.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE ROSE

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

The lily has an air,
And the snowdrop a grace,
And the sweet-pea a way,
And the heart's-ease a face;
Yet there's nothing like the rose,
When she blows.

DEWDROPS

BY MARY FRANCES BUTTS

A million little diamonds
Sparkled on the trees;
And all the little maidens cried:
"Give me a diamond, please!"

But while they held their hands out far,
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came,
And stole them all away.

THE CHILD AND THE STAR

BY M. L. ELLIOTT

Little star that shines so bright,
Come and peep at me to-night,
For I often watch for you
In the pretty sky so blue.
Little star! Oh, tell me, pray,
Where you hide yourself all day?
Have you got a home like me,
And a father kind to see?

"Little Child! at you I peep
When you lie so fast asleep;
But when morn begins to break,
I my homeward journey take.
For I've many friends on high,
Living with me in the sky;
And a loving Father, too,
Who commands what I'm to do."

A Summer Snow Storm

BY E. S. T.

It 's snowing hard as it can snow—
  The ground is almost white,
And all our pretty orchard grass
  Is hidden out of sight.
The wind is blowing from the south,
  And coming good and strong,
You 'd never think a southern wind
  Would bring the snow along!
The sun is shining warm and bright—
  The flowers bloom in throngs—
The birds are flying to and fro,
  And singing happy songs.
And if upon their feathers soft
  The snowy flakes should fall,
They shake them off and sing some more,
  And never mind at all!
The flowers, too, don't care a bit,
  It only makes them grow—
Because, you see, this summer storm
  Is *apple-blossom snow!*

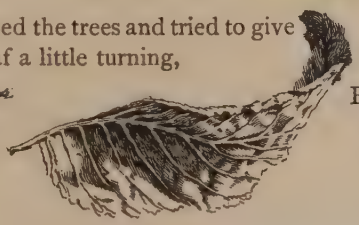
The Elves' Busy Work.

By A. S. Webber

'T is said elves thought a lack of time
Could be the only reason
The autumn leaves were not all curled
Before the Jack Frost season.

And so all felt that duty called
To them to help the bending,
And get each leaf in autumn shape
Before to earth descending.

They climbed the trees and tried to give
Each leaf a little turning,

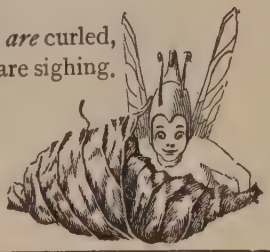


But many, many floated down
While they their task were learning.

Then back they 'd climb and work at what
They thought to be their duty,
Until no leaf remained uncurled,
And autumn lost its beauty.

They worked so fast and recklessly
That every other minute
Down came a leaf, toboggan-shaped—
A merry elf within it.

I know not if this *all* be true;
To see the elves I 'm trying.
The leaves float down, and some *are* curled,
While autumn winds are sighing.



HOW THEY SLEEP

Some things go to sleep in such a funny way:
Little birds stand on one leg and tuck their heads
away.

Chickens do the same, standing on their perch;
Little mice lie soft and still as if they were in
church.

Kittens curl up close in such a funny ball;
Horses hang their sleepy heads and stand still
in a stall.

Sometimes dogs stretch out, or curl up in a heap;
Cows lie down upon their sides when they would
go to sleep.

But little babies dear are snugly tucked in beds,
Warm with blankets, all so soft, and pillows for
their heads.

Bird and beast and babe—I wonder which of all
Dreams the dearest dreams that down from
dreamland fall?

THE SNOW-BIRD'S SONG

BY F. C. WOODWORTH

The ground was all covered with snow one day,
And two little sisters were busy at play,
When a snow-bird was sitting close by on a tree,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-dee,
Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-dee.

He had not been singing that tune very long
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was his song;
"Oh, sister, look out of the window," said she;
"Here's a dear little bird singing chick-a-de-dee,
Chick-a-de-dee," etc.

"Oh, mother, do get him some stockings and
shoes,
And a nice little frock, and a hat, if he choose;
I wish he'd come into the parlor and see
How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-de-
dee,
Chick-a-de-dee," etc.

"There is One, my dear child, though I cannot
tell who,
Has clothed me already, and warm enough too.
Good-morning! Oh, who are as happy as we?"
And away he went singing his chick-a-de-dee.
Chick-a-de-dee, etc.

"COME ON! LET'S PLAY"

LITTLE BLUE GOWN AND THE BUTTERFLY

In a dear little house with a little blue gate, at the foot of a grassy down, there lived a nice little girl, about eight: and they called her Little Blue Gown. For the only frock that she had to wear—and she had to make it do for week-days and Sundays, wet or fair—was a little old gown of blue. It was getting very ragged now, with the long while it had been worn; and she mended it as best she knew how; but still it looked rather forlorn. And she lived alone: there was nobody, only herself and her old, old cat, and sometimes she felt extremely lonely; but she said, "I must n't mind that!"

One day she heard a knock at the door, which startled and rather upset her, for nobody ever came. On the floor, she found a little blue letter. The letter said, "Dear little What 's-your-name (for it is n't Blue-Gown by right) I know how good you are: for I came and watched you, morning and night. And I 've got a beautiful frock for you, with a sash to tie behind it— a lovely dress, all nice and new: but you 've got to go and find it. And whatever happens don't lose heart, however things may look black, and I promise I 'll help you, for my part, and bring you happily back. Follow my small blue messenger-boy, whenever he can be seen, and he 'll show you how. And I wish you joy! Yours ever, *The Fairy Queen.*"

Oh! how delighted was Little Blue Gown, when she finished this charming letter. She clapped her hands and danced up and down. There could n't be anything better. And she washed her little plate and cup, and tidied her little room, and brushed her little fireplace up, and swept the step with a broom— and out she ran and gazed around. No Messenger could she spy. But on the flowers at the gate she found a small blue butterfly.

So she walked just straight through the garden gate: she did n't know where to go; but she thought, "I 'll go on, at any rate—I shall find him soon, I know." And she went right on and along-along, until she came to the mill. And on the steps, very big and strong, was the miller's boy, named Will. She asked him, "Have you happened to see a Fairy Messenger pass? He 's got a pretty new frock for me."

But Will said, "Silly lass! Here 's a frock, I hope it will suit!" and he threw down a floury sack. She was covered with flour from head to foot, and flour all over her back. And Will burst into a loud guffaw, and jeered with all his might. "A pretty new frock as ever I saw!" he said, "it 'll never come right!"

And Little Blue Gown went sadly away. There was nobody near to guide her. And she never noticed the Butterfly gay, although it was close beside her.

And she went right on and along-along, till she came to the house of the sweep; and the sweep's boy Mark, who was big and strong, came to the window to peep.

And she said, "Have you seen a Fairy, in blue, go past a short time back?" But he cried, "Here 's a fine new frock for you!" and threw down a sooty sack. She was all over black from head to foot, and she tried to shake it off: and Mark said, "How do you like the soot?" and began to jeer and scoff. And she went away, and she tried to smile, but it took some time to recover. And she never noticed, all the while, the Butterfly close above her.

And she went straight on, and along-along, and so in the end she came to Four-Winds-Cross-Roads. She thought she was wrong, but no, that was really the name. And Little Blue Gown sat down and cried, because she did n't quite know which of the Four-Winds-Cross-Roads was the real right road to go. Down the North Road, blue speedwell grew, and bluebells along the East, and in the South Road, blue succory. But

in the West, nothing—at least, there was only a little tiny brook, Blue Gown could see herself in it. Oh! how very bad she did look! she nearly cried for a minute: she was speckled with soot, and mottled with flour, and covered with wayside dust. She said, "I will stay here for half an hour, for I must get clean—I *must!* What would she say, the Fairy Queen, if she saw me all over grime!" And she took off her frock, and washed it clean; it took a very long time. And she hung it up in a sunny place, on a beautiful leafy bough; and she washed her hands, and washed her face, and said, "I feel better now!"

She had thought, on the West Road, no flowers grew, but now she saw quite a lot; along the brook there were masses of blue, it was all forget-me-not! And down among the forget-me-nots there, flitting now low, now high, just as blue as the blossoms were, was a little blue butterfly.

She was just putting on her frock again, when she saw a boy close to, he was really a gypsy boy named Ben, in a ragged old coat of blue. She cried, "O, are you the messenger, please, that was sent from the Fairy Queen?" He called to her, between the trees, "I don't know what you mean. I 'm trying to catch this butterfly, and it 's led me such a chase!" And he followed it, with his ragged old hat, running all over the place. He caught it, and would have killed it, too, but Blue Gown cried, "O, what a pity! Oh, please don't hurt it! Give it me, do! It is so small and so pretty!"

"Give me your little blue necklace," he said, "and I 'll set the butterfly free, or you can have it yourself instead—it 's not much good to me."

Now, these blue beads were the only treasure Blue Gown had ever had. But she said, "I 'll give my necklace with pleasure," though it made her rather sad. And she pulled it off, and the gypsy lad went away, and said, "This is grand!" But Little Blue Gown, feeling very glad, took the butterfly in her hand.

And at once it rose up bigger and bigger, and said to her, "Mount and ride! I am the Fairy Messenger—I 've been all the time at your side!" So she rode on his back, away and away, over hill and field and dale. They went so high and they went so fast, it made her feel rather pale. And she held on tight, and she shut her eyes, for fear that she might drop— and she opened them in great surprise, when at last they came to a stop. For there they were at her own little door. Had the messenger made a mistake? But, no. He said, "You 're at home once more!" as he gave his wings a shake.

And Blue Gown went in: and her poor little room was full of the prettiest things— chairs and carpets and curtains, as blue as the Fairy Messenger's wings. Blue plates and cups, blue flowers in pots, blue tiles and walls were there— a bed as blue as forget-me-nots—and, hanging on a chair, the very loveliest frock of blue that ever yet was seen.

The Butterfly said, "They 're all for you, they 're sent by the Fairy Queen." Little Blue Gown looked up—and now, she *was* surprised at him! He had changed into a Fairy Boy, ever so pretty and slim. And he said, "I hope you 're really pleased with the things that you have found!" And both her hands in his he seized, and merrily danced around.

So Little Blue Gown will never, I think, be lonely any more. She has fairy food to eat and drink, and fairy flowers at her door. The Butterfly Boy, he comes and brings her presents, as nice as can be: and he sometimes gives her rides on his wings; and he always stops to tea.

THE YELLOW JAR

Long ago, in the land of Japan, where the paper umbrellas are made, lived Nikotuchi, a fisherman. He went out each day to his trade, from his little white and yellow house beside a laburnum-tree, on the river that flowed through iris-beds, down to the sparkling sea.

One day he saw a curious thing on the water. He watched it float, and he followed it, and managed to bring it safely into his boat. It was an enormous Yellow Jar, immensely heavy. "How funny!" said Nikotuchi in great surprise, "no doubt it is full of money." And he got it home, and put in his hand to take out the treasure—but, O no! he saw instead a beautiful lady in a yellow silken kimono. She seemed asleep. He lifted her out, and laid her down on a mat. But as for the Yellow Jar, he lost no time in hiding that. Soon the lady opened her eyes, and was terrified when she found she was there in the fisherman's cottage. She cried with a pitiful sound, and said, "O, shut up my jar again! O, put me back in the water." "Who may you be?" he asked her then. She told him I am the daughter of the Deep Sea King, a fairy King, and I have been traveling far, and I just was going home again in my beautiful Yellow Jar. Where

is my jar? How did I get here?" exclaimed O Haru San— for that was her name. "You are far from home: you are in the land of Japan," said Nikotuchi, "and as it seems you have lost your jar at sea, had n't you better be my bride, and live here along with me? I will make you very happy." The lady, with tearful voice, said, "Very well, I will then"—for indeed she had got no choice. "But," she added, "I will only stay if you 'll promise me that you 'll never speak crossly to me. For if you do, I shall leave you at once forever." They were married then, but O Haru San never one moment thought he had taken her out of the jar—she supposed she must have been brought to the fisherman's house by magic. Nor did she guess that he had buried the precious Yellow Jar beneath the laburnum-tree.

One day she went to set lily-roots there, when Nikotuchi came, and when he saw what she was doing, he was cross, and began to blame. "Have n't I told you," he said, "that tree was a thing you were never to touch?" and he pushed her away with angry words.

This grieved her very much. He had broken his word, and spoken crossly—so now she would have to go. "But there 's something beneath the laburnum-tree, or why does he guard it so?" she said to herself. And when he was gone, she watched him ever so far, and then she dug beneath the tree, and there was the Yellow Jar. And she saw how she had been tricked, and this distressed her sadly, for she really was fond of Nikotuchi, though he had behaved so badly. She lugged out the Yellow Jar, and she rolled it down to the shore, got in, and said some magic words; and the lid shut down as before. And the jar went floating off, and she thought it was going to bring her safely home to the palace of her father, the Deep Sea King. But a fearful storm came on, and the jar was nearly sunk. After beating about for several hours, it was caught by a Chinese junk.

That evening, when Nikotuchi came home, the house was empty and gray. There was n't a trace of O Haru San, but a little letter that lay tied to her fan upon the floor, a little letter to say:

"Seek me near or seek me far,
Seek me under sun or star,
You shall never find me, never,
Till you find the Yellow Jar."

So he set out at once to find her. He wandered all over Japan for a year and a day; but he could n't see a sign of O Haru San. And he wandered all over India for a year and a day: no good. He never heard a word of her. And he wandered all over China: and at last he came to a stop by a Yellow Jar in the window of an old curiosity shop. But it was n't a bit the same as his when he had looked at it twice. The shopman said, "I 'd a Yellow Jar five times as big and as nice, but the Yellow Mandarin has bought it who lives in the castle there; and I hear that he is treating it with the very greatest care. It is sealed with wax, and wrapped in silk, and set among flowers, they say, on a table of gold and ivory, and he talks to it every day."

"Where does he live?" asked Nikotuchi. The shopman told him; and soon he was standing outside the castle, by the light of the yellow moon, and climbing up a yellow rose-tree to a window, where he looked in. And there, at a gold and ivory table, the Yellow Mandarin had taken off the seal of the jar, and the silk that wrapped it about, and there was the beautiful little head of O Haru San looking out. He said to her, "Lovely lady, say, will you be my bride?" "No, no, no," said O Haru San. The Mandarin replied, "Then I shall shut you up again till you answer yes." And he did. And this had happened every night for a twelvemonth. Then the lid was sealed fast on with yellow wax, and the Mandarin went to sleep on some yellow silken cushions all piled up in a heap. But he hid beneath the cushions a candle he always kept with which he had melted the yellow wax.

And while he soundly slept, a sad little singing came from the jar—O Haru San, in despair, calling on Nikotuchi, though she did n't know he was there.

"Seek me near or seek me far,
Seek me under sun or star,
You shall never find me, never,
Till you find the Yellow Jar."

Then Nikotuchi got through the window, and whispered, "Listen to me; here I am, O Haru San, how shall I set you free?" She said, "You can't unless you melt the wax on the seal before and behind— it needs a magic candle-flame, and that you will have to find." So he searched all over the room, while the Mandarin snored like two, but he could n't find the candle, and he said, "What shall I do?"

Then three little mice came out of a hole. "When we used to live in your house, O Haru San was good to us," said the biggest and eldest mouse. "She fed us well with bits of cheese, and we 've followed her, as you see, and now we 're going to help her." So they crept about, all three, under the Mandarin's cushions, and pres-

ently, soft and still, they brought the yellow candle. "Say 'Show a light,' and it will," they said to Nikotuchi. So he told it "Show a light," and it lighted up with a yellow flame, exceedingly clear and bright. And he held it to the seal, and the wax ran down in a stream, and O Haru San came out of the jar, as beautiful as a dream.

Then they walked right out of the castle, and the doors flew open wide, and they took the yellow candle, and the three little mice beside. And the candle lighted them all the way home, and they did n't mind how far it was, now they had found each other.

But as for the Yellow Jar it was left behind on the table. And when the Mandarin woke, it made him so angry to find it empty, that in his fury he broke it.

THE VIOLET IN THE VALLEY

THERE was once a girl named Violet, who lived by herself alone in a cottage down in a valley. She 'd a garden, all of her own; a large old-fashioned garden, with a sun-dial and a pond. And there she grew all sorts of flowers, of which she was ever so fond. Purple flowers of every kind, each at its time, you know—crocuses and hyacinths, all in a lovely row, pansies, irises, larkspurs, clematis, and sweet peas, asters, Michaelmas daisies—beautiful things like these.

But chiefly she grew violets—purply, pinky, and white, mauve ones, single and double: her violets were a sight! And once a week she went to sell her flowers at the market-town, and there she bought herself some fruit, and a little white bread and brown. For Violet was extremely poor.

One day she opened out all her basket-full of flowers upon her nice little market-stall, when a curious-looking woman came up and said, "I need all your flowers for some one who 's in very great trouble indeed."

"Oh, certainly!" said Violet. But the stranger went on to say, "I cannot give you money for them—I have none in the world to pay."

"I 'll *give* you a few," said Violet. The stranger said, "All or none!" Violet looked at her in amaze: but, no, she was n't in fun; she meant what she said. Then Violet stared at the lovely purples and blues, and thought, "How *can* I spare them?" and then, "How can I refuse?" And at last she said, "Here, take them all!"

The woman said, "Thanks: you 're kind. And this is all I have to give: but it 's worth the having, you 'll find." She gave her a little white cake, and went off. And Violet then could see the stranger was *just like a wooden doll*—as like as like could be!

She now had nothing left to sell, nor money with which to take any supper back: so she went straight home, and ate her little white cake.

Afterward, in the cool of the evening, she went to spend some hours, as she always did, in the garden. And she heard the voices of flowers, dear little tiny voices, chattering all around: she never had heard before such a soft and musical sound. She could n't quite tell what their language meant: but it all was remarkably sweet. "There must have been some magic," she thought, "in that cake I had to eat."

Next morning she gathered a lot more flowers, and was packing them ready to go, when she heard an odd little knock at the door. It was some one she did n't know, a curious, stiff-looking soldier. He said to her, "I need all your flowers for some one who 's in very great trouble indeed."

"Very well," replied Violet, "I have gathered, you see, a great many." "I cannot pay for them, though," said the soldier, "no, not a single penny."

Then poor Violet's heart sank: and she said, "Will half of them do?" "All or none," said the soldier.

And Violet thought, "It 's true, I shall certainly starve if this sort of thing is to happen every day, and instead of selling my precious flowers, I have to give them away. But I can't refuse them to folks in trouble—so he can take them." And she gave him all the flowers, and said, "Carry them gently—don't break them."

The soldier stiffly saluted. "I wish I 'd some money," he said, "but this little bottle 's worth having: I 'll offer you this instead." He handed her a very small bottle of milk, and marched away.

Violet went to her garden, and worked very hard all day. At supper-time she drank the milk: then she took a last look round, before she went to bed.

And what do you think she found? All the flowers had got fairies in them, dear little tiny things, with delicate smiling faces, and silvery gauzy wings. They talked and laughed, and

"O HARU SAN CAME OUT OF THE JAR AS BEAUTIFUL AS A DREAM"

presently came out and danced up and down, the charmingest creatures, every one in a purple scarf or gown. And Violet could hear what they said, and understand it, too.

Then a dove fluttered down on her shoulder, and crooned in her ear, "Coo! coo!" It *sounded* like that; but she knew what it meant. It really said, "I need all your flowers for some one who 's in very great trouble indeed." "Oh! but I *can't* give *all*," said Violet, "that can never be done. Will you choose the ones you like the best?" The dove said, "All or none."

Then a sweet little flower-fairy, all a-sparkle with dew, leaned from an iris and whispered softly, "Say she must take you, too!"

So Violet said, "My flowers shall go—if I go with them." "I see," said the dove. "Well, round my neck you 'll find a little gold key. Take that off, and follow me." Then all the fairies passed, each of them carrying a flower, in procession, till the last had disappeared through the garden gate: and Violet followed behind, up the hill and down the dale—"It takes a long while to find this person who 's in need of flowers," Violet thought as they went. Darker and darker still it grew: the light was nearly spent: she could only just see the white dove's wings, as it fluttered on ahead. But suddenly they turned a corner—"We 're here!" the white dove said.

And there was a beautiful Doll's House, as big as a real house, quite, with real smoke from the chimneys, and the windows full of light. Wooden soldiers stood sentry outside, there were wooden-horse stables as well. Violet went straight up to the door: there was neither knocker nor bell. But she turned the golden key in the lock, and the door flew wide: she was able to go right in, with all the flowers. The dove flew up on the gable.

A lot of Dutch dolls, as large as life—the servants, they seemed to be— ushered her into the finest room one could ever possibly see. And among a lot of purple flowers, on a silken sofa there, lay a handsome china-headed doll, with curly flaxen hair. "This is the Prince," the Dutch dolls said. "You see he 's extremely ill. Give him *all* your flowers, give him all or none—it 's the one chance left for him still."

The fairies had laid the flowers at the door in a wonderful purple heap. She gathered them up, and said to the Prince, who lay in a restless sleep, "Here they all are, I have n't one left. I 'd give you more if I could. Take them, take them, every one: and I hope they 'll do you good!" And she piled them up beside him; and he looked so ill and queer, she stooped and kissed his forehead, and whispered gently, "Poor dear!"

Then a clap of thunder came—and the Doll's House seemed to rise, and rock and roll about in the air; and Violet shut her eyes. But when she opened them again, next minute—lo and behold! the House had turned to a splendid palace, all of marble and gold. And the dolls were lords and ladies—and the soldiers had come alive: and scores of guests from far and near were beginning to arrive. And the Prince stood up before her, quite well and merry and gay, and said, "Your kindness has broken the magic spell under which I lay. Thank you, my dear, oh, thank you! and now, we 'll be married: yes, right away!"

So Violet lives with the Prince in the Palace: but, every day, she goes back to the valley garden, where the flowers have sprung up new, to play with the purple fairies. I wish we could see her—don't you?

RAGGED ROBIN

THERE was once a little beggar-boy, Ragged Robin was his name. He was dressed in ragged old pink silk clothes: he 'd worn them just the same, so long that he could n't remember how he got them at the first. He had got no home, no money at all; and (which was much the worst), he had nobody that he knew of in the whole wide world to love him. He just lived out of doors, with the sky for a roof above him. One day he lay half asleep on a bank, and he saw the wild roses, it seemed, all turning into fairies. Ragged Robin supposed he dreamed. And the foxglove bells came down, and they turned to fairies, too, and hand in hand they crept, very softly as fairies do, round poor little Ragged Robin. Then, out of a foxglove tall, came the King of the Foxglove Fairies, very dapper and small, and he said to the Wild-Rose Fairy Queen—who was ever so tiny, too, "Look at this poor little fellow! Is n't it time he knew?" "Knew what?" she asked. "Where his mother is," the Foxglove King replied.

"He never could find her," said the Queen, "no matter how long he tried. She 'll have to come and look for him. And then she never will know Ragged Robin, if she meets with him; because

THE WILD ROSE FAIRY QUEEN TICKLED RAGGED ROBIN WITH A GRASS BLADE ON THE EAR

he has altered so." "He 's a little human boy," said the King, "all he wants is a little love."

"Well, I can love him," answered the Queen; and she gave the King a shove, and went and tickled Ragged Robin with a grass-blade on the ear. "My pretty boy," she whispered, "awake, my pretty dear, and watch our dancing." But Ragged Robin had often seen the Fairies dance before. You do if you live in woods. And he shut his eyes once more. "I shall make him small," said the Wild-Rose Queen, "then he will join our sport."

"You are selfish," said the Foxglove King, "you 'll do nothing of the sort. I shall fetch his mother to find him." "Then I shall change him, you 'll see," said the Queen, "into something so ugly, she won't know who it can be." . . .

The Queen of Roseland, the human one, sat sadly on her throne. Nothing gave her pleasure; she felt forlorn and alone. For her baby boy had been stolen, her dear little charming Prince, years ago, from his cradle; and she never had seen him since.

One day there came a queer little man, in a pinky-purple suit. He was very like a foxglove flower, without the stalk and root. He dropped on his knee. "Madam," said he, "I can tell you where to find, what most you want in all the world—your son."

"How very kind!" exclaimed the Queen, "What reward would you like? just say and I 'll have it packed."

"None at all," said the little man, "because as a matter of fact, I 'm doing this to spite some one else, not out of kindness to you."

"But tell me, where is he?" the Queen implored, "O take me to him, do!"

"Gently, gently!" he said. "It 'll have to take its time, you see. To begin with, for a while you must be as poor as poor can be." "I don't mind that a bit," said the Queen. So they made a plan between them, and that night they stole away in secret—not one creature had seen them.

The little man took her by winding ways through mossy, wooded ground, till they came to a little cottage with wild roses all around. it had a little garden, arranged in old-fashioned order, with pink pinks and big sea-shells in a row along the border. Inside, the cottage was poor and plain, with poor and simple fare on the table; and a spinning-wheel and a heap of tow was there. The little man said, "You must sit and spin all day and every day; and at sunset you must go and listen to what the sea-shells say. Then you 'll know what you want to know; and you 'll be able to use it. But if any one comes to ask for kindness, I warn you, don't refuse it."

So the Queen sat spinning all day long, until she began to feel all over aches, for she never before had worked at a spinning-wheel. When evening came, she went straight out in the rosy sunset glow, to the pink pinks and the big sea-shells, all in a lovely row. And she listened to a sea-shell—but all that she could hear was a "M-m-m" like the spinning-wheel, a humming in her ear. So she put it down disappointed. Then a poor little sparrow came limping about her feet: it seemed hungry and ill and lame.

She thought, "It is asking for kindness," so tired as she was, she went, and fetched some crumbs and water: and it fed to its heart's content. It gave her such a grateful look, she could almost hear it say what sounded like, "Thank you, Mother!" before it fluttered away.

Next day she spun even harder, and she had to scrub, and clean, and brush, and dust the cottage: unusual work for a Queen. But when she got out in the garden, and picked up a shell, she heard it saying quite distinctly, "He 's com-m-m-ming!" This word made her full of delight. And then she saw a poor little ugly toad, it was hurt and ill and hungry, as very plainly it showed. "Another wanting kindness!" the Queen with pity said; and she fetched the poor little creature a little milk and bread. And it gave her such a grateful look—she could almost hear it say what sounded like "Thank you, Mother!" before it hopped away.

The third day, beside the spinning, there was lots of wood to chop, bread to make, potatoes to dig—the Queen was ready to drop, when she came to the garden at sunset—too weary almost to stand. But what was the sea-shell humming, as she held it up in her hand? "He 's com-m-me!" The garden gate clicked; the Queen turned round with joy. And there was a wretched, ugly, dirty, ragged beggar-boy. He said, "Will you give me a bit of bread? or else I don't know how I can go any further." "Poor child," she thought, "my boy must be that age now." And she took him up in her arms, and he laid his head on her breast, while she fed him with milk and bread, her poor little limping guest. "It 's love he wants, as well as kindness," she thought. But, O, how strange; as she nursed him on her knee there, his face began to change. All clean and sweet and charming. He smiled—and she stooped down to him. And he said—as she looked in his clear brown eyes—*"Mother!"* and then she knew him.

And all the sea-shells out in the garden

hummed a fairy tune; and the scent of the pink pinks came in, with all the sweetness of June. And the Foxglove Fairies and Wildrose Fairies, eagerly waiting to see what would happen, danced about and nearly shrieked for glee. For though they had squabbled among themselves in the sharp little way they had, they were really good-hearted: they liked to see other folks happy and glad.

Then the Queen's lords and ladies and soldiers began to approach in search of her: and she and her boy went away in a golden coach. And the little cottage vanished. Nothing was left to be seen, except the pile of linen thread that had been spun by the Queen. And that had turned to hundreds and thousands of roses, I don't know how, but there they are growing and blowing, if you like to look for them now.

THE LITTLE GREEN WOODMAN

They were feeling very sad indeed, were good little Tony and Jill, because their father never got better, but always went on being ill. For more than a year he had lain in bed; and the doctor could find no cure. Nearly all their money was spent in physic: so now they were dreadfully poor. The children lighted Father's fire, each day, all warm and nice; he did n't know they had none down-stairs, but were shivering cold as ice. And they took him trays of the very best food that they could contrive to buy; but they had only potatoes themselves, or bits of crust, all dry.

One day when he was fast asleep, they said, "We 'll go and call at the cottage in the fir-wood, on the Wisest-Woman-of-All." And so they did. "What do you want?" she said. She looked kind and nice.

Jill said, "We 've brought some honeycomb; will you sell us some good advice? We want to make our father well—oh, help us if you can!" "Keep your honeycomb, child," said she, "and I will think of a plan." And she opened a book with great big clasps, and mumbled a sort of verse, and thought a lot; and then she said, "Your father will only get worse, unless you can find the Little Green Woodman. He it is that knows, only he, and nobody else, where the Herb-of-Healing grows."

"And how shall we find him?" Tony asked. "Is he very, very small?" "I have n't got the least idea," said the Wisest-Woman-of-All.

So the children turned sadly homeward; it was clear they had got no good. But they heard the funniest little noise, as they went along through the wood. Chip-chop, chip-chop, whatever on earth could it be? And they crept forward softly on tiptoe, and peered round an ivied tree.

And there they saw a queer little man, who sat with a gloomy air on a mossy log. A bundle of fir-boughs lay beside him there, and a little axe and bill-hook. He sighed—such long hard sighs— and rubbed his wrinkly forehead, and rubbed his blinky eyes.

Then Jill came timidly forward, and said, "O sir, I guess you are in trouble. Can we help? It 's sad to be in distress."

The little man gave a violent jump, and said, bending nearly double, as he drearily rocked himself to and fro—"Trouble? a peck of trouble. All day long I am chopping sticks, and yet I can't earn a penny. The wood-folk say they 're much too green. No one will purchase any. And my axe will only cut green stuff: it 's the only axe I can get. And I 've chopped green sticks my whole life long, and I 've never sold one yet!"

"Here 's a piece of honeycomb," said Tony, holding it out. "Will you sell a bundle of sticks for that?" The little man gave a shout, and turned a somersault head over heels, just out of sheer delight.

"O, you dear, good children," he said, "now you 've put everything right! In future my axe will chop what I choose—because you 've broken the spell, and bought the only bundle I 've ever been able to sell. What *can* I do to thank you?" So they told him about their father, and said, "Can you help?"

The Little Green Woodman nodded and answered, "Rather! You plant these sticks in your garden: they 'll grow, as you will see; and when the leaves are out, we 'll make the Herb-of-Healing tea. But you must watch them carefully; for every night without fail will come the great Green Caterpillar, the Green Moth, and Green Snail."

There were twelve sticks altogether: the children planted them deep, and they grew into little trees, and soon green leaves began to peep. And Tony and Jill watched carefully; but all in vain had they toiled, for when they looked one morning—Oh dear, there were three trees spoiled! One with the leaves all eaten, one with the stem gnawed through, and one tree

lying on the ground, completely broken in two.

So Tony said, "To-night I 'll stay awake and guard the trees." And he sat on the step with a lantern, and a stick between his knees.

But the night was a warm spring night; and before you could count ten he fell asleep, and when he woke there were three trees spoiled again. One with the leaves all eaten, one with the stem gnawed through, and one tree lying on the ground, completely broken in two.

"I'll keep watch to-night," said Jill. And she stayed inside the room, and stood by the open window, armed with a great big broom. But she grew so very sleepy—and she woke with a start—and then, behold, it was late in the morning; and three trees were spoiled again.

And now there were only three trees left; and the children were much distressed: for their father was worse than ever, and his pain would give him no rest. So they went away to the fir-wood, and searched for the Little Green Man. At last they found him, sitting over a little fire in a pan. He said, "Good morning! How are you? I 'm getting on very well! The wood-folk buy as many fagots as ever I like to sell!" But when they told him about the trees, he was sorry, and said, "To-night, I will watch those trees: if we lose them now, your father will never get right." So, late that night, he knocked at the door, and said, "I make it a rule always to *sit* instead of stand!" And they gave him a three-legged stool.

And he sat himself down to keep a guard on the three remaining trees, holding his peaky chin in his hand, with his axe upon his knees.

And the children listened and listened: and when midnight came, they heard a curious sort of rustling. They said, "Can it be a bird?" And they looked, and there was a Caterpillar, the biggest ever was seen, by one of the trees, and he struck at it, the good little man in green. Then there came a rattling, like the sound of a scaly tail, and the little man was attacked from behind by a monstrous great Green Snail.

Then there came a swishing, and a great Green Moth had spread its spotted wings and was beating hard at the Little Woodman's head. And he laid about him bravely, but he was n't a match for three. So Jill and Tony rushed to the rescue, quick as quick could be, armed with the stick and the broom, and after a very short fight, the three big enemies, badly hurt, fled away out of sight. "Quick! quick! said the Little Woodman. And he stripped the leaves from each tree, and asked for a boiling kettle, and made Herb-of-Healing tea, and said, "Take this to your father." So they took him some in a cup, and he felt a hundred times better, the minute he 'd drunk it up.

But the Little Green Woodman rubbed his hands, and smiled with pleasure, and said, "Those were the three bad illnesses that kept your father in bed. Now they are driven away; they will never come back. And *I* shall never come back again, either—so I wish you good luck and good-by!" And he bowed, and shouldered his axe—and waved his hand and was gone.

But Tony and Jill and their father lived happy from that time on. And they bottled the Herb-of-Healing tea—it 's just as good old as new. If you should be ill, they 'd be quite delighted to pour out a cup for you!

THE GOLDEN ORANGE-TREE

THERE was once a King who knew the language of birds and beasts and fairies, he was so wise. He was out one day, feeding his tame canaries, when he saw a curious yellow bird hovering to and fro, hunting for something on the ground: it could n't find it, though. The old King hid behind a tree, and listened: and then he heard the canaries asking "What have you lost?" "Orange pip," said the bird, "a very precious orange pip, somewhere beside this fount. Where can it be? I must n't lose that pip on any account."

The King rushed out and said "Shoo! shoo!" for that minute he had seen an orange pip under the fountain's brim, where the Yellow Bird had been. And the bird flew away; and the King picked up the pip. That very night, he sowed it in a lonely place, when nobody was in sight.

Next day it showed a little green shoot: in fact, it grew so fast, it was quite as big as an apple-tree, before a month was past. First it had leaves and blossoms: then, marvelous to behold, it was covered with great oranges of the purest yellow gold.

The King had a high hedge put all round, and inside that, a wall. No one except the King himself might touch the tree at all. And every day he counted the fruit: in fact, he became a miser, and quite forgot about everything else, and left off growing wiser. So when an enemy came one day, with soldiers on foot and horse,

THE GOLDEN ORANGE TREE SAILED AWAY TO FAIRYLAND

the King was not ready; so he and his people all got killed, of course. And the city fell into ruins, for no one was left to mind it: and the hedge grew higher every year, but nobody came to find it.

There lived in the ruined city a little boy called Piers. His Father and Mother were dead; he had lived for three or four years with a very cross old woman, with a yellow frilly cap. She made him hunt all day for food, searching in every street, and he brought her things, but she never gave him nearly enough to eat. And one dark night, because he said he could n't find any more, she beat poor Piers and turned him out; and he slept by a broken door.

But in his sleep there came the sweetest scent, like orange-bloom, and a rustle of silk and a whisper; and he woke up in the gloom, and there was the loveliest fairy lady stooping over him there, all white and gold, with orange-bloom in her golden misty hair.

"Come along, little Piers, with me, to my golden home!" she said. And he asked her shyly, "Who *are* you?" And she nodded her beautiful head, saying, "I am the Orange-Tree-Lady!" And she gave him the softest touch, when tap-tap-tap, he heard the sound of the cross old woman's crutch. The old woman limped up and hit him—the Lady vanished away, and the old woman said, "You lazy-bones! get up!"

So all that day poor Piers went poking round and round each street, searching from cellars to attics for something fit to eat. At last he went to the palace, where he 'd never dared go before. And he could n't find a scrap of food. He could n't look any more: he was much too tired. He threw himself on a big seat, large and deep, it really had been the old King's throne: and there he went to sleep.

And the lovely fairy-lady stood beside him all in a minute, saying, "Come, little Piers!" and she took his hand, and she slipped a something in it, something smooth, and round, and hard. A golden orange. Oh dear! just when he felt so happy, a tap-tap-tap came near. The wrinkly crabbed old woman came up: and was cross enough. She dragged him roughly out of the throne, and gave him a slap and a cuff, and the golden orange dropped out of his hand. She pounced on it like a hawk. "Where did you come upon this?" she asked. Piers did n't want to talk about the Orange-Tree-Lady, which she never would understand. And so he replied, rather timidly, "I found it in my hand."

The old woman said, "Why, that is one, as sure as sure can be, of the beautiful golden fruits that grow on the golden Orange-Tree. My husband helped to build the wall and plant the hedge to hide it. The old King had the key of the gate; and let no one go inside it. There must be oranges there enough to make me as rich as the King!" And she licked her lips, and said to Piers, "Look here, you must go and bring word to me where that orange-tree grows—or I 'll know the reason why. You shan't have another scrap more food, and then you will starve and die!"

Poor Piers went rummaging through the palace, he managed to creep and crawl up and down the turret stairs, and across the banqueting-hall. But as he groped his way along, he saw a light in the gloom, shining from under a door ajar. And there was a dear little room, a nice little room all white and gold, with a table laid for one, there was honey and butter upon it, and yellow saffron bun, and yellow cakes, and apricots, and beautiful yellow plums: and a little paper on which it said, "A present for Who-First-Comes!" "I suppose I 'm quite the first-comer," thought Piers; so he sat and began to eat, and felt much better at once: oh, were n't the cakes and honey a treat! When tap-tap-tap, he heard that hateful sound on the stairs, the old woman's crutch—and he jumped up alarmed, and ran, he hardly knew where. And he found himself out in the palace grounds, and wandered to and fro, through bushes and shrubs and tangled trees, where the garden used to grow. And at last he came to a high, high hedge of roses yellow and white, with a high, high gate. And he climbed the gate, and saw a wonderful sight.

A great big Orange-Tree, covered with oranges more than ever were told: and the Orange-tree-Lady sat in it, smiling and white and gold. She looked at him, and said, "Little Piers, this is my tree that I cherish. If you but pluck one single orange, I shall certainly perish!"

Then he saw the old woman behind him, coming up at a frantic rate, and she croaked to him, "Pluck the oranges! Boy, climb over the gate!"

"No, I can't!" said Piers. She said, "Look here, I just want a few. Bring me one orange, just to look at. Quick! or I 'll punish you!"

"No, I can't," said Piers. Then she took to wheedling, and promised him lots of food, and lovely clothes, and whatever he liked; but her coaxing was all no good.

So she lost her temper at last, and said "Bring me an orange, will you? You'd better make haste—it 's your one last chance—and if you don't, I 'll kill you."

And she raised her crutch. Piers shook his

head. She brought it down with a smash. ~ But it did n't touch him: it only fell on the gate, with a fearful crash. ~

For the Orange-Tree-Lady reached out her arms, and caught him right up there, ~ into the tree: and, roots and fruits, it rose and sailed through the air. ~ It sailed away to Fairyland, and has stayed there ever since: ~ and Piers, who is safe with the Orange-Tree-Lady, has turned to a fairy prince. ~

But the old woman turned to a sunflower, so old you 'd think it would snap: ~ a sunflower with a cross, dark face and a yellow frilly cap. ~ There she is and there she will stay: it 's the only reward for such ~ a cross old dame. And all the canaries come and hop on her crutch. ~

RED JACKET AND THE ROBINS

Little Red Jacket's true name was Jack. ~ But because of the coat that he wore on his back, ~ a warm little, soft little coat of red ~ he was mostly called Red Jacket instead. ~ He and his tiny brother Sam ~ were ever so fond of cake, and jam, ~ and sweets, and so was their sister Sue— ~ a trifle greedy, in fact—are you? ~

They 'd mince-pies at dinner—four between them— ~ one day. They gobbled—you should have seen them! ~ But when they 'd eaten one each, very fast, ~ Red Jacket grabbed and gobbled the last. ~ That was n't at all the way he 'd been taught. ~ And of course Nurse let him know what she thought. ~ She said he was very much to be blamed: ~ and by and by he felt rather ashamed. ~

And he said, "I 'll go for a walk in the wood; ~ it will make me feel better: I 've not been good." ~ And out he went: it was windy and rough, ~ but in the wood it was sheltered enough. ~ And he saw a Robin hopping along, ~ and chirped to it "Tweet! tweet!" like its song. ~ He said, "The nicest of all nice things, ~ is to be a dear little bird with wings. ~ I wish I could be a bird and fly!" ~

The Robin said, "Well, why don't you try? ~ I am perfectly sure I should much enjoy ~ being a dear little fat little boy. ~ Let 's change places: that will be best. ~ I 'll have your home, and you have my nest. ~ People won't notice we 've changed, I dare say, ~ if only we do it the proper way. ~ You come with me." So they went through the wood, ~ for a little way, till at last they stood ~ by a large red toadstool, high and flat. One laid a hand there, and one a claw, ~ and they said, "Hey presto!"—and then they saw — ~ very much sooner than they had reckoned— a most remarkable change, in one second. ~

This is what happened. The Robin became ~ a *very* small boy, exceedingly tame. ~ Red Jacket, with wings, though he could n't fly, ~ was a *very* large Robin, exceedingly shy. ~ But each of them kept, as they soon were to find, ~ what could n't be changed—his very own mind. ~

"Well, good-by, and good luck!" they both said. And they started ~ in different directions—extremely light-hearted. ~ The Robin (whose right name was Bob, by the way) went to Red Jacket's house. And he felt very gay ~ at being a boy. "I 'm the luckiest chap," ~ he said, "with such knickers, and muffler, and cap!" ~

He came to the big garden gate, and turned pale; ~ for he saw a black form and a waving black tail. ~ There was Red Jacket's pussy, old Tibby, inside, ~ coming out for a stroll. How he wished he could hide! ~ He clung to the gate, and she passed, in surprise, ~ and stared at him gravely, with startled green eyes. ~

Then he came to the door-step, and gave a glad shout— ~ for there were some beautiful bread-crumbs thrown out; ~ and there Sue and Sammy and Nursie all stood: ~ they were going to Red Jacket out in the wood. ~

They were very much startled: for it could be seen, ~ Red Jacket was smaller than he had been; ~ yes, *very* much smaller: they could n't make out ~ how such a change could have come about. ~ "What *are* you doing there?" Nursie said, ~ "down on the ground and bobbing your head!" ~

Meanwhile Red Jacket was doing his best ~ to squeeze himself into the Robin's nest, ~ which he came upon in a hole in a wall; ~ but of course he found it was much too small. ~ "I *must* have a nest of some sort!" said he: ~ and at last he spied a hole in a tree. ~ He tried to get in, but, how it did fright him! ~ an owl fluttered out and was going to bite him. ~ And a lot more Robins came chirping and tweeting, ~ and said to him, "Bob, what *have* you been eating?" ~

"Nothing since dinner!" he answered. They said, ~ "Then surely it 's time that you were fed." ~ And they searched about in the trees and shrubs, ~ and brought him some berries and insects and grubs. ~ He thought these horrid. "Have you got any rice?" ~ he asked, "or mutton, or anything nice?" ~

Then round the corner Tibby came walking, after a sparrow that she was stalking. The other Robins flew up on a twig, but when Red Jacket tried, he was much too big. He flapped and fluttered, and fell down flop, and hurt his back, so he had to stop. The Robins said, "You seem simply crazy. Why don't you sing? Are you getting lazy?"

So then Red Jacket began to sing, "Tweet, tweet, tweet," and that sort of thing: but the flies he had eaten made him cough. And it sounded so silly that he left off. He said, "I will sing some other day." "Lost his voice!" they cried in dismay.

At last he crept, in a hoppy flappy sort of way, feeling very unhappy, to a barn, and began to shiver and shake, and said, "I have made a great mistake!"

Meanwhile what had happened to Bob, the other? Nurse had taken him in to Mother. "He seems all shrunken and shriveled, poor dear," said Nurse, "don't you notice how small and queer he looks?" "I 'm afraid he 's got a chill," said Mother. "I think he 'd better stay still indoors." Then she told him, "Here, you can look at this," and she gave him a picture-book. He sat and stared at it, on his knee. He had n't the faintest notion, you see, what on earth it meant. And very soon he began to whistle a Robin's tune and stopped himself, and went red as a poppy. And Mother told him to do his copy. And he did n't know how to hold the pen— and he spilled the ink again and again!

Then Mother gave him some tea and toast: both bad, but he hated the tea the most. He asked for a grub, and held out his hand: but Mother, of course, did n't understand. She told him to go and play with Sue— which was just the thing that he could not do. And he lost his temper, and pecked Sue's head; and they said he was naughty, and put him to bed.

The bed was big, and yet it was stuffy: sheets too tight, and blankets too fluffy. Bob did nothing but gasp and choke, till he fell asleep. But at twelve he woke, and behold, he changed back, as the clock was striking, to a Robin! That was much more to his liking!

A minute sooner, Red Jacket had crept out of the barn, where he had n't slept: his head would *not* go under his wing, which he knew, for a bird, is the proper thing. So he fluttered home very feeble and weak, and tapped at the parlor pane with his beak. And the clock struck twelve, and at once, O joy! Red Jacket changed again to a boy— and Bob flew down —and they both stood still, there on the narrow window-sill. And they said together, "Oh, I 'm so glad we have changed again! What a time I 've had!"

Then they looked up, and there was Sue, at the bedroom window—she saw them, too, but she thought she was dreaming, all the time, even when Red Jacket made haste to climb up the ivy, and scrambled in and kissed her. He had never before been so glad of a sister. And they went to bed and to sleep, all right.

But the Robins sat up singing all night: for they felt that something nice had occurred, though they could n't think what. The only bird that knew, was Bob; and he thought with pain, "It is *much* too difficult to explain!"

THE GINGERBREAD MAN

Once on a time, in a country town, lived a little small boy named Timothy Brown. And whenever he walked along the street, he always was thinking of things to eat. His father and mother were ever so kind, but he had a discontented mind.

One day he came to his usual stop, outside the pane of the sweet-stuff shop. Nice brown bulls'-eyes, nice brown toffee, caramels, too, the color of coffee; brown almond-rock, brown chocolate drops, all sorts of lovely brown lollypops. But, out of them all, deny it who can, the very best was a Gingerbread Man.

Timothy looked, and wished, and thought, and he went in to buy it. It could n't be bought. It cost three pennies—a very large sum: and he 'd only one till next week should come. He said, in an agitated squeak, "Will you let me pay a penny a week, till I 've paid the whole?" But the woman said "No. The very idea of asking me so!"

So he rubbed his eyes, and home he went perfectly prickly with discontent; and grumbled frightfully at his meals, and lay on the hearth-rug kicking his heels. His little sister asked him to play: but he was cross, and said "Go away!" And pussy came and wanted to play: but he was cross, and said "Get away!" And he threw his shoe at her, so that she ran. All because of the Gingerbread Man. His mother came, and said to him sadly, "Timothy,

you are behaving badly." And she stroked his head: she was gentle and tender. But he only lay and kicked at the fender. So she went, with a disappointed air, and left him alone in the firelight there.

By and by he sat up with a jump, for he heard some steps coming stumpetty-stump— such queer little steps, along the floor, as he never had heard in his life before: stumpetty-stump, and he said "What *can* it be?"—and there was the Gingerbread Man!

Timothy sat completely dumb. "As you want me so much, you see I 've come," said the Gingerbread Man. "But as you can't pay in cash, you must pay me some other way. Get up! quick march!" So Timothy rose; and then he was startled, as you may suppose, to find that the Gingerbread Man was now a quite big man, while *he*, somehow, had gone quite small, and had to stop the size the Man had been in the shop.

The Gingerbread Man said, "You did n't care for any one else but me—so there, just for the sake of a little variety, as long as *I* choose, you shall have my society! Come along!" And he marched him down the front door steps, and all through the town. And right away to a house that stood in a little field by a lonely wood, a little brown house, with a shed and a pump, the Gingerbread Man went stumpetty-stump. A lot of his friends were waiting outside. "Oh, Mister Gingerbread, welcome!" they cried, "what a time you 've been gone!" They were brown, like the house: Bunnies, a Squirrel, a Hedgehog, a Mouse, and a Brownie: nice little folks they seemed. Timothy wondered whether he dreamed; but the Gingerbread Man, with a shove and a kick, said, "This is my house. Get in with you, quick!"

The house was really lovely to smell. It was built of toffee, and caramel— chocolate, almond-rock, and a lot of other nice things, I don't know what. Timothy wanted some ever so much. But the Man said, "Don't you dare to touch! You 've got to do all the work, and wait on me and my friends, while I meditate." And he opened a door—with a very large label, "Brown Study"—and sat himself down at the table.

So Timothy had the floor to sweep; and the carpet was made of a tangled heap of brown dead leaves, which got torn and tossed, and flew out of doors, and then were lost. And the Gingerbread Man appeared at the door, and angrily ordered him, "Fetch some more!" So he took a barrow into the wood; but the Bunnies helped: they were very good. They said, "We 'll get leaves for you, all we can. But don't you tell the Gingerbread Man!"

Then Timothy had the fires to lay, with fir-cones; but they rolled away— they all fell out and went down a crack. And the Gingerbread Man said, "Take this sack, and fetch some more—and none of your tricks!" The Man was growing as cross as two sticks. So Timothy took the sack to the wood; but the Squirrel helped, as well as he could. He said, "It would take a furniture van, to hold enough for the Gingerbread Man!"

Then Timothy's work became harder yet, because he had all the supper to get. And, what made it still a great deal harder, there was nothing at all but nuts in the larder. And the boiled nuts squashed and were overboiled, and the baked nuts baked too hard and were spoiled, and the fried nuts frizzled up in the pan. "You shall pay for this!" said the Gingerbread Man. And he sent him out to collect more nuts, and he got himself all over scratches and cuts. And the Brownie came, and was very kind; but not one nut could Timothy find.

But when he returned, all filled with dread, the Gingerbread Man had gone to bed. He lay asleep: and how he did snore! But Timothy had to sit on the floor. He was tired and hungry, and sighed in vain, "If I only could get back home again! I 'd never grumble— I 'm quite prevented from ever again being discontented!"

Then the Mouse appeared, and said, "I say! are you really anxious to get away?" "O yes, O yes," said Timothy, "but, how can I when everything 's all tight shut?" The Mouse said, "Why don't you do as I do? Nibble, just nibble your way right through!" So Timothy went on his hands and knees, and nibbled the wall, and if you please, the wall was only a chocolate wall! He had nibbled through in no time at all.

He squeezed through the hole. Outside the house, he waved good-by to the friendly Mouse, and was out in the fields and running well, when he heard a yell. Such a frightful yell! "Stop, or I 'll fire!" With a toffee-gun, a very dangerous kind of one, stumpetty-stump came the Gingerbread Man. But Timothy would n't stop. He ran.

And the gun went—BANG! with a thundery bump. And Timothy sat right up with a jump. He was down on the nursery hearth-rug still; and the cinders had fallen, as cinders will, with a thundery bump, like the noise of pow-

der: ~ when one 's asleep, it sounds much louder. ~

And there he saw his mother stand, ~ with the Gingerbread Man in her pretty hand. ~ "I hope," she said, "this will make my boy ~ a better-tempered one." O! what joy! ~ Timothy clung to her gown, and told her, ~ "I mean to be good!" and she patted his shoulder. ~ He stared all round at the carpet and curtain, ~ and *thought* he had dreamed; but he was n't quite certain. ~ He decided that much the safest plan ~ would be to eat the Gingerbread Man ~ that very minute. So half he gave ~ to his little sister. "I 'll *try* to behave," ~ he said to himself, "the way that I should." ~ The Gingerbread Man tasted—oh, so good! ~

A DAY WITH THE GNOMES

Have you ever heard tell of Fairyland,
Where the Fairy Queen holds sway,
Where the gnomes and the elves, a merry band,
Dance at the close of the day?

If you 'll come with me we will go to-day
And peep in a fairy dell,
You shall watch five dear little gnomes at play,
And see them at work as well.

There is dear wise Will, and nice little Fred,
And plump little Hugo too,
Louis who always feels tired, it is said,
And Jim, who 'll make jokes for you.

I told you they lived in a fairy dell,
Were ruled by a Fairy Queen,
The loveliest fairy, so I 've heard tell,
Any gnome ever had seen.

The five little gnomes, who were loyal men
And honored their Queen so fair,
Had written a note with a golden pen,
And posted it then and there,

Inviting the fairy to come and dine;
She answered and said she would.
So they set off to fish with rod and line,
And to buy something very good.

With the Crow, their comrade, away they go,
Wishing they too had wings;
Fred echoed the wish when he tripped, for oh!
He had dropped all his nice good things.

He had fallen over a big tree-stump
And felt half ready to cry,
For he gave his head a terrible bump,
But Jimmy came strolling by.

And he joked and laughed, set Fred on his legs,
And gave him his basket small,
Then helped him pick up his butter and eggs,
And nothing was hurt at all.

Then they gathered a bunch of meadowsweet,
And buttercups, daisies too,
To lay at the Fairy Queen's dainty feet
As little gnomes love to do.

"Caw! caw!" cried the Crow, and looked very big,
"I 'm most important you see,
It 's my special duty for bait to dig,
You could n't fish without me."

He finished his task, then flew up high
To watch the fishermen pass;
Perched on a tree-top tall close by,
He saw them sit down on the grass.

When the five wee men were ready to fish,
Each carefully threw his line,
And each in his heart had the secret wish
To land a salmon fine.

The sun up above in the clear blue sky
Kissed the lake with a golden ray;
"Caw, caw," cried the Crow, as he soared on high,
"We are having a beautiful day."

'T was pleasant to sit in the balmy air,
Where flowers were springing around.
Will watches his line with the greatest care;
Lazy Lou's asleep on the ground.

"I 've not had a bite," Fred is heard to say,
While his face wears a woe-begone look;
He had no idea, when he turned away,
Jim had taken his bait from his hook.

As Will fished on and the time went by,
His eye wandered off to the flowers,
And he wished he could change to a butterfly
And live in their dainty bowers.

Brought back from his dreams by a big gnat's bite,
Will suddenly looked very wise,
For something was drawing his line quite tight,
And he landed a fish of great size.

"Now home let us hasten," wee wise Will said,
"For 't is growing late, I know;
We 'll fasten a cord to the fish's head
And drag him home—all in a row."

So Will trudged in front and the rest pulled behind
(All except Lazy Lou);
Too heavy a load the fish they would find,
If the Crow had n't helped them too.

All praised wise Will, the fisherman bold,
As merrily home they hied,
The scales of their prize gleamed bright as gold,
"Caw! caw!" said the Crow with pride.

And Hugo's face was merry and bright
As he thought of the fun in store,
And all the good things they would cook that night—
Fish, jellies, and cakes galore.

But what of the dear little Fairy guest
For whom the great feast was made?
She had been taking her noonday rest
In a beautiful forest glade,

When she heard a sad little mournful sound
Two little lost children's cry;
So up she started and glanced around,
And found the poor pets close by.

She kissed them and asked, in accents sweet,
How they chanced so far to roam;
And she promised to lead their little tired feet
Safe to their own dear home.

"But first you shall peep into Fairyland
With me," the kind Fairy said;
"You shall join the feast of a merry band
Of gnomes, ere you go to bed."

And all this time each merry wee gnome
Was cooking many a dish;
They'd a bright fire burning away at home
To boil their beautiful fish.

The Crow helped too, for he brought the wood
And leaves that burned with a rustle;
Wise Will gave orders as fast he could,
And soon all was noise and bustle.

Jim helped wise Will, with a laugh and a jest,
Fred washed the dishes and smashed them,
Hugo and Lou the potatoes boiled,
Then dished them up and mashed them.

Then, just when the feast was quite prepared,
The Fairy's bright car appeared,
The Queen smiled sweetly, the children stared,
And all the little men cheered.

The crickets and grasshoppers played a tune,
For they formed the band, you know,
The pretty bright stars and the big round moon
Lit up the table below.

The Fairy Queen sat at the table head,
With a child at either hand;
"Now, dear little gnomes, gather round," she said,
Then they *were* a merry band.

The children laughed, and the gnomes all joked,
The Fairy Queen's smile was sweet,
The nightingales trilled, and the frogs all croaked,
The little birds sang "tweet, tweet."

The feast was delicious, the guests all said,
Just fit for a Queen to sup;
They drank no wine, but had dew instead,
Served up in a harebell's cup.

The Crow stood behind, as a waiter smart,
But managed to take his share,
A strawberry cake and an apple tart,
For a crow loves dainty fare.

When supper was over they danced away
With footsteps so soft and light,
And they passed the night with song and play
Till the morning stars shone bright.

Then the Queen rose up and "Good-by," said she,
"It is time we should take our leave!"
"Ere you go," said the gnomes, "'t is meet that we
Three flowery garlands weave.

"Two for the bairns with their eyes so bright,
And one for our Fairy Queen,
They 'll serve to remind you of this fair night
Spent in our meadow green."

The sweet Queen smiled as she took the flowers,
And soon she hastened away;
She had to be back in her fairy bowers
Long, long before break of day.

But first with the children home she flew,
And tucked them up safe in bed.
They thought it was all too good to be true—
They must be dreaming instead.

And when the children were sleeping sound,
With her glittering wand she drew
A magic circle of love around
The beds of the children two.

"Be honest, be gentle, be brave," she said;
"And now, little ones, farewell!"
Then like a flash of light she sped
Away to the fairy dell.

The little gnomes' eyes were heavy with sleep,
They had had such a happy day;
And soon they were wrapped in slumber deep—
Curled up on the grass they lay.

The Crow slept up in a pine-tree near,
Where he 'd built a cozy nest;
The moon kept watch, there was naught to fear,
She 'd promised to guard their rest.

They smiled in their sleep, for the Fairy Queen
A host of fair dreams had sent,
Like glittering jewels of dazzling sheen,
But the fairest jewel—Content—
She had planted deep in each warm, kind heart,
That never a frown or sigh
Should wrinkle their foreheads, or cause a smart,
Or bring a tear to the eye.

"Tu-whit, tu-whoo," the gray Owl cried,
From his perch in the moonlit glen;
"I'm sure no evil will ever betide
Such good little, kind little men."

"Caw," murmured the Crow in his voice so deep,
"What pleasure kind deeds can bring;
Caw, caw, it is time I was fast asleep"—
And he tucked his head under his wing.

And now, little folks, if you 're very good
The fairy may come some day,
And take you away to the fairy wood,
Where the good little people play.

And she 'll show you the wonders of Fairyland;
You may dine with the gnomes one night;
Perhaps you will hear the grasshoppers' band
And dance by the pale moon's light.

THE UGLY PRINCE AND THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS

A French Tale

Once upon a time there was a Queen who had a very ugly son. When he was a baby people thought that he must really be some kind of animal, for he was more ugly than one can tell. He had a little tuft of hair on his head, so he was given the name of Riquet with the Tuft.

As he grew up, however, it was soon seen that he was very bright and clever. He said so many pretty and wise things that people began to forget that he was so very ugly.

One day a witch woman came to his mother, and said: "Riquet with the Tuft is not pretty, it is true; but everyone can see that he is very clever. And, what is more, the fairies have given him a very rich gift: anyone whom he dearly loves he can make as bright and clever as himself."

Not far from his home lived a Queen who had a lovely daughter. She was more beautiful than any Princess who had ever lived before her; but, sad to say, she was very slow and stupid.

When the Queen saw how silly the girl was, she was very sad. But a fairy godmother came to see her, and said: "I fear I cannot help you by making your daughter clever, but I can give you some comfort. When she was born, the fairies gave her a very rich gift. Anyone whom she dearly loves she can make as beautiful as herself."

As the Princess grew older, she became more and more lovely, but also more and more stupid. When she was spoken to she could not give a proper answer.

Besides, she was very clumsy. She could not move the china without letting some of it drop on the floor; and she could not drink a glass of water without spilling some of it on her dress.

Many people came to see her because of her beauty; but when they heard her speak, they went away and left her to herself.

The Princess was very sad at this, and wished she had been given a fair share of wit and wisdom; and she took it so much to heart that she was ready to die of grief and shame.

One day she went by herself into a dark wood to weep over her sorrow. In the depth of the wood she met a little ugly man, who was very finely dressed.

This was Prince Riquet with the Tuft, who had heard of the fame of her beauty, and was now on his way to visit her. He was much

pleased at meeting her, and, with cap in hand, bowed low before her.

Now, the Prince saw that the Princess was quite as lovely as he had been told. He also saw that she looked very unhappy, so he said: "I cannot tell why you should be sad, for I have never seen anyone so lovely."

"You say so, sir," said the Princess, and said no more.

"Beauty, to my mind," said the Prince, "is the best of all gifts. I only wish I myself had some share of it."

"I wish," said the Princess, "that I were less lovely and less stupid."

"The people who are really clever always think they are stupid," said the Prince, with a bow.

"Not so," said the Princess. "I know well that I am stupid, and that is the cause of my grief."

"Indeed!" said the Prince, "then I can help you, for I have the power of making anyone whom I love bright, and clever, and witty. If you will marry me, I will do this for you."

The Princess looked at the ugly little man before her. She had enough sense to know that she wanted a great deal more, so she said that in a year she would marry Prince Riquet with the Tuft.

No sooner had she said so than a great change came over her. She could now speak with ease and move with grace. She said a few graceful words to the Prince, and then left him for her father's palace.

All the people at the court were filled with wonder at the change in the Princess, and they were all very glad to see it. As time went on she grew as wise as she was lovely, and people came from far to hear her talk.

Many rich and handsome Princes now wished to marry her. The King, her father, told her to choose for herself, and she asked for a short time to think over the matter.

She went for a walk in the wood where she had met Prince Riquet. While she was walking along she heard a dull sound under her feet, as though many people were running to and fro.

She stopped to listen, and heard someone say: "Bring me a saucepan." Then another cried: "Pass me the kettle;" and a third said: "Bring some wood for the fire."

Then the ground at her feet opened, and she looked into a great kitchen, where many cooks were running about. They seemed to be making ready for a great feast.

The Princess asked one of them what they were doing.

"Princess," he said, "we are making ready for the wedding of Prince Riquet with the Tuft, which is to take place to-morrow."

Then all at once it came into the mind of the Princess that the time had come for her to keep her promise. She had forgotten it in her joy at the change which had come over her. The thought of it made her rather sad; for to be sure Prince Riquet would not make a very handsome husband.

She went on through the wood, and in a few moments met the Prince. He was gayly dressed, like one going to a wedding.

"You see, madam," he said, with a low bow, "I have kept my word; and you have come here to keep yours, and to make me the happiest man in the world."

"Pardon me," said she, "but I do not think I shall be able to do as you wish."

"You fill me with surprise," he said. "A Princess is bound to keep her word."

"I know it," was the reply, "but you have so much sense that I am sure you will listen to me. You see, when I gave you my word I was no better than a silly girl."

The Prince saw deep into the mind of the Princess, and knew that it was his ugly face which made her wish to break her word. So he said:

"Tell me truly whether you would keep your word if it were not for my ugly form and face."

"I would keep it," was the reply.

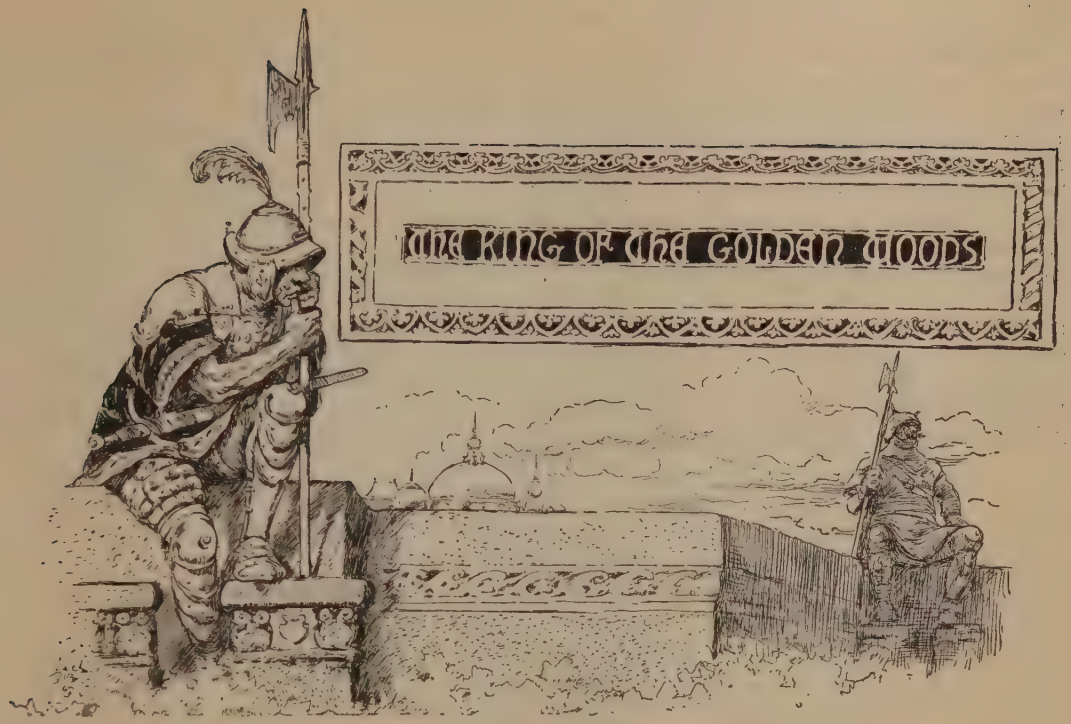
"You make me very happy," said the Prince; "for you have only to wish that I should turn into a handsome Prince, and it will be done. For you had this power given to you at your birth."

"If that be the case," said the Princess, "I wish with all my heart that you may at once become the handsomest Prince in the whole world."

In a moment the wish was granted. Prince Riquet with the Tuft became as good looking as he was good in mind and heart. And the two went away to their wedding hand in hand.

THE FAIRY OF THE POND

FROM A PAINTING BY JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH



BY EVERETT McNEIL

THE home of the King of the Golden Woods was in a snow-white palace of polished marble, crowned by a central dome of burnished gold incrusted with diamonds and rubies, and more beautiful than pen can tell. Around this palace rose a mighty wall of smooth black marble, forty feet thick and one hundred feet high. On top of this wall, at regular intervals, fifty great armed giants kept watch and ward, and each giant had two eyes, one in the center of the forehead and one in the back of the head, as all good sentinels should have. At the four points of the compass four strong gates of bronze guarded the only openings through the wall. Around the wall, for seven leagues in every direction, grew the golden forest of the king, marvelous woods wherein every tree and shrub was pure gold, from its topmost leaf to its bottommost root. In all the world there was not another forest like to these great woods of gold, and because of it the king was called the King of the Golden Woods.

Through the forest ran four roads to the four gates of the great wall surrounding the king's palace, and at the beginning of each road stood a huge marble block, cut deep with letters which read:

I, the King of the Golden Woods, have a daughter, whom I love, but no son. Therefore, before I die I would see my daughter happily wed to a man fit to be king over her heart and ruler over the Golden Woods. This road leads, through the Golden Woods, to the gate in the great wall surrounding the king's palace; and I, the king, invite all who would do their endeavor to win this priceless guerdon, a king's daughter and a king's throne, to journey hitherward. Let no one in whose heart dwells evil, or vaunting ambition, or cruel hardness, or sordid greediness, or boasting cowardice, attempt the journey; for I, the king, have beset the road with manifold and deadly perils to all who have evil in their hearts or lives.

For three years had these marble blocks stood at the head of the four roads; yet the daughter of the King of the Golden Woods remained unwed. Not because there had been wanting men to attempt the journey through the woods of gold, for then, as now, men loved gold and beauty and power, and were ready to peril limb and life for their winning; but of all the hundreds who had ventured on the quest, and had bravely entered the golden forest, not one, prince or knight or peasant, had ever returned. Men thought of the horror of this, and the ardor of their hearts grew cold, and none longer cared to venture beneath the somber shadows of the trees of gold, not even to wed a king's daughter and to sit on a king's throne. The grass grew long on the roadways, and the moss began to creep over the white of the marble blocks.

Then came to the north road four brothers, sons of a powerful king whose kingdom was a

year's journey from the realm of the King of the Golden Woods, and with the four brothers rode their page, Yosuff. It had taken one year for the strange proclamation of the King of the Golden Woods to reach the ears of the four brothers; another year had gone ere they had won their father's consent to depart on a quest so distant and so uncertain; and the third year had been passed in making the journey.

Prince Odolph, the eldest of the four brothers, spurred his horse to the side of the huge block of marble, and, leaning forward, read aloud what was written thereon. Then the four brothers looked long and earnestly at the great woods of gold, sparkling in the bright light of the morning. Not a sound, not a movement, came from within their yellow depths, and their shadows hung darkly above the ground.

"I go forward," said Prince Odolph, "without fear, ready to peril all for the winning of so great a prize"; and seating himself firmly in the saddle, he dropped his vizor, gripped his spear-shaft strongly, and rode down the highway leading into the great wood of gold.

"I follow my brother, ready to share his peril, to fight for his safety, and, if it be God's will that he should perish, to continue the quest to the end, fearing death less than defeat," said Prince Ormand, the second of the four brothers, riding close after Prince Odolph.

"LIKE A HAPPY SCHOOL-BOY, TOSSING HIGH HIS LANCE INTO THE AIR."

"PRINCE ARMAD BEAT THE MISSHAPEN BEING FROM HIS STIRRUP'S SIDE."

"I go forward until all of us be dead, or one of us a king. Ride on!" called Prince Armad, the third of the four brothers, touching spurs to his horse, and riding up close to the side of Prince Ormand.

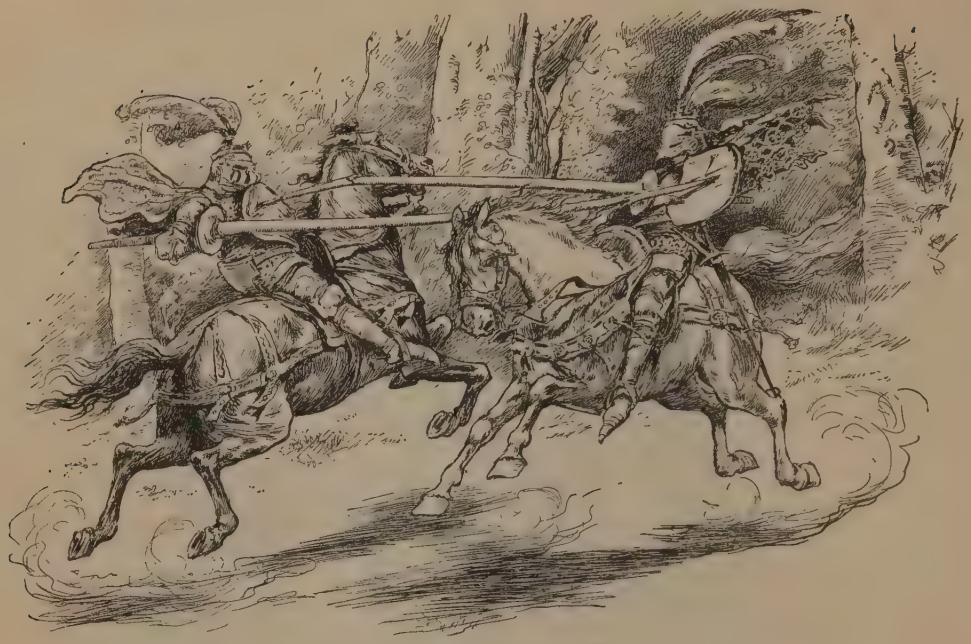
"And I ride forth blithely to win a bride and a throne, or a grave," cried Prince Ized, the youngest of the brothers; and, like a happy school-boy, tossing high his lance into the air and catching it, he dug the spurs into his horse's flanks and galloped after his brothers.

Then said Yosuff the page: "For love of the brothers ride I into these weird woods, ready to face whatever comes, and caring not for death, so be it I can die like a man, leaving my honor bright and my sword clean."

No sound came to the ears of the five men as they entered the great woods, save the footfalls of their horses' hoofs and their own deep breathings. Above their heads the golden branches hung silent and motionless. Not a leaf trembled. Around them, like the pillars of a mighty temple, towered the great trunks of gold, and on the ground the grass grew green. Soon the grandeur and the beauty of the scene began to work upon their souls. Their eyes sparkled and their faces flushed. Wealth, boundless wealth, was here—was theirs for the taking! There were no eyes to see, and the gold was everywhere, cumbering the earth with its massive weight.

Suddenly Prince Ized gave a shout, and drawing his sharp sword from its scabbard, cried aloud: "I vow I will have this wondrous branch in spite of all the demons of these marvelous woods!" And as he cried, he swung his sword and cut from a great tree a branch of gold.

At the stroke of the sword a shudder shook the mighty woods, the huge trunks began to sway



"THE TWO BROTHERS GRIPPED THEIR LANCES AND CHARGED EACH AT THE OTHER."

and to shake until the earth trembled, and the branches lashed the air furiously, as if under the whip of a hurricane; yet there was not a breath of air stirring. Then, with a low, moaning sound, the giant trees began to move bodily through the ground, and swiftly, one by one, to come between Prince Ized and his brothers, until a solid wall of golden trunks surrounded him and held him prisoner.

A great whistling wind blew coldly through the woods, and the trees slowly returned to their places; but Prince Ized had vanished.

The three brothers watched this awesome sight, sitting white and still in their saddles, numb with the terror of it; but Yusoff the page dug his spurs deep into his horse's sides and sprang to the rescue, only to dash vainly against the solid trunks of the intercepting trees.

When the moaning sound grew still, and the great trees again stood motionless, the three brothers continued their journey in silence, riding close together, and shuddering whenever a branch of gold chanced to touch the white plumes of their helmets.

For a league farther they rode thus, and then they came to a mighty river, rolling swiftly between rocky banks, its surface a fierce turmoil of foaming water and whirling cakes of ice. On the bank of the river sat four hideous dwarfs, their bodies having no covering except a fur of coarse red hair. The instant their eyes caught sight of the four men, they jumped to their feet and shouted: "Haste! Haste! The wolves! The wolves!" Then each dwarf ran swiftly to a horseman's side, and begged to be taken up behind and carried across the river, where the wolves could not go.

The men heard the sound of many feet coming from behind, and, turning quickly, saw hundreds of great yellow wolves leaping fiercely toward them.

Prince Odolph and Prince Ormand and Yosuff the page each paused to swing a dwarf upon the horse behind him; but Prince Armad beat the misshapen being from his stirrup's side with the shaft of his long lance, and, all heedless of his piteous cries, dashed away toward the river.

When Yosuff the page saw that the dwarf must perish unless helped, he quickly drew rein. "Come," said he, "I am light and my horse is strong. He can carry three. The wolves shall not eat you"; and he swung the dwarf up in front of himself.

Then a strange thing happened.

Prince Armad, not having been delayed by the dwarfs, nor his horse cumbered with the weight of one, reached the river first, and dashed into the water. Instantly, like a thing of life, the river leaped upon him, and man and horse vanished in a mighty rush of whirling ice and foam, down the course of the stream.

The three men drew rein, white with wonder

and horror; for on the instant of the disappearance of Prince Armad, the swift river sank into the ground, the dwarfs slipped from off the horses' backs and ran into the woods, and the wolves vanished like a thick yellow mist.

"Great must be the prize guarded thus fearfully," said Prince Odolph. "Come, brother, let us go forward and meet the end quickly"; and the two brothers, followed by Yosuff the page, rode swiftly on underneath the trees of gold.

Presently they came to a high hill, and when they had reached the top of the hill, they saw, in a beautiful valley surrounded by the high wall of black marble, the marvelous palace of the King of the Golden Woods. The great dome of burnished gold, with its glittering jewels, the grand palace of white marble, and the mighty surrounding woods of solid gold, all lay beneath their eyes. At this wondrous sight their bosoms swelled. To be lord of all these riches, King of the Golden Woods! What would not man do for splendors such as these?

Long the two brothers looked at the glittering dome of the palace and the surrounding woods of gold; and evil thoughts began to gather in their hearts, and each glanced darkly at the other.

"Brother," said Prince Odolph, roughly, "I am the elder. I will ride to the palace of the king alone. Remain thou here."

"Not so," answered Prince Ormand, shortly. "In this quest all are equal. I go to the king's palace or I die."

"Then die!" cried Prince Odolph, fiercely. "Two cannot win this prize. One of us must perish, and it were better that he should perish here." And the two brothers gripped their lances and charged each at the other. They met with a great crash, and the lances were shivered to the hands, but neither man was unhorsed. Then they drew their swords; but before either could strike a blow, with a roar as of the rushing together of many winds, a great whirling black smoke fell upon the two brothers and bore them swiftly away.

Yosuff the page sat on his horse alone. His heart was heavy, for he had loved the four brothers.

"Now I will go to their father the king," he said; and bowing his head, he rode sadly down the hill.

When he came to the foot of the hill he found an old man lying by the roadside, moaning with the agony of a broken leg. Yosuff dismounted and helped the sufferer upon the back of his horse.

"To the palace," moaned the old man. "There is no help nearer."

"YOSUFF DISMOUNTED AND HELPED THE SUFFERER UPON THE BACK OF HIS HORSE."

"I will then bear you to the palace," answered Yosuff, thinking only of saving the old man's life. And mounting, and holding the old man in his arms so as to ease his pain, he rode to the

bronze gate in the great black marble wall around the palace.

The instant he stopped before the gate, the giant sentinel on the top of the wall called with a loud voice, "Ho, the king has come!" and "Ho, the king has come!" repeated all the other giants, all around the wall. The great gate of bronze swung wide open, and there, ready to receive Yosuff the page, was the King of the Golden Woods and all his magnificent court; and back of the king, surrounded by a guard of men-at-arms, stood the four brothers in the midst of a great number of other men who had been unsuccessful.

"I crave thy mercy, O King, for this old man, who has received a grievous hurt," said Yosuff, quickly dismounting and bowing low at the feet of the king; "and I beg that he may be given into the hands of thy physicians. As for myself, with thy permission, I will return to the land whence I came, for unhappily hath our enterprise ended for those for whose sake I journeyed hither."

But the king, bending forward, lifted Yosuff to his feet and said: "Arise! Henceforth thou art my son, and heir to my kingdom; for thou hast proven thyself brave and noble-hearted, even as a king should be. But," said the king, pointing to the four brothers and the long row of stately men who stood waiting with bowed heads, "these men, who came hither seeking a great prize, and failed of the winning of it because of the evil in their hearts, shall be thy servants, and learn the worth of true nobility in thy service."

Then the king threw a chain of gold around the neck of the youth, and a purple robe over his shoulders, and led him amid great rejoicings into his palace.

Thus it came about that Yosuff the page, who entered the Golden Woods with a pure and kind heart, and seeking nothing, won all.

THE HARE AND THE FOX

A Hare and a Fox were traveling together. It was winter-time. Not a blade of grass was to be seen, not a bird or mouse stirred in the fields.

"It 's hungry weather," said the Fox to the Hare. "I feel as hollow as an egg-shell."

"And so do I," replied the Hare. "I 'm hungry enough to eat my own ears, if only I could reach them."

When they had gone a little way they spied a peasant girl coming toward them. She carried a basket, and out of the basket came a very pleasant smell—the smell of hot rolls.

"I tell you what," said the Fox. "You lie down and pretend to be dead. The girl will put down her basket to take you up for the sake of your skin, for out of hareskins they make gloves; then I 'll snatch the rolls, and we shall have a splendid meal!"

The Hare did as the Fox told him, fell down, and pretended to be dead, while the Fox hid behind a snowdrift. The girl came along, saw the Hare with his legs stretched out stiff and stark, put down her basket sure enough, and stooped over the Hare. The Fox snatched up the basket and scampered off with it. The Hare in a twinkling came to life, and followed his companion. But he ran on ahead, and showed quite plainly that he meant to keep the rolls all to himself.

But that was not what the Hare had bargained for, you may guess. So when they came to a little lake, he called out to the Fox:

"What do you say to catching a dish of fish? Then we should have fish and rolls to eat like any lord. Just dangle your tail down in the water; the fish haven't much to bite these days, so they 're bound to hang on to your tail. You must make haste, though, before the lake freezes over."

Well, the Fox thought that a good idea. So he went to the lake, which was just beginning to freeze, and dangled his tail in the water. In a very short time the tail was frozen in.

Now, the Hare took the basket and gobbled up the rolls one after the other as comfortably as you please, right before the Fox's face.

"Wait till it thaws," he said to the Fox. "Wait till the spring. Wait till it thaws!" and then he ran away.

And the Fox was so angry at the way he had been caught that he barked and barked like a savage dog on a chain.

THE YOUNG GIANT

Once upon a time there lived a husbandman who had a son who, when he was born, was no bigger than the length of a thumb, and who for many years did not grow a hair's breadth taller.

One morning, just as the countryman was about to set out to plow his field, little Thumbling said:

"Father, I want to go, too."

"I dare say you do," said the man; "but you are much better at home. If I took you out I should be sure to lose you."

Thereupon Thumbling fell a-crying, and cried so much that at length his father picked him up and put him in his pocket and set forth to his work.

When they reached the fields the man took his son out and set him down on the ridge of a newly turned furrow, so that he might see the world around him. Then suddenly from over the mountains a great giant came striding toward them.

"See, son," said the husbandman, "here is an ogre coming to fetch you away because you were naughty and cried this morning."

And the words had scarcely passed his lips when, in two great strides, the giant had reached

little Thumbling's side and had picked him up in his great hands and carried him away without uttering a sound.

The poor father stood dumb with fear, for he thought he should never see his little son again.

The giant, however, treated little Thumbling very kindly in his house in the woods. He kept him warm in his pocket, and fed him so heartily and well that Thumbling became a young giant himself, tall, and broad.

At the end of two years the old giant took him out into the woods to try his strength.

"Pull up that birch-tree for a staff to lean upon," he said, and the youth obeyed and pulled it up by the roots as if it had been a mere weed.

The old giant still thought he should like him to be stronger, so, after taking great care of him for another two years, they again went out into the wood. This time Thumbling playfully uprooted a stout old oak, and the old giant, well pleased, cried:

"Now you are a credit to me," and took him back to the field where he first found him.

Here the young giant's father happened to be just then plowing; so Thumbling went up to him and said:

"See, Father, to what a great big man your son has grown!"

But the peasant was afraid.

"Be off with you! I don't know you," he cried.

"But really and truly, father, I am your son," he said. "Let me take the plow, for I can guide it quite as well as you."

The father very unwillingly let go of the plow, for he was afraid of the giant, and sat down to watch. Then Thumbling laid one hand on the plowshare and straightway drove it so deep into the ground that the peasant cried:

"Now you will do more harm than good, if you drive so deep into the earth."

Thereupon the young giant unharnessed the horses and began to draw the plow himself, first saying:

"Now, Father, get you home and tell mother to cook a hearty meal, while I just run round the field."

And in a very short time he had done what the peasant would have taken two whole days to do.

When all was finished, he laid plow, horse, and harrow over his shoulders and carried them home as easily as though they were a truss of hay.

When he reached the house, he saw his mother sitting on a bench in the courtyard.

"Oh, who is this frightful monster of a man?" she cried.

"That is our son," said her husband.

"I cannot believe that," replied the woman, "for our child was a tiny little thing," and she begged the young giant to go away.

However, he did not take any notice of what she said, for, after feeding the horse in the stable, he came into the kitchen and sat himself down upon the edge of the dresser.

"Mother, mother," he said, "I am so hungry. Give me my dinner."

"Here it is," said his mother, and set two enormous dishes of smoking stew upon the table.

It would have been enough to last the husbandman and his wife for eight whole days, but the giant ate it all up in five minutes, and then asked if they could give him more. But the woman shook her head, and said they had no more in the house.

"Mother," he said, "I am fainting with hunger. That was a mere bite."

The woman was so frightened at this that she ran and made some more stew in the largest fish kettle.

"Ah," sighed the young giant; "this is something like a meal!"

But when he had finished he still felt hungry, and said:

"Well, Father, I can see I shall starve if I come here to live. I will go and seek my fortune in the wide world, if you can procure me a bar of iron so strong that I cannot break it across my knee."

The peasant quickly harnessed his two horses to the wagon, and from the smithy in the village he fetched an iron bar so heavy that the horses could hardly drag it. This the giant tried across his knee. Snap! it cracked in half, like a twig.

Then the peasant took his wagon and four horses to the smithy and brought back as heavy a bar as they could carry. But in a second the giant had broken it into two pieces and tossed them each aside.

"Father," he said, "I need a stronger one yet. Take the wagon and eight horses to the smithy, and fetch me back as heavy a one as they can draw."

This the countryman did, and again the youth broke it in two as easily as if he had cracked a nut.

"Well, Father, I see you cannot get me anything strong enough. I must go and try my fortune without it."

So he turned blacksmith and journeyed for many miles, until he came to a village, where dwelt a very grasping smith, who earned a great deal of money, but who gave not a penny of it away.

The giant stepped into his forge and asked if by any chance he were in want of help.

"What wages do you ask?" said the smith, look-

ing the young man up and down; for, thought he: "Here is a fine, powerful fellow, who surely will be worth his salt."

"I don't want money," replied the giant. "But here 's a bargain: every fortnight, when you give your workmen their wages, I will give you two strokes across your shoulders. It will be just a little amusement for me."

The cunning smith agreed very willingly, for, he thought, in this way he would save a great deal of money.

However, next morning when the new journeyman started work, with the very first stroke he gave the red-hot iron, it shivered into a thousand pieces, and the anvil buried itself so deep in the earth that he could not pull it out again.

"Here, fellow," cried his master, "you won't suit me; you are far too clumsy. I must put an end to our bargain."

"Just as you please," said the other, "but you must pay me for the work I have done, so I will just give you one little tap on the shoulder."

With that he gave the greedy smith such a blow that it knocked him flying over four hayricks. Then, picking up the stoutest iron bar he could find for a walking-stick, he set forth once more on his travels.

Presently he came to a farmhouse, where he inquired if they were in need of a bailiff. Now, the farmer just happened to need a head man, so he was engaged at once upon the same terms as he had arranged with the old blacksmith.

Next morning the farm servants were to go and fell trees in the wood, but just as they were ready to start they found the new bailiff was still in bed and fast asleep.

They shook him and shouted at him, but he would not open his eyes; he only grumbled at them and told them to be gone.

"I shall have done my work and reached home long before you," he said.

So he stayed in bed for another two hours, then arose, and after eating a hearty breakfast he started with his cart and horses for the wood.

There was a narrow pathway through which he had to pass just before entering the wood, and after he had led his horses through this he went back and built up a barrier of brambles and furze and branches so thick that no horse could possibly force its way through.

Then he drove on and met his fellow-servants just leaving the wood on their way home.

"Drive on, my friends," he said, "and I will be home before you even now."

Then he pulled up a giant elm by its roots just on the border of the woods, and laying it on his cart, he turned and quickly overtook the others.

There they were, staring helplessly at the great barricade which barred their path, just as he had expected to find them.

"Ha, ha!" he chuckled, "you might just as well have slept an hour or two longer, for I told you you would not get home before me."

Then, shouldering the tree, the horse and the cart, he pushed a way through the barrier as easily as if he had been carrying a bag of feathers.

When he got back to the farm he showed his new walking-stick, as he called the tree, to his master.

"Wife," said the farmer, "we have indeed found a capital bailiff, and if he does need more sleep than the others, he works much better."

So the months rolled by, until a whole year had come and gone, and the time had arrived to pay the servants their wages. But the farmer was overcome with fright when he remembered the blows the giant had to give him. So he begged him to change his mind and accept his whole farm and lands instead.

"No," said the giant, "I am a bailiff, and a bailiff I intend to remain, so you must pay me the wages we agreed upon."

The farmer now obtained a promise that he would give him a fortnight to think the matter over, and he secretly assembled all his friends and neighbors to discuss what he should do.

The only thing they could suggest was to slay the bailiff, and it was arranged that he should be told to bring a cartload of millstones to the edge of the well, and then the farmer was to send him down to the bottom to clean it out. When the giant was safely at the bottom, all the friends and neighbors would come and roll the millstones down upon him.

Everything happened as had been planned, and when the bailiff was at the bottom of the well the millstones were rolled in. As each one fell, the water splashed over the top in a great wave.

It seemed impossible that the bailiff should not be crushed to death, but suddenly the neighbors heard him call out:

"I say, you up there, shoo away the chickens; they are scattering the gravel in my eyes!"

Then he quickly finished his task, and presently jumped out of the well with one of the millstones hanging round his neck.

"Have not I got a handsome collar?" he said.

Again the farmer was overcome with fear, and again he called together all his friends and relations. The only thing they could think of was to advise the farmer to send the bailiff to the haunted mill by night, and order him to grind eight bushels of corn. "For," said they, "no man

who has spent a night there has ever come out alive."

So the bailiff went and fetched the corn from the loft. He put two bushels in his right-hand pocket, and two in his left, and the rest he carried in a sack across his shoulders.

When he reached the mill the miller told him it was haunted, and he had best come to grind his corn in the daytime if he did not wish to lose his life.

"Tush, tush!" said the giant. "Make haste and leave me alone. Come back in the morning, and I promise you will find me all safe and sound."

Then he entered the mill and emptied his sacks into the hopper, and by twelve o'clock he had finished his work. Feeling a little weary, he sat down to rest, but noticed with great interest the door opening very slowly, all by itself.

Then a table laden with rich food and wines came and set itself before him. Still there was no living creature to be seen. Next the chairs came and placed themselves round the festive board, and then he noticed fingers handling the knives and forks and placing food upon the plates.

The giant soon got tired of watching this, and as he felt quite ready for a meal himself, he drew up his chair to the table and partook of a hearty repast.

Just as he finished he felt a breath of air blow out all the lights, and then a thundering blow fell upon his head.

"Well, I 'm not going to put up with this," he said. "If I feel any more taps like that one I will just tap back."

Then a great battle raged, and blows fell thickly all around, but he never let himself feel any fear, but only gave back as many as he could.

When morning came the miller hastened to the mill expecting to find the giant dead, but he was greeted with a hearty laugh.

"Well, miller," said the giant, "somebody has been slapping me in the night, but I guess they have had as good blows as they have given, and I have managed to eat a hearty supper into the bargain."

The miller was overjoyed to find the evil spell had been broken, and begged the giant to accept some money as reward, but this he refused. Slinging the meal on his shoulders, he went back to ask his wages from the farmer.

The farmer was furious to see his bailiff safe and sound again, and paced his floor to and fro, shivering and shaking like a leaf. He felt he could not breathe, so he threw the window open, and before he knew what had happened the giant had sent him flying out of the window straight over the hills into Nowhere Land. And as the farmer had not waited to receive the second stroke, the giant gave it to his wife, and she flew out to join her husband, and for aught I or any one can know they are flying through the air still.

THE GIANT AND THE TAILOR

A CERTAIN tailor, who was a large boaster but a very small performer, took it once into his head to go and look about him in the world. As soon as he could, he left his workshop, and traveled away over hills and valleys, now on this road, and now on that; but still onward. After he had gone some way, he perceived in the distance a steep mountain, and behind it a lofty tower, which rose from the midst of a wild, dense forest. "Good gracious!" cried the tailor, "what is this?" and driven by his curiosity, he went rapidly toward the place. But he opened his mouth and eyes wide enough when he got nearer; for the tower had legs, and sprang in a trice over the steep hill, and stood up, a mighty giant, before the tailor. "What are you about here, you puny fly-legs?" asked the giant in a voice which rumbled on all sides like thunder.

"I am trying to earn a piece of bread in this forest," whispered the tailor.

"Well, then, it is time you entered my service," said the giant fiercely.

"If it must be so, why not?" said the tailor humbly; "but what wage shall I have?" "What wage shall you have?" repeated the giant contemptuously; "listen and I will tell you: every year, three hundred and sixty-five days, and one besides, if so happen that it be leap-year. Is that right?"

"Quite," said the tailor; but thought to himself: "One must cut according to his cloth; I will seek to make myself free very soon."

"Go, little rascal, and fetch me a glass of water!" cried the giant.

"Why not the whole well, and its spring, too?" said the tailor, but fetched as he was bid. "What! the well and its spring, too?" bellowed the giant, who was rather cowardly and weak, and so began to be afraid, thinking to himself: "This fellow can do more than roast apples; he has a heap of courage. I must take care, or he will be too much of a servant for me!" So, when the tailor returned with the water, the giant sent him to fetch a couple of bundles of fagots from the forest,

and bring them home. "Why not the whole forest at one stroke, every tree, young and old, knotty and smooth?" asked the tailor, and went away. "What! the whole forest, and the well, too, and its spring!" murmured the frightened giant in his beard; and he began to be still more afraid, and believed that the tailor was too great a man for him, and not fit for his servant. However, when the tailor returned with his load of fagots, the giant told him to shoot two or three wild boars for their supper. "Why not rather a thousand at one shot, and the rest afterward?" cried the boaster. "What, what!" gasped the cowardly giant, terribly frightened. "Oh, well! that is enough for to-day; you may go to sleep now!"

The poor giant, however, was so very much afraid of the little tailor that he could not close his eyes all the night, but tossed about thinking how to get rid of his servant, whom he regarded as an enchanter conspiring against his life. With time comes counsel. The following morning the giant and the dwarf went together to a marsh where a great many willow-trees were growing. When they got there the giant said: "Seat yourself on one of these willow rods, tailor; on my life I only wish to see if you are in a condition to bend it down."

The boasting tailor climbed the tree, and perched himself on a bough, and then, holding his breath, he made himself heavy enough thereby to bend the tree down. Soon, however, he had to take breath again, and immediately, as he had been unfortunate enough to come without his goose in his pocket, the bough flew up, and to the great joy of the giant, carried the tailor with it so high into the air that he went out of sight. And whether he has since fallen down again, or is yet flying about in the air, I am unable to tell you.

THE THREE GOATS

Once upon a time there were three goats that were sent to some pasture-lands in order to be fattened, and all three happened to be named Brausewind. On their road to the pasture there was a bridge across a river which they must pass, and under the bridge lived a gigantic and horrible spirit, whose eyes were as large as two pewter plates, and whose nose was as long as the handle of a hoe.

The youngest goat Brausewind first came along, and stepped upon the bridge.

"Creak, creak!" complained the bridge.

"Who is tripping over my bridge?" cried the elf underneath.

"Oh! it is only the smallest of the goats named Brausewind," said the goat in a very shrill voice.

"Then I shall come and fetch you," cried the elf.

"Nay, do not come for me, for I am still so little," said the goat; "wait a bit, till the second Brausewind comes, for he is much larger than I am."

"Very well," quoth the elf.

After a while the other goat Brausewind came along, and he began to go over the bridge.

"*Creak, creak!*" cried the bridge again.

"Who is tramping over my bridge?" cried the elf.

"Oh! it is only the second goat Brausewind; I am going to the pasture-lands to get a little fatter," answered the goat, but in a less soft voice than the first.

"Then I shall come and fetch you," said the elf.

"Nay, do not take me, but wait a bit till the large goat Brausewind comes, for he is a great deal bigger than I am."

"Very well," replied the elf.

It was not long before the big goat Brausewind reached the same spot.

"Creak, creak!" went the bridge, as if it were going to split.

"Who comes thundering over my bridge?" cried the elf.

"The big goat Brausewind," growled the goat.

"Then I shall come and fetch you," cried the elf.

"Well, come if you like; I've two spears in my head,
With which I can easily strike you dead.
Yes, come if you like; and with thundering stones
I shiver to powder your brains and your bones."

replied the goat; and, butting at the elf, he easily broke every bone in his body, after which he threw him into the river, and followed the other goats to the pastures.

And here the goats grew so very, very, very fat that they were not able to come home again; and, unless they have grown thinner since, they are probably there still.

"MAMMA, please tell us a story!" cried all the young dragons.

"Children, do be less noisy!" said their father, the Honorable Samuel P. Dragon. He had slain a knight that very evening and was perhaps a little irritable. Young dragons should be thoughtful, and should never disturb their parents after the night's fighting is over.

"Hush, children!" said Mrs. Dragon. "Your father has to fight hard all night, and in the day he needs his rest. I will tell you one nice story, if you will promise to go quietly to bed afterward."

The youngsters coiled down into comfortable hollows in the rock, and Mrs. Dragon prepared to begin her story.

"I suppose you would prefer a man-story?"

"Please, Mamma. We are *so* tired of 'When I was a little dragon.' Tell us a real man-story; but be sure not to have the dragon hurt. We like it to end happily, Mamma."

"Very well. Listen quietly, now. Don't rustle your wings nor flop your tails—Sammy! stop blowing flames into your sister's face, this moment! or not a word shall you hear.

"There was once a most delightful land, full of bogs and moist-smelling marshes, of dark rocky caves, all damp and cold. The lakes were covered with beautiful green mold, no flowers grew in the fields—nothing but cool rushes, ferns, and mosses. In short, it was a land in which any dragon might be glad to crawl; no sunshine to crinkle the scales or dry up the wings, no bright glaring fields to dazzle one's poor eyes. Why, even at midday one could slide comfortably about on the slippery, slimy banks and never catch a blink of a sunbeam on the water."

"Oh, how nice! Really and truly, Mamma?" asked the small dragons, laughing with so much delight that the flames from their pretty scarlet throats lighted up the cave until Mr. Dragon stirred uneasily in his dreams; for he had fallen asleep.

"Really and truly," their mother went on, in a lower tone. "In this charming country, your father and I began our cave-keeping. We were very happy for a time, for not too far from us was your father's estate—a fertile valley well stocked with plump and well-flavored inhabitants. You have never seen any whole men, have you?"

"No," they replied eagerly. "What are they like?"

"Oh, so ugly. To begin with, they have no scales, no wings, no claws—"

"No wings and no claws? How frightful they must be!" exclaimed young Samuel Dragon, Jr., proudly expanding his green pinions.

"Not a wing!" replied Mrs. Dragon. "And they walk, when mature, exclusively on their hind legs."

"Why is that?" asked the children.

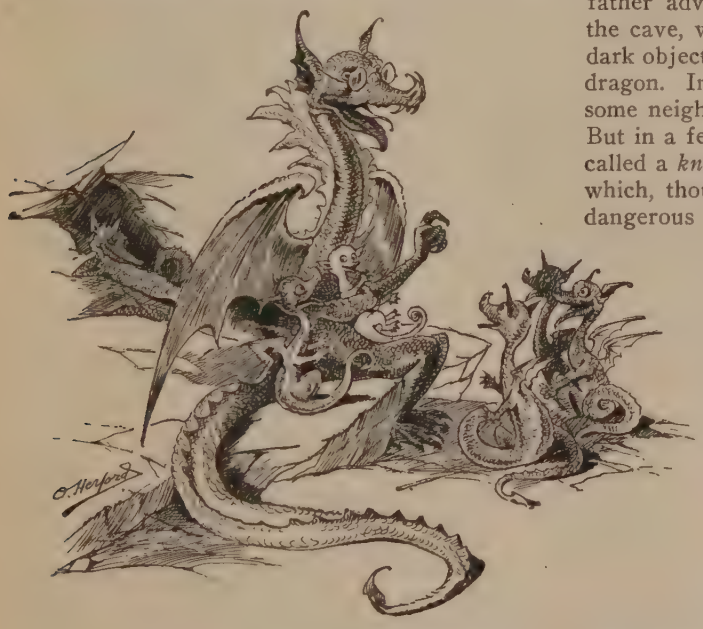
"I can not tell. It does seem absurd. When young they go on all fours like sensible animals, but the elders pull and persuade, teach and coax, until the poor little things rear up on their hind legs, and then the foolish old ones seem satisfied. Men are very queer. When they first came on this earth—this earth where dragons dwell—they lived, properly enough, in caves like the rest of the world. But they are a stupid and restless kind of creatures, and soon began to tear pieces out of the world to make caves to suit themselves. Now they slaughter trees, slice and split them, fasten the pieces together, and stalk in and out of queer little holes called 'doors.' But I can

not spare time to tell you any more about their curious instincts—you must read it for yourselves some day in the 'Dragon's Economical Cave-keeper,' the marketing manual. Look in the index under 'Animal Foods: Apes, Men, and various Bipeds.' You will find it interesting—and useful too.

"As I said, we were happy for a time. We used to stroll out quietly in the evening, and often managed to secure a nice chubby man or two, in an hour's flight. But at length came an age when those mean creatures decided to revolt. That is, they kept in their little caves at night, and compelled us to go out so frequently in the unhealthful, glaring daylight, that our scales were hardly fit to be seen. Even with all this exposure, we would succeed in catching only some of the little ones—indeed, during a whole month I caught nothing but two thin miserable specimens. Think how your poor mother suffered! I was almost starved. I became so thin that I rattled!"

Mrs. Dragon looked at the young audience, and saw that the eyes of the two smallest were really shedding sparks. She was touched by their sympathy, but, fearing the story was becoming too sad, hastened to brighten it.

"Well, dears, it did not last long. Your father



was young, rash, and brave, in those nights. One dawn he said, 'Really, Scalena, this will not do. I can stand this foolishness no longer!' I asked what he intended, but he waved his tail in a threatening way, and smiled knowingly as he whetted his claws on a new piece of sandstone. The next night, bidding me not to be anxious, he left me. I looked after him as long as I could see the flames in the sky, and then returned wearily to our cave to pick the last bone.

"The next morning, just at dawn, he returned with a delicious marketing—he said it was a *butcher,* I think, though it may have been a *judge,* the flavor is much the same. Then, when we had retired into the darkest, dampest, coziest corner of the cave, he told me very modestly the story of his great achievement.

"Your brave father, children, had been down to where the whole swarm of men lived, and actually had beaten to pieces one of the wooden caves! He made light of his exploit, and only rejoiced in it because, as he said, he had no fear now of famine or even of scarcity. We sat up late that happy morning, enjoyed a delicious supper, and slept soundly until nightfall.

"We arose with the moon, and after a hasty but effective toilet on his new sandstone, your father advanced glidingly toward the mouth of the cave, when suddenly there presented itself a dark object with a shiny coat, much like that of a dragon. Indeed, we thought for a moment it was some neighbor who had dropped in to breakfast. But in a few seconds we saw that it was what is called a *knight.* A knight, children, is an animal which, though edible, is noxious, and sometimes dangerous to young or careless dragons. I have heard of such being even killed by this spiteful little pest. They are found among men—in fact, they are a species of men that has a hard shell. You know there are hard-shell crabs and soft-shell crabs, and so, likewise, there are hard and soft shelled men. Our visitor was a hard-shell who had, while prowling about, found our cave either by accident or wilfully.

"I do not deny that I was a trifle anxious; but your father was merely angry. Giving a great roar, he blew out a mass of dark smoke and scarlet flames at the unfortunate little knight.

"But, though small, the knight was plucky and showed fight. As your father carelessly leaped toward him, the knight scratched dear Papa slightly with a long, hard stick, on the end of

which was a bit of very hard shell. Then the knight rode out—for he had enslaved an unfortunate horse, as these cruel men do, my pets, and by means of a contrivance in its mouth, he made it carry him about wherever he chose.

"Your father eagerly followed, though I sought in vain to restrain him. 'No, Scalena,' said he. 'This is a question of principle! As a true dragon and your loving mate, it is my duty to destroy this dangerous little fellow. Do not be foolish; I will bring you the body of the fierce creature. They are excellent eating. But you must sharpen your claws, my dear, for the shells are exceedingly hard to remove and most difficult of digestion.'

"I obeyed him, for your father is always right, and out he flew with a rush of smoke and flame."

"THERE WAS NO DOUBT OF THE RESULT!"

"Oh, Mother, and was Father killed?" asked one of the youngest—little Tommy Dragon.

"Of course not!" replied his elder brother, scornfully. "Don't you see him sleeping over there, all safe and sound? Don't be so silly!"

"You must not speak so sharply to your little brother!" said Mrs. Dragon, "or I shall end the story at once!"

"Oh, please go on," exclaimed all the young dragons; "it is just the most interesting part!"

Pleased with their eagerness, she resumed:

"I did not see the hunt, but your father has often described it to me. The knight came wickedly at him, hoping to scratch him with the sharp stick; but with one whisk of his long green tail, your father broke the thing into small pieces! So you see, Sam," said this thoughtful parent, turning slyly to her eldest son, "it is most important to practise your tail-whisking—and I hope you will not forget it when you go to your next lesson."

Sammy Dragon turned saffron with confusion, but it was evident that he resolved to profit by the little moral so ingeniously woven, by careful Mrs. Dragon, into a mere man-story.

"After the stick was broken," she went on, "the vicious little knight snatched out another, made entirely of the hard shell with which the first was only tipped. With this he tried his worst to break some of your father's lovely scales. Think what a ferocious animal this knight must have been! I can not see what they are made for; but then, it is instinct, perhaps, we must not judge him too harshly.

"This new weapon met the fate of the other. It was crunched up by your father's strong teeth, and then he descended upon the little hard-shell man with a great swoop—and that ended the battle! Your father is a modest dragon, but he was really proud of the swiftness with which he

ended that conflict. After he once had a fair opportunity to use his newly sharpened claws, there was no doubt of the result!

"We ate the knight at our next meal. I was glad to welcome your father; but he said, 'Pooh! nonsense!' and made light of the whole matter."

The young dragons were delighted, and even thought of asking for another story; but their mother, for the first time, noticed that it was almost broad daylight.

"But goodness, children, I hear the horrid little birds singing!" said she. "Run away to bed with you. Wrap yourselves up tight in your moist wings, and be sure to sleep on damp rocks in a draft where you will keep good and cold."

The youngsters crawled away to rest, while Mrs. Dragon went to rouse the Honorable Samuel P. Dragon. To her surprise she saw his great green eyes glowing with a sulphurous satisfaction.

"There are no times like the old times!" said he, drowsily. "That was really a splendid hunt!"

"Yes, dear," replied his mate, with a proud and happy smile; "but I had no idea *you* were listening to my foolish stories. We must now go to rest, or you won't be up till midnight—and then there won't be a single man about. Remember, 'it is the late dragon that catches the knight.'"

The Honorable Samuel P. Dragon rubbed his claws gently together as he selected a nice cozy place for the day. He was humming to himself, and faithful Mrs. Dragon smiled fondly as she recognized the tune. It was:

"I fear no foe in shining armor!"

"Ah!" said she to herself, "the old people like man-stories as well as the little ones!"

MRS. TOM COD, TO A TRAMP SAW-FISH: "YES, MY POOR MAN, I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO EAT IF YOU'LL SAW UP THAT PILE OF CORAL YONDER."

THE BREMEN TOWN MUSICIANS

BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM

An Ass, who had carried sacks to the mill for his master during many long years, felt his strength fail at last, so that he could no longer work for his living. His master thought of getting rid of his old servant, that he might save the expense of his food. But the Ass discovered his intentions and determined to run away.

So he took the road to Bremen, where he had often heard the street band playing, and he thought he could be as musical as they were.

He had not traveled far when he saw a Hound lying on the ground and gasping for breath, as if he were tired of running.

"Why are you panting so, friend?" asked the Ass.

"Ah," he replied, "now that I am old, and get each day weaker and weaker, I can no more go to the hunt, and my master has ordered me to be killed, so I have run away; but how I am to earn my living, I don't know."

"Will you go with me?" said the Ass. "Do you know, I am going to try my fortune as a street musician in Bremen; I think you and I could easily earn a living by music; I can play the lute, and you can beat the kettle-drum."

The dog was quite contented, and so they both walked on together.

Not long after they saw a Cat sitting in the road with a face as dismal as three days of rainy weather.

"Now, whatever has come across you, old whiskers?" asked the Ass.

"How can one be merry when one has a collar on?" said the Cat. "Now I am getting old and my teeth are become stumps, I cannot catch mice; and I like to lie behind the stove and purr; but when I found they were going to drown me and my wife, I ran away as fast as I could; my experience has cost me dear, and now what am I to do?"

"Go with us to Bremen," said the Ass; "you are accustomed to perform night music, I know, so you can easily become a street musician in the town."

"With all my heart," said the Cat. So he walked on with them.

After traveling some little distance the three fugitives came to a farm-yard, and on the gate stood a domestic Cock screaming with all his might.

"Why are you standing there on your marrow-bones and screaming so?" said the Ass.

"That is the way I prophesy fine weather," replied the Cock. "But the housewife has no pity, for I heard the cook say that there is company coming on Sunday, and she shall want me to put in the soup. So this evening my head will be cut off; therefore I shall scream at the top of my voice as long as I can."

"Listen, Red Comb," said the Ass; "would you like to run away with us? We are going to Bremen, and you will find something better there than to be made into soup; you have a fine voice, and we are all musical by nature."

The Cock readily fell in with this proposal, and they all four went away together.

They could not, however, reach Bremen in one day, and evening came on just as they entered a wood, so they decided to stay all night.

The Ass and the Dog laid themselves under a large tree, but the Cat made himself comfortable on the branches. The Cock flew to the summit of the tree, where he felt himself quite safe.

Before they slept the Cock, who from his high position could see to all points of the compass, discovered in the distance a tiny spark burning, and calling to his comrades, told them he was convinced that they were not far from a house in which a light was shining.

"Then," said the Ass, "we must rouse up and go on to this light, for there is plainly a harbor of refuge for us." And the Hound said he should be glad of a little piece of meat, or a couple of bones, if he could get nothing else.

So they were very soon on their way to the place where the light shone, and it grew larger and brighter as they approached, till they saw that it came from the window of a robber's cave. The Ass, who was the tallest, went near and looked in.

"What is to be seen, old gray horse?" said the Cock.

"What do I see?" answered the Ass; "why, a table laid out with plenty to eat and drink, and robbers sitting at it and enjoying themselves."

"That ought to be our supper," said the Cock.

"Yes, yes," the Ass replied; "if we were only inside."

Then the animals consulted together as to what they had better do to drive the robbers away; at last they fixed upon a plan.

The Ass was to stand on his hind legs and place his fore feet on the window-sill, and the Dog to stand on his back. The Cat was then

"THE ASS BRAYED, THE HOUND BARKED, THE CAT MEWED, AND THE COCK CROWED"

to climb on the dog, and above them all the Cock promised to fly and perch on the Cat's head.

As soon as this was accomplished, at a signal given, they all began to perform their music together. The Donkey brayed, the Hound barked, the Cat mewed, and the Cock crowed with such a tremendous force through the window into the room that the window rattled.

The robbers, hearing such a horrible outcry above them, thought it could only be caused by supernatural beings, and fled in great terror to the wood behind the house. Then our four comrades rushed in, placed themselves near or upon the table, and took whatever was before them, which the robbers had left, and ate as if they had been hungry for a month.

When the four musicians had finished they put out the light, and each sought a sleeping-place most easy and suitable to his nature and habits. The Ass laid himself down at full length in the yard, the Dog crouched behind the door, the Cat rolled herself up on the hearth among the warm ashes, while the Cock perched on the beam in the roof, and they were all so tired with their long journey that they were soon fast asleep.

About midnight, one of the robbers, from a distance, seeing that the light was out and all quiet, told their chief, who said:

"I do not think there has been any cause for fear, after all."

Then he called one of their number and sent him to the house to see if it was all right.

The messenger, finding everything still, went into the kitchen to strike a light, and seeing the glaring, fiery eyes of the Cat looking like a live coal, held a match toward them that he might set fire to it. But puss, not understanding such a joke, flew up, spit at him, and scratched his face. This frightened him so terribly that he rushed to the door; but the Dog, who lay there, sprang out upon him and bit him in the leg as he went by.

In the court he ran against the Donkey, who gave him a kick with his hind foot, while the Cock on the beam, aroused by the noise, became alive and brisk in a moment, and cried out as loudly as he could: "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Then ran the robber as fast as he could back to his chief.

"Ah, me!" he said, "in that house is a horrible witch, who flew at me and scratched my face with her long fingers. Then by the door stood a man with a knife, who stabbed me in the leg; and out in the court lay a black monster who struck me a violent blow with his wooden club; and up in the roof sat the judge, who cried: 'Bring the knave up, do!' On that I made off as fast as possible."

From the moment that they heard this the robbers never again entered the house, but escaped as quickly from the place as they could; and the four musicians found themselves in such good quarters that they would not leave, and the last heard of them was that they intended to remain there.

THE THREE LUCK-CHILDREN

THERE was once upon a time a father, who called his three sons to him, and gave the first a cock, the second a scythe, and the third a cat, and then addressed them thus: "I am very old, and my end draweth nigh, but I wish to show my care for you before I die. Money I have not, and what I now give you appears of little worth; but do not think that, for if each of you use his gift carefully, and seek some country where such a thing is not known, your fortunes will be made."

Soon after, the father died, and the eldest son set out on his travels with his cock, but wherever he came, such a creature was already well known. In the towns he saw it from afar, sitting upon the church steeples, and turning itself round with the wind; and in the villages he heard more than one crow, and nobody troubled himself about another, so that it did not seem as if he would ever make his fortune by it. At last, however, it fell out that he arrived on an island where the people knew nothing about cocks, nor even how to divide their time. They knew, certainly, when it was evening and morning, but at night, if they did not sleep through it, they could not comprehend the time. "See," said he to them, "what a proud creature it is, what a fine red crown it wears on its head, and it has spurs like a knight! Thrice during the night it will crow at certain hours, and the third time it calls you may know the sun will soon rise; but, if it crows by day, you may prepare then for a change of weather."

The good people were well pleased, and the whole night they lay awake and listened to the cock, which crowed loudly and clearly at two, four, and six o'clock. The next day they asked if the creature were not for sale, and how much he asked, and he replied: "As much gold as an ass can bear." "A ridiculously small sum," said they, "for such a marvelous creature!" and gave him readily what he asked.

When he returned home with his money, his

brothers were astonished, and the second said he would also go out and see what luck his scythe would bring him. But at first it did not seem likely that fortune would favor him, for all the countrymen he met carried equally good scythes upon their shoulders. At last, however, he also came to an island whose people were ignorant of the use of scythes; for when a field of corn was ripe, they planted great cannons and shot it down! In this way, it was no uncommon thing that many of them shot quite over it; others hit the ears instead of the stalks, and shot them quite away, so that a great quantity was always ruined, and the most doleful lamentations ensued. But our hero, when he arrived, mowed away so silently and quickly, that the people held their breath and noses with wonder, and willingly gave him what he desired, which was a horse laden with as much gold as it could carry.

On his return the third brother set out with his cat to try his luck, and it happened to him exactly as it had done to the others; so long as he kept on the old roads he met with no place which did not already boast its cat; indeed, so many were there that the new-born kittens were usually drowned. At last he voyaged to an island where, luckily for him, cats were unknown animals; and yet, the mice were so numerous that they danced upon the tables and chairs, whether the master of the house were at home or not. These people complained continually of the plague, and the king himself knew not how to deliver them from it; for in every corner the mice were swarming, and destroyed what they could not carry away in their teeth. The cat, however, on its arrival, commenced a grand hunt; and so soon cleared a couple of rooms of the troublesome visitors, that the people begged the king to buy it for the use of his kingdom. The king gave willingly the price that was asked for the wonderful animal, and the third brother returned home with a still larger treasure, in the shape of a mule laden with gold.

Meanwhile the cat was having capital sport in the royal palace with the mice, and bit so many that the dead were not to be numbered. At last she became very thirsty with the hot work, and stopped, and, raising her head, cried: "Miau, miau!" At the unusual sound, the king, together with all his courtiers, were much frightened, and in terror they ran out of the castle. There the king held a council what it were best to do, and at length it was resolved to send a herald to the cat, to demand that she should quit the castle, or force would be used to make her. "For," said the councilors, "we would rather be plagued by the mice, to which we are accustomed, than surrender ourselves a prey to this beast." A page was accordingly sent to the cat to ask whether she would quit the castle in peace; but the cat, whose thirst had all the while been increasing, replied nothing but "Miau, miau!" The page understood her to say, "No, no!" and brought the king word accordingly. The councilors agreed then that she should feel their power, and cannons were brought out and fired, so that the castle was presently in flames. When the fire reached the room where the cat was, she sprang out of the window, but the besiegers ceased not until the whole was leveled with the ground.

THE SHREDS

Once upon a time there was a maiden who was very pretty, but lazy and careless. When she used to spin, she was so impatient that if there chanced to be a little knot in the thread she snapped off a long bit with it and threw the pieces down on the ground near her. Now she had a servant-girl who was industrious and used to gather together the shreds of thread, clean them, and weave them, till she made herself a dress with them.

A certain young man had fallen in love with this lazy maiden; and their wedding day was appointed. On the evening before the industrious servant-girl kept dancing about in her fine dress, till the bride exclaimed:

> "Ah! how the girl does jump about,
> Dressed in my shreds and leavings!"

When the bridegroom heard this, he asked the bride what she meant, and she told him that the maid had worked herself a dress with the shreds of thread which she had thrown away. As soon as the bridegroom heard this, and saw the difference between the laziness of his intended and the industry of her servant, he gave up the mistress and chose the maid for his wife.

SHE LOVED HIM, BUT HE MOVED AWAY!

DRAWN BY ALICF SARGENT

LISTENING TO BIRDS AND BEASTS

GORILLA AND CHIMPANZEE

"How very like a Man I look," said the Gorilla, the biggest, ugliest Ape in Apeland. "I have thirty-two teeth and a broad, flat chest, just like that of a Man. I don't wear a tail, and I am called a Man-like Ape."

"So am I," remarked the Chimpanzee, who lives near the Equator and is the wisest of all the Apes. "But you must not think that we Apes are altogether like human beings. Men like to walk upright, while we are much more comfortable on all fours. Our arms are longer than our legs. Besides a Man cannot climb trees as we can."

"You do not live in the trees as much as I do," answered the Gorilla. "You sleep on the ground, lying on your side, while I build a platform of boughs high up in the branches of a tree, and there, in the African forest, Mrs. Gorilla and the babies sleep all night."

"What do you do then?" asked the Chimpanzee.

"I prop myself up against the tree-trunk down below, so as to keep watch over my family," answered the Gorilla.

"That is very nice of you," cried the Chimpanzee, "but I thought you were the fiercest and the most savage of the Apes."

"So I am," roared the Gorilla, banging his hairy chest with his hairy hands and thus making a terrible drum-like sound. "My canine or tearing teeth are almost as big as tusks, my arms are long and very strong and my body is huge; I am six feet high and every one is afraid of me."

"I don't wonder," said the Chimpanzee. "You are ugly enough."

The Gorilla grinned and looked pleased. "What do you eat?" he asked.

"Birds, eggs, small animals and nuts," answered the Chimpanzee. "When I walk I steady myself with the backs of my hands, for I cannot straighten out my fingers; they are always curved and—"

"It is going to rain," interrupted the Gorilla. "Now, if you were a Man, you would go to look for your umbrella."

"But being an Ape," the Chimpanzee went on, "I shall just sit down and fold my arms over my chest."

"Quite right," said the Gorilla. "The hair on our arms grows two different ways; on the lower part it points upward, while from the shoulder to the elbow it grows downward." As he spoke the rain came pouring down in torrents. Both huge creatures folded their arms. The rain running down their shoulders dripped off at the elbows, and so their bodies were kept quite dry.

MONKEYS

"I WILL tell you a secret if you won't tell any one else," said Jim the African Monkey to Jock his friend. "By my long tail and my ten fingers and ten toes I swear I won't," cried Jock. "Then come into this corner next to the Old Baboon's cage," said Jim. So the two scurried into the corner. Jim put his mouth close to Jock's ear and was just going to whisper into it when the Baboon put a long arm through the bars from the other side and tweaked Jim's tail.

"Ouah!" screamed he, dancing with rage. "You hurt."

"I meant to!" answered the Baboon. "You fussy little monkey, what right have you to come into this corner? Go to another."

"I won't!" cried Jim. "You black-faced, yellow-haired old thing! Go to bed!" The Baboon waved his tail and chattered his strong teeth angrily. "I'll throw you to the Leopards or the Snakes," he said. Jim grinned. "You're always talking about Leopards and Snakes," he remarked. "You are just as much afraid of them as I am." The Baboon took a nut out of his cheek-pouch, cracked it and ate it. "You can't do that," he said spitefully.

"Yes I can," answered Jim, quickly copying him, "because I am an Old World Monkey. If I

was a South American, that is to say, a New World Monkey, I could not, for I should have no cheek-pouches."

"New World Monkeys are very clever," said the Baboon. "How do you think they cross a wide river?"

"Swim!" said Jock.

"Monkeys can't swim," answered the Baboon scornfully; "our paws, which are like hands, our long tails and muscles are made to help us climb trees and eat nuts and fruit. No! But to cross a wide river monkeys have a way of their own. They gather high up in the branches of a tree close to the river. Each monkey takes hold of his brother's tail until there is quite a long chain of them. The first monkey on the chain lays tight hold of a branch, and the last monkey, springing off another branch, sets the whole chain swinging. It swings across the river and the last monkey seizes hold of the high branch of a tree on the other side. For a moment there is a rope of monkeys across the river. Then the first monkey lets go his hold. Again the swing is in motion, and in a moment all are on the far side. Then the monkeys climb up over each others' backs into the tree and . . ." but the Baboon had no time to finish, for Jim spitefully nipped his ear.

"Now," said he, "I'll tell the secret," and very softly he whispered, "New World Monkeys have thirty-six teeth, we Old World ones have only thirty-two."

"Is that the secret?" said Jock crossly, rubbing his tickled ear. "Why, everybody knows that!"

LEOPARD

The Cat, as you know, has a great many big fierce cousins among the beasts, and the Leopard is one of them. He has eyes that see in the dark, and whiskers that help him to feel his way in places where the grass grows so thickly that he cannot see well. The Leopard always walks on his toes. He has eighteen toes. Under each toe is a soft pad or cushion and in the middle of each paw is another larger pad, so that when he walks he makes not the least noise. Look at your own cat's toes and you will see that they are exactly the same, only smaller.

The Leopard's strong claws are curved, and he always keeps them well sharpened and ready for use. He has about thirty teeth, and four of them —two on the top and two on the bottom jaw—are much larger, sharper and stronger than the rest. These are called canine or tearing teeth. His tongue is covered with rough horny points sloping backward, and with it he is able to scrape off every tiny bit of flesh from bones. He lives in the forests of Asia and Africa, and is a carnivorous animal, that is to say, he eats nothing but the flesh of the animals he hunts and kills.

Just think a moment and you will see how well he is able to do this. He can see to hunt as clearly by night as by day; he has such quick ears that he can hear the least sound from very far away, and so he knows where to find his prey; he can creep close to it without being heard, and, when near enough, gives a spring and a bound and strikes it down; then with his strong claws and canine teeth he tears it to pieces, licking the very bones quite clean with his rough tongue. Also he can climb trees as cleverly as a cat. Very cunning he is and up to all sorts of tricks. Sometimes hunters climb up a tree on purpose to watch for and shoot him, and often, all the time, although they do not know it, Mr. Leopard is crouching on a branch above, watching them, and no doubt laughing to himself and thinking how much cleverer he is than they.

LION AND LIONESS

The Lioness had had good hunting, and so the Cubs had a good supper. It was the first time they had tasted flesh and they liked it very much. Their mother taught them how to use their teeth and claws, which are just like a cat's, only very, very much bigger and stronger. When they had finished their meal, they snuggled up close to the Lioness, and she licked them with, oh, such a rough tongue, and they were all very happy together. Suddenly they heard a sound like far-away thunder. "What is that?" asked the elder Cub, who was busy cleaning his eighteenth and last claw. "That is the Lion, the King of Beasts, roaring," answered the Lioness. "It may be your father."

"Why does he roar?" asked the Cub again.

"Because he is hungry," was the answer. "He puts his head close to the ground when he roars and the sound rolls over the plain. The animals are so frightened that they cannot tell where the noise comes from, and often they run right to the place where the Lion is."

"I should like to roar," said the Cub, but however hard he tried, he could only mew like a cat, but louder of course.

"Wait till you are eighteen months old," said the Lioness, "then you will begin to roar."

Soon up came the Lion, stalking softly over the plain on his great padded feet. "Greeting, O King," growled the Lioness. "I wish I were like father," mewed the Cub.

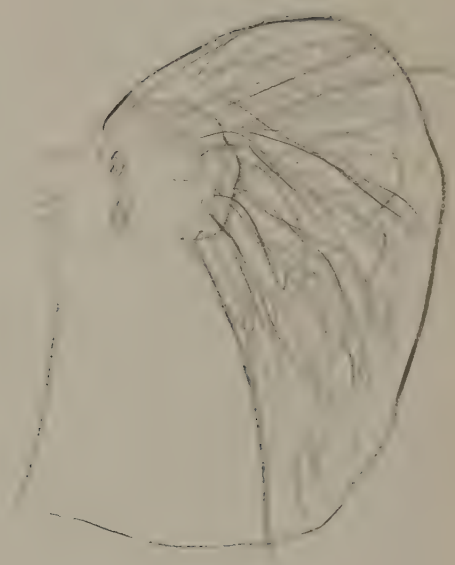
"His muscles are so strong that he can carry a full-grown ox," said the Lioness proudly. "He

Peacock. "Well, boys and girls, how do you like it?"

Peacock: "Perhaps this style will please you better!"

Peacock: "Now I'll sing for you."

VANITY



can knock down a man with one stroke of his tufted tail, and as for his paws, there is nothing so strong in the whole beast world as the fore paw of a Lion."

The big Lion sat down, shook his mane, frowned, wrinkled his face, and began. "Never turn your back upon your enemies, my sons," he said solemnly; "we Lions never do. Never kill unless you are hungry: attack only the bigger beasts, let the smaller ones go. Keep close to your mother until you are old enough to defend yourselves. While she lives you are safe from the hunters. She is worthy to be the mother of the King of Beasts. Even I am not so terrible as she is when you are in danger."

The Lioness growled: she was so pleased. The Lion, whose eyes are made so that he can see all round him, suddenly bounded away: he saw a troop of Gazelles. Said the Lioness, "In olden times the kings in hot countries used to hunt with tame Lions and—"

"We don't like history," mewed the Cubs, and straightway fell asleep; and the Lioness, seeing that all was safe, slept too.

TIGER

"I WILL hide in the grasses by the river, and there I will wait for the thirsty beasts to come and drink, and then I will kill them," says the cruel Tiger to himself as he creeps through the jungle, and the chattering Monkeys run away as fast as they can. They are just as frightened of the fierce beast as you would be, if you lived in India or China where the Tigers are.

The Lion is chief of the cat family: the Tiger comes next. He is nearly as strong as the Lion and much more like a cat. His body is longer, his paws shorter, and he does not wear a mane. Lions, whether Indian, American, or African, have teeth and claws, like those of a cat, made to tear flesh, but they do not kill unless they are hungry. Tigers kill always, whether they are hungry or not, just because they are wicked and like it. I think when a Tiger sees an Antelope or a baby Elephant whose tusks are not yet grown, or a little Rhinoceros or any other animal, he must say to himself, "Why is this beast allowed to live? I am the only one that has a right to be here. I hate every beast and every living thing except myself, and first I will sharpen and clean my claws on a tree, and then I will kill—kill—kill!"

And so he does. He will fight with his own Tiger brothers: he will even attack the Lion, the King of the Beasts, for a Tiger is as bold as he is cruel.

In the jungle, where the Tiger lives among tall reeds and grasses, the sunshine is bright golden and the shadows are deep black. The Tiger's coat, too, is beautiful, smooth, shiny golden, with deep black stripes. It exactly matches the sunshine and the shadows, and that is why the Tiger is able to hide himself so well when he is out hunting for food. Its beautiful skin is all that is valuable about a Tiger, and a native prince is very proud to have a tiger-skin adorn his throne —head, teeth, and whiskers and claws and all.

In China the natives often trap the fierce beast in a big box with a very heavy lid to it. Inside is a looking-glass. Mr. Tiger one day comes across the box—open—in the jungle. He looks inside and sees, as he thinks, another Tiger. He growls and shows his teeth; so does the other beast. He roars with rage and springs into the box after the other Tiger. Click! snap goes the spring. Bang! down goes the lid. Mr. Tiger is caught and there is the end of him.

HYENA AND JACKAL

THE Spotted or Laughing Hyena's cage was next door to that of the Jackal in the Animal Gardens. They would not talk to me because they knew I did not like them, but they often talked to each other, and one day I listened. Both Jackal and Hyena are low, cunning, treacherous beasts. Jackals live in the East—in Palestine, Syria, India, and North Africa—and so do the Striped Hyenas; but the Spotted Hyena is found in Africa, south of the desert of Sahara. Both animals are scavengers, especially the Jackal, and if you want to know what a scavenger is, you must read what the Vulture has to say.

It was the Jackal who was speaking when I first came up to the cage.

"Don't you make any more faces at me," he said crossly to the Hyena. "I know you too well to be frightened. You kill animals smaller and weaker than yourself, but you run away from those who are stronger and braver."

"You need not find fault with me," answered the Hyena. "Ha! ha! You are only a thief and a night-robber after all. You steal the poultry, the lambs, and the grapes, and you are too frightened ever to hunt by yourself." He said this because Jackals always hunt in packs.

"We eat the flesh of big beasts too," howled the Jackal, and his voice was louder and shriller than the Wolf's, although he is the smaller animal.

"Yes, indeed!" laughed the Hyena; "but you wait for the Lion and the Tiger to kill their prey, and when they have eaten enough, then you come and finish the leavings."

"True!" said the Jackal, "and you do the same thing, although you do not belong to our family. We are related to the dogs."

"And I am a kind of a cat. But I have only four toes on my front paws instead of five," answered the Hyena. "However, we both live in ruins and old tombs; we both like to hunt at night, and men dislike us because they say we are treacherous and cunning."

"And so we are," cried the Jackal, who was not at all ashamed of it.

Just then a man brought them their dinner. The Hyena, with his terrible strong teeth, snapped his ox-bones in two and swallowed the bits whole; then having finished the meat long before the other, he began to shuffle up and down and round his cage to show me how strong his shoulders and neck are. After this he sat down and howled over and over again, "I'd rather eat a donkey or a dog!" To which the Jackal answered, "I should so like to steal some grapes!" and the two together made such a noise that I came away.

WOLVES

The Wolves were holding a meeting. This was in Russia, but Wolves live in Asia and North America as well as in Europe. There came to that meeting two hundred Wolves, all lean and savage with hunger, for they had not eaten for many days. Each one as it slunk out of the forest opened its great jaws and howled. The good folk in the farmhouse heard the awful sound and drew closer to one another trembling. They all feared the Wolves. But the Farmer got up and went to see that the sheep and cattle were safely housed, for the Wolves had killed a great many of his beasts that year.

Outside in the snow the Wolves snarled, and snapped, and quarreled and fought with each other. You never heard such a noise as they made. Suddenly the leader of the pack—a big savage old Wolf—cried, "Silence!"

"I am hungry!" grumbled a young Wolf.

"We are starving!" howled the others.

"Silence!" cried the leader again fiercely. "We shall hunt to-night!"

The young Wolf nipped one of his mother's ears. They stood up straight from her head as all true Wolves' ears should do. "I will lead the pack some day," he said. "Will you?" snapped another flying at his throat. They fought, but the old wolf took no notice. "Brothers," he said, "we are here not because we like to be together but because we are hungry. A single Wolf hunting by himself can do very little. He is fierce, yet cowardly and easily frightened. But a whole pack! why nothing in the world can frighten a hungry pack of Wolves. We can follow our prey from morning until night and never tire. Woe betide the beast or man whom we hunt!"

"Woe betide him," howled the pack. One big Wolf scratched his ear with his blunt dog-like claws. "What can we hunt?" he said. "There are dogs and men to guard the farm: we dare not venture there." At the word "dog," all the Wolves growled, for Wolves, although they look so like big dogs, and belong to the dog family, hate dogs, and are hated by them.

"I smell deer," cried the leader, sniffing the air. The deer was miles and miles away, yet the Wolf smelt it, for Wolves hunt by the scent.

"After him," howled the pack, and away they went, half the Wolves going by one way, and half by another, so that the deer should not escape. After a long chase the poor beast was caught and slain, but not before it had killed some of the pack. These dead Wolves were eaten by their hungry brothers, for the Wolf is a beast without pity or love except for himself.

ESKIMO DOGS

The Eskimo Dogs lay bunched up in a heap in the snow outside their master's hut. They lived far away up North in Greenland, and they had been out all day dragging the sledge filled with dead seals across the ice and snow, so they were all tired and sleepy and cross and hungry. They had had their supper of seal flesh but that did not make much difference: Eskimo Dogs are always hungry. Presently the leader of the team—there is always a leader in every team of dogs—got up, showed his big teeth that are made for eating flesh, growled, then turning round suddenly as if something had occurred to him, caught hold of the youngest dog in the team and bit him on the ear. Dogs always attack with their teeth just as cats always attack with their claws. The youngest dog woke up. "What 's that for?" he whimpered, not daring to fight with the leader, although he longed to do so. The leader is the strongest, fiercest, dog in the team, because, before becoming leader, he has to fight with every other dog in the team and beat him.

"Don't ask questions," answered the leader sharply. "Wake up and tell us what the strangers said to you." By "strangers" he meant some white men who were on their way to look for the north pole. The young dog howled and all the other dogs started up from their sleep. They looked like fierce gray Wolves, although perhaps not quite so big.

"Speak, Little Brother," they said. "The white man came up to me," began Little Brother, "and put his hand on my head and stroked it." "What did you do?" asked the leader. "I growled and showed my teeth," answered Little Brother. "You should have bitten him," howled the rest. Eskimo Dogs do not bark, they howl like Wolves. "You should have bitten him," they howled. "We won't be tamed or petted. All we ask of man is food, and time to sleep, and not too much work."

"If the Eskimos would only give us food in the summer," whimpered one dog. "No work, no food, is what they say," growled the leader, "and when the ice breaks and the snow melts what work can we do? We must just pick up what scraps there are to eat."

"What would our masters do without us," cried Little Brother. "Who would drag them and their food in sleighs over the frozen snow, who would help them hunt the great White Bear?" "Who? Who?" howled the others. "At least they should not whip us so sorely." "Quiet!" snapped the leader. "You would not work so well without the whip. Quiet, all of you, and let me sleep or there will be trouble."

So after growling awhile, the dogs did as they were told, and soon all were asleep in the snow. Eskimo Dogs do not mind the cold at all, as their coats are thick and warm.

FOX

"Is there any one at home?" asked the Fox, as he stood at the door of the hen-house one bright moonlight night.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo! Who are you?" crowed the Cock, putting his head through the peep-hole, but he quickly drew it in again when he saw who the visitor was.

"What is the matter?" clucked a sleepy Hen.

"The Fox," crowed the Cock. "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

"Cluck! Cluck!" answered the Hens, flapping their wings in a fright.

"Bow-wow, get you gone!" barked the Watch-dog, awakened by the noise.

"What a fuss about nothing," said the Fox. "I was only taking a walk." All the same he slipped through the yard gate as quickly as he could, afraid of being found out by the farmer. "Who would ever think that that stupid dog is my cousin," he said, "and that I belong to the dog family—I, who am famous for my cunning and cleverness. Now let us see if my brains can get me a good supper this night. I am tired of frogs, field-mice, and weasels"; and away he trotted to the next farm, where he snapped up a poor wandering chicken and a fine fat goose. "I had better keep some for to-morrow," said Reynard when he had finished his meal. So he dug a hole in a field with his blunt dog-like claws, and buried the little bit of goose that was left. This done, he trotted home to his burrow, to curl himself round like a dog and sleep. Foxes are too lazy to make a home for themselves, and this Fox lived in a rabbit's burrow. The rabbit he had long ago killed and eaten.

The next day Reynard finished the goose, but scarcely was this done when he heard well-known sounds—the baying of the Fox-hounds, the cry of the huntsmen. "They are after me again," said Reynard, "I must run."

Now the Fox has a very peculiar smell. It comes from little glands at the root of its tail, and by this smell the hounds are able to follow the trail of its footsteps, although the Fox has a great many tricks by which he tries to lead them off the scent.

This Fox ran across field for some time, then, turning, he went back exactly the same way for a short distance; at last he gave a tremendous jump to one side, and set off again in quite a different direction. This he did to break the line of scent, but his trouble was in vain—the hounds were not deceived. The Fox was killed, and his splendid tail, or brush as it is called, was taken home by one of the huntsmen—the one who had been first in at the death.

GRIZZLY BEAR

"Look at me!" says the Grizzly Bear. "What a big, strong, sturdy beast I am—much bigger than either the Black or the Brown Bear. Look at my claws! Six on each foot, and strong as iron every one of them. I cannot put them out and in as the big cats can, but then I am a bear and not a cat, and my blunt claws do very well for me. I dig up the roots of the plants with them, and in fighting I find them very useful indeed. Eh? What did you say? You think they are a little too long? Well, maybe they are. I cannot climb trees like the Black and Brown Bears, whose claws are shorter, but then I live in the Rocky Mountains, where very few trees grow, so that even if I wanted to climb, I could not.

"I have heard it said that in the sky there is a group of stars called the Great Bear. The Indians say that the four stars in front are the bear itself, and the three behind it are the hunters, and the little star at the side is the pot in which they will cook the bear when they have killed him. Now that story makes me angry. I am very easily put into a temper, so perhaps we had better talk of something else.

"You want to know what I eat, I suppose. I eat roots, berries, young leaves, insects, flesh sometimes, and honey. Oh, I love honey and all sweet things, and if the bee stings my nose, do you think I mind? Not in the least. I eat bees, and honeycomb and honey and all.

"I have forty-two teeth, and those in the cheek are made flat for grinding, but those in the front, the canines, are made sharp and strong for tearing, so you see I can eat either green food or flesh.

"What do I do in the winter? I find a nice lonely cave among the rocks and go to sleep. I do not want any food, because in the autumn I eat and eat and eat, until I am ever so fat, and I am not hungry until the spring comes again.

"I walk on the soles of my feet, just like human folk do. I have no tail, only a stump. And now if you are laughing at my funny little stump of a tail, you had better stop, for even bears do not like to be laughed at."

POLAR BEAR

"FATHER!" said the little White Bear to the old Polar Bear, away, away up north in the land of the ice and the snow, "father, let us go hunt the seal! I am hungry, and there is no grass, nor lichen, nor seaweed to-day; the snow lies too deep."

"Come along then," growled the fierce, old Father Bear. So away they went, the big Bear and the little Bear, trotting clumsily over the slippery ice and never once falling. You see, a Polar Bear's feet are covered with hair, and so he can walk as easily on ice as you do on the ground.

"Father," said the wee Bear, who always wanted to know everything, "why do the Lapland men hunt us and kill us?"

"Because they want to eat our flesh, and because they want our furry skins to keep them warm," was the answer. "They use our skins for beds; they cut them up and make them into coats, and hats, and gloves."

"I don't want my skin to be made into coats and hats!" whined the little Bear, and he stopped to suck his thumb, and think of his mother who had been shot by the Lapps.

"Come along," growled the old Bear. "Men shoot us, but all the same they are afraid of us. The Lapps call me 'The Old Man with the Fur Coat,' and they think we know everything; we are so very cunning and wise. Now don't ask me any more questions."

"But why cannot men grow fur coats themselves?" asked the little Bear.

"Be quiet, sir!" snapped his father, for they had come to the edge of the ice, and it was time to look out for seals. The old Bear laid himself down, spreading out his paws, and resting his nose flatly against the ice. His coat was white, and the ice was white, so that you could scarcely tell which was ice and which was bear.

"Do as I do," growled the father, and down flopped the little Bear. Soon a seal came swimming by, and in a trice the poor beast was caught, and killed and eaten by the two hungry bears. The canine teeth of the Polar Bear are bigger than those of the other bears because he eats more flesh; and because he always lives in such cold places his coat never changes all the year round. The Brown and Black Bears, you know, have a summer dress and a winter dress.

Just as they were finishing their meal, they saw some hunters in the distance. "Follow me!" grunted the old Bear. "They shall not have our skins yet awhile!" Then they both slipped into the sea and swam a long, long way until they came to a big iceberg, quite out of reach of the guns. And so the Lapps did not get them that time, at any rate.

SEA-LION AND SEAL

HITCH! Wobble! Flop! Flop! The big Sea-lion was making his way over the ice. He went pretty quickly too, in spite of his clumsy fin-feet; and, as he flopped along, he said to himself: "They belong to the fin-footed carnivorous animals as I do, so they are cousins of mine. I must find out whether they are deaf or not." He was talking about the Earless Seals. Both Seal and Sea-lion, like land lions and all the other beasts of prey, have teeth made for tearing flesh, but the feet of the Seal and the Sea-lion are changed into flippers or paddles, so that they can live in the sea as well as on land; and it is in the sea that they get their food, which is fish.

When the Sea-lion reached the edge of the ice, he sat down and roared as loudly as he could. Soon a Mother Seal came swimming along, but before she could say a word, the Sea-lion cried, "She has no ears! She cannot hear! What is the use of speaking to her?" Mother Seal was so astonished that she clambered on to the ice, sat down beside her cousin, and fanned herself with one flipper. "She has no ears, poor thing! she cannot hear me!" roared the Sea-lion again.

"Pray be calm!" said Mother Seal, "and don't make such a noise. I can hear quite well." She was too gentle a creature to take offence.

"What!" roared the Sea-lion in surprise, wiggling the first and largest of the five toes on his

right flipper, "do you mean to say that you hear me?"

"Of course I do," answered Mother Seal, calmly shaking out the long hairs of her coat. "I am called the Earless Seal, for you cannot see my ears. But they must be underneath the skin, for I can hear as well as you can."

"I am very pleased to know it, madam," answered the Sea-lion with a bow. "How are Mr. Seal and Baby Seal?"

"They are very well, thank you," said Mother Seal, rolling round her eyes, which can see as well in the water as out of it. "So far we have been able to escape from the Polar Bears and the Eskimos. But the Eskimos nearly caught Baby Seal yesterday. They wanted his white coat, I suppose, just as they want the skin and flesh of us bigger beasts."

"His coat will grow darker as he grows older," said the Sea-lion, wishing to comfort her. "Then he will be able to take care of himself. They use me too, my skin, my fat, my flesh and my flippers, but we are more lucky than some of the other kinds of seal, for the fur-traders do not hunt us for our fur."

"We have n't any fur, only long hairs," said Mother Seal, slipping off the ice into the water. She swam, using her hind flippers like a rudder. Both fore and hind flippers have soles covered with hair.

"Good-by," roared the Sea-lion. "I am so glad you are not deaf!"

OTTER

"Dinner-time! Dinner-time! Follow me, children!" said the Otter, jumping into the river. Splash! Splash! Splash! In went the three little Otters after their mother, but the fourth stayed where he was on the bank.

"Look at him!" cried the others, tumbling and rolling about in the water. "He is afraid!"

"Be quick, my Son!" said the mother.

"Silly little thing, don't you know that you are amphibious," the others cried again, and they tumbled and rolled over and over, enjoying themselves more than ever.

"Amphibious!" said the little one on the bank, and if an Otter could cry, that little Otter would have done so then. You see amphibious is such a big word, and he did not know what it meant. "Oh Mother!" he whimpered, "they are calling me amphibious!"

"And so you are," answered his mother. "An amphibious animal is one that can live either on dry land or in the water. Look at your feet!"

"Yes, Mother, I am looking at them," said he. "There is a funny little bit of skin between each toe."

"Our kind of feet is called web-footed," said the Mother Otter, "and web-footed beasts can swim."

"Silly little thing!" cried all the other little Otters in a chorus. "His feet are webbed—webbed—webbed—and he won't get any dinner if he stays on land." The Baby Otter did not like being made fun of, and he was hungry, so in a rage he jumped into the water and swam after his brothers, and away they all went down stream, the mother leading the way. "I see a trout," cried she. "Hurrah!" said the others, and sure enough there was a fine fat trout, swimming for dear life away from his enemies.

"Hurrah!" cried the children again, when they saw their mother dive, "she has caught it!" Yes, there was the trout held firmly by the mother's sharp teeth, for the cheek-teeth or molars of the Otter are pointed, so that they can catch hold of the fish. Very soon there were no trout left, and the five Otters were off again, swimming down stream to look for more fish.

"Look at the Weasels!" cried an old Water-rat, as they passed. Mother Otter stopped swimming.

"You common thing," she said angrily, "what do you know about us? We are not Weasels, we are Otters, but we belong to the weasel family, and nearly every beast in that family has beautiful fur. Look at mine!"

"Yah!" said the Rat rudely.

"It is better to live in nice dry caves than in a pokey little hole," snarled the Otter, but the Rat had run into his hole, and there was no more to be said.

WHALES

A Mother and a Baby Whale were swimming in the Arctic Seas, and the Mother was teaching her son the A B C. The Whale's A B C is not written down in a book, but the little Whales all learn it when they have finished drinking their mothers' milk. And when they know it they know how to dive, and how long to stay under water before coming up to breathe, and how to eat, and the best way of escaping from the men that come in ships to kill the Whales and to take their blubber or fat and the bones in their heads. The blubber is boiled down into oil, and the whalebone is used for making brushes and other things.

"Now, my son," said Mother Whale, "remember that you are not a fish although you live in the sea, for your skin has no scales. You breathe through your lungs instead of through gills; your

blood is warm, and you are born alive and not in an egg. Now, we will dive. One—two—three—down we go!"

Down they went, and up they came again soon to breathe. Then Mother Whale spouted water up through her nostrils, and so did Baby Whale. After which Baby Whale asked, "How do we keep our blood warm in the cold water, Mother?"

"Because we have a thick lining of blubber underneath our skin," replied the old Whale. "This keeps us warm, and also helps us to float."

"I think I would rather be a fish and have no blubber," said Baby Whale, "for then the fishers would not want to kill us with their harpoons."

Mother Whale was really almost angry. She lashed her great tail, which is set sideways on the body instead of straight like the tail of a fish.

"Don't let me hear you speak in that way again," she said severely, "a whale is a whale, and a fish is a fish. We were all put into the sea to be useful to man, and we cannot complain. But whales are noble monsters, and the fish have nothing to fear from us, for we do not harm them."

"We eat millions of little shell-fish," said Baby Whale.

"Yes, yes, but they are of no importance," answered the mother. "Besides, we can eat nothing else. Our throats are very small, and we have no teeth. Instead, we have ever so many long, fringed plates of bone in our mouths, something like a brush. This brush lets the water run through, but it catches all the tiny fish."

She was going to say a great deal more about the brush and about her very long tongue, but Baby Whale, tired of lessons, dived down into the sea again, and his mother followed him.

DOMESTIC CATTLE

Cattle are really very funny beasts when you come to know about them. They are hoofed animals, and their hoofs are divided into two horny toes. Because they eat grass, their cheek-teeth are flat-topped so that they can grind their food easily, and they have no cutting teeth on their top front jaw; instead they use their tongues to help them to catch hold of the grass and herbs. Another strange thing about Cattle is that they have each four stomachs, for they belong to the ruminant family, that is, they "chew the cud." Do you know what chewing the cud means? It means chewing food twice over, and this is how it is done. The Cattle eat as much as will fill the first two stomachs, which are very large. Then they lie down to digest this food. The second stomach is honeycombed, and when the half-chewed green food gets there, it is pressed into little round balls. These balls the animal brings back again to its mouth, and chews over again. When they are swallowed for the second time, they pass through a tube straight to the third stomach, where they are softened, and at last coming to the fourth stomach, they melt away altogether. Now you will know what is happening next time you see a Cow lying down and busily "chewing the cud."

Farmers like to put Cows to graze in their fields, for they do not spoil the pasture. Horses crop too closely, and Sheep will not eat the weeds, but Cattle will eat the tall grasses and weeds, and make the field smooth and even.

A good Cow will give forty pints of milk a day; and you know what nice things are made from milk, don't you? Butter and cheese!

In Switzerland the Cows wear bells. They are very proud of this; and if a Cow is naughty, her bell is taken away as punishment. In many other places Cows wear bells that make a loud sound when the Cows move about. The bells are meant to let the person who has care of the Cows know where they are in a large or woody pasture.

Bulls are kept chained, for they are very fierce. A ring is put through the nose (which is very tender), for without that they could not be led or mastered. The flesh of Cattle is called beef, and the flesh of little Calves, which is also used for food, is called veal.

BUFFALO

"It is very sad indeed," said the old Buffalo, "to think that we, who were once so many, are now so few. Once millions and millions of us roamed the prairies and plains of North America. There were no railways then, and no men with guns. Freely we came, and freely we went, a thousand, ten thousand, twenty thousand, a million of us all together in one herd. You might say that the earth trembled beneath our feet, and that the sound of our coming was like thunder. Oh, it must have been a brave sight!"

"Were you not there?" asked a young Buffalo.

"Alas, no! Like you I was born here," sighed the other. "Long ago there were few white men in America, and then the Indians were our worst enemies. They ate our flesh, they drank out of our horns, they used our skins, or hides as they are called, for many different things."

"Dear me!" said the young Buffalo, edging closer to the other, "I hope there are no Indians here."

"If there were, we should soon know," an-

swered the old Bull, "our sense of smell and hearing is so keen. But we are safe from them now, for we are in the Yellowstone National Park, and no one is allowed to shoot or harm any beast here. You see when men began to make railways across the prairies, they shot down millions and millions of Buffaloes without mercy. Those that were left fled away into the far wild places where no man may go, but a few were caught and brought here, for by that time people were afraid that our race would die out altogether. Now they try as hard to keep us as once they did to kill us, and they do well, for we are fine beasts."

"Ruminants, they call us, do they not?" asked the young Buffalo.

"Yes, for we chew the cud. Also, we belong to the noble order of the hoofed animals," was the answer.

"Then we are nearly related to the Horse, I suppose," said the young Bull, anxious to show how much he knew.

"What do you say?" snorted the other angrily. "Our hoofs are divided into two horny toes—the Horse has but one horned toe. He does not chew the cud, he has not four stomachs, he has no horns. Horse! Don't call the Horse your cousin again or there will be trouble between us," and with a toss of his heavy head the old Buffalo moved off to join the herd. The young one, after lashing his tail angrily for a moment or two, followed after him.

GOAT AND SHEEP

Both the Sheep and the Goat were anxious not to be left out of this book, but the Goat did not wish to be mixed up with the Sheep. "The Cattle have a chapter to themselves," grumbled she. "And why should not I? I have the divided hoof; I belong to the same family; I am a ruminant."

"So am I," said the Sheep.

"I chew the cud," went on her neighbor, "and I give sometimes four quarts of milk a day, and cost little to keep, for I am not at all saucy about my food."

"Your milk is not so good as cows' milk," remarked the Sheep.

"Some people think it better," snapped the Goat. "It is most unfair to put me with the Sheep. Every one knows what stupid creatures they are. They have always to be looked after by a shepherd and a dog."

"You have to be tethered, because you eat all the fresh green shoots off the young trees," answered the Sheep. "We are at least harmless and much more useful. Our flesh, which is called mutton, gives food, and our wool makes clothing."

"Queer sights you look when shaven and shorn," laughed the Goat wickedly.

"And queer and cold we feel at first," the Sheep replied. "I remember last spring what trouble my lamb had to find me; I looked so strange."

"Which shows how silly lambs are," said the Goat—she was a little spiteful. The Sheep thoughtfully cropped a mouthful of grass, swallowed it, and said: "Although it is disagreeable to be washed in the stream, and when dry to be shaved, still it is pleasant to be rid of our heavy coats in the summer-time. Already mine begins to feel heavy. Yesterday, while rolling on the grass, I turned on my back, and the shepherd had to help me to my feet again."

"Which shows how silly sheep are," the Goat mumbled in her beard.

"No, it shows how thick my wool is," was the answer. "We Sheep have always been famed for our useful coats. In the olden days we were counted as money. The more sheep the farmer owned, the richer he was."

"My coat makes clothing too. I am much surer footed and stronger than you are," sneered the Goat.

"We will soon see about that," said a Ram butting in, and the Goat, nothing loath, reared up and put her head on one side, for goats dig sideways with their horns when fighting.

"You need not quarrel," I said, "for you shall all go into the book, and I will write down what you have said, so that the children can judge for themselves. You are both hoofed animals, both ruminants—"

"But I am the cleverer of the two," said the Goat.

"Baa! Baa! And I am the more useful," bleated the Sheep.

CHAMOIS

"Where do you come from?" asked the big Silver Spoon of the piece of Chamois-leather that lay beside it in the drawer.

"Ah, your noble Spoonship," answered the Chamois-leather sadly, "that is a long story."

"Make it as short as you can, and as interesting," said the Silver Spoon, "and mind you begin at the beginning. I am growing very dull here in this drawer."

"The beginning," echoed the Chamois-leather, "that was when I was part of the skin on the back of a Chamois. The Chamois, you must know, is brother to the Goat, and, like the Goat, belongs to the ruminant family, that is to say, it chews the cud. There are Wood-chamois and

Glacier-chamois. The Chamois lives in the Pyrenees, the Carpathians, the Alps, and the Caucasus."

"Not so many names, I beg of you," tinkled the Spoon.

"The Glacier-chamois live high up in the mountains among the ice and the snow. Fifteen or twenty of them usually herd together. They feed upon the herbs and lichens that grow on the mountains. They are also fond of licking the Alpine stones because of the salt that is to be got from them."

"Not so much about eating, if you please," said the Spoon, " it wears me away."

"So that the Chamois may stand safely on the slippery, icy rocks," the Chamois-leather continued, "the outside edge of their divided hoofs is higher than the inside part. The Chamois are magnificent jumpers, and as for balancing—why, a Chamois can stand with all its four feet gathered together on the sharp point of a rock no bigger than a half-dollar piece."

"More about yourself, please," ordered the Spoon.

"I am telling you about myself," answered the Leather dryly. "I was once part of the skin of a live Chamois. Men hunt the Chamois for the sake of their skins, but Chamois-hunting is very dangerous, for, as I said before, the animals live so high up on the mountains, that they are very difficult to come near. Even a tame Chamois is too shy to allow itself to be touched. Chamois-skin is so soft that it is used for cleaning silver, glass, harness and other things. Also clothing is lined with it sometimes, for it is warm."

"I hope you have finished," cried the Spoon, "for I am growing duller and duller."

"Never mind, I will soon rub you bright again," answered the Leather cheerfully.

FALLOW DEER

I SAT for a whole hour under an oak-tree in a park trying to coax the Fallow Deer to come to speak to me, but they would not. "They are too shy," I said to myself, "or too frightened. Perhaps they think I will shoot them." Fallow Deer, you know, are often kept so that sportsmen may hunt them. Venison, or deer's flesh, is good to eat. Suddenly I heard a rustling behind me; I turned, and lo! there stood a Fallow Deer—a Buck, that is to say, a gentleman deer.

"Come this way," he said gently, stepping daintily before me, "my mate, the Doe, is waiting for us. She is a pretty creature although, like most of the lady deer, she has no antlers. I had to fight a great many other bucks and conquer them before I won her for my mate." As he spoke we came to where the Doe stood.

"I am so glad to see you," she said presently. "The old Sheep has been gossiping again and she told us all about it."

"You mean about your stories being told to the children?" I asked.

"Of course," answered the Buck, "and we knew they would like to hear about us—especially about me and my fine antlers. This is my fourth year of life, and therefore my antlers are well worth seeing. You know they fall off every year about February. They take ten weeks to grow again and each year they are bigger than they were the last."

"The Sheep was talking about her horns this morning," began the Doe.

"Now please do not repeat what she said, my love!" interrupted the Buck. "She is a cousin of ours to be sure, both deer and sheep being ruminant and chewing the cud, but her horns are very different from ours. Sheep's and cows' horns are hollow and they do not fall off, while the Deer's antlers are solid horn all the way through, and new grown each year." Here the Buck stopped and cropped some grass. "When our antlers are growing, we call it being 'in velvet' "—he went on again grandly, with a wave of his divided hoof—"because the horn, when growing, is protected by a soft velvety skin covered with fine hairs. If you were to touch my antlers while they are 'in velvet' they would feel quite warm, because the blood which helps to make the horn is running so quickly through them. Then when the antlers have grown to their full size and become quite hard, we get rid of the velvety skin by rubbing the horns against the trees."

"He is very proud of his antlers," said the Doe, and she seemed very proud of them too. "When they are growing he takes great care not to knock them or hurt them in any way. But now, see how fine and strong they are! He can fight bravely with them when he likes." So saying, she ran lightly away.

"Come and see us in June," said the Buck politely. "The little fawns will be born by then." And away he ran too.

REINDEER

"I AM a cow and a sheep and a horse all rolled into one," said Father Reindeer, proudly tossing the antlers that seemed almost too big and heavy for his head. Of course he was making a mistake. He had often heard people say as they passed the paddock: "Up in the far North, in the arctic regions, the Reindeer takes the place of

Upper: POLAR BEAR *Lower:* BABY RHINOCEROS

the cow and the sheep and the horse," and so, not knowing the English language very well, he had come to think that he really was all these animals rolled in one. Mother Reindeer knew better.

"My dear mate," she said, smiling and showing that her teeth were ruminant's teeth with the molars or cheek-bones made for grinding, and that she had no cutting or incisor teeth on the top jaw; "my dear mate, pray do not be so silly! How can you be anything else but a Reindeer!"

"I am a cow," began Father Reindeer.

"Indeed you are no such thing," his mate cried quickly. "It is to me that the Laplanders come for milk with which to make butter and cheese."

"Well then," said Father Reindeer, "I am a horse!"

"You mean that you draw the sledge over the snow as a horse does a carriage," said Mother Reindeer; "and you can easily run a hundred miles in a day without tiring, for besides being very strong our divided hoofs are so deeply cleft that they flatten and spread out on the snow or ice: thus we do not slip or tire easily."

Father Reindeer rubbed his horns against the railing. These antlers do not grow so near to the eyes as those of other deer. "Well," he muttered, "I am a—"

"No, you are not a sheep," interrupted Mother Reindeer, "although the Lapps do use your skin for clothing and many other things. No, you are not a sheep or a cow although you are a ruminant and chew the cud, nor a horse either, although you are put in harness."

Father Reindeer thought he had better talk of something else. "Do you remember," he said, "how every spring we used to leave the forests, and the tree-lichens, and the birch and willow twigs, which were our food, to go to the mountains and eat the white lichen which grows under the snow?"

"I remember," answered the other, shaking her antlers sadly, for the Mother Reindeer have horns as well as their mates. "We went to escape the horrible stinging Gadflies that never give us any peace, and our masters the Lapps went with us too."

"They follow the Reindeer because they cannot do without us," said Father Reindeer, and Mother Reindeer could not contradict him, for this time he was right.

GIRAFFE

"Let us sit down and chew the cud," said Mr. Giraffe, after he had eaten leaves and grass till he could eat no longer.

"Do you think we are quite safe here?" asked Mrs. Giraffe, timidly looking about her. The eyes of the Giraffe stand out from its head so that it can see round about without ever turning its head. Mr. Giraffe reached up his very long neck to the tree above, put out his very long tongue and helped himself to another leaf. Giraffes when they eat use their tongues to pick off the leaves, and their long thick upper lips to draw in the small branches. Their tongues are covered with a kind of gum which keeps them from being blistered by the hot sun. Their lips are protected from sharp thorns by thick hair.

"Do you think it safe here?" asked Mrs. Giraffe again.

"My love," answered her mate, "you know I would never ask you to chew the cud if I thought there was danger."

"I am always afraid," sighed Mrs. Giraffe. "Our divided hoofs are our only weapons, and we are so gentle that we rarely use them. Wild beasts kill us, hunters shoot us, yet we do no one harm."

While she spoke Mr. Giraffe was seating himself. First he went down on one knee, then on the other, sliding his lanky legs very carefully underneath his body. The skin of the knees is loose and hard, so he was not hurt.

"It is very comfortable here," he said when he was settled, chewing with all his twenty-four grinding or molar teeth. "Will you not sit down?"

"We had better join the herd and go to look for water," answered Mrs. Giraffe. "We have had nothing to drink now for five months. The winter season in Africa is so dry."

"We will go presently," said Mr. Giraffe; "but the acacia-leaves have so much water in them that, by eating them, we can manage very well without drinking for another month or two. Come and sit down!" Here he smiled up at his mate affectionately, and showed that he had eight incisor or cutting teeth on the lower jaw and none at all on the upper. Mrs. Giraffe flicked off a fly from her back with her long tail, closed up her nostrils, for the wind was blowing up the sand from the desert near by, arranged her legs carefully, and sat down beside her mate. Their skins exactly matched the trees of the African forest, so that some hunters passing not far away from the place never saw them, and the two Giraffes finished chewing the cud in peace.

CAMEL

The Dromedary was being loaded for the journey. He was kneeling. The Camel was standing by chewing the cud. "If I had not used up all my hump in the last journey I should be going

too," the Camel said. The Dromedary sniffed. "You could not keep up with me," he said. Dromedaries are the finest kind of camel. They go at a much quicker pace than the common kind. The Camel showed his teeth spitefully. He is the only one among the animals which chew the cud that has front teeth on the upper jaw. This is because he needs front teeth to help him to eat the big sharp thorns he finds in the desert.

"I hope," said he, "that your hump is nice and firm, for you won't have much food for some days to come, and if there is no fat in your hump to nourish your body you will die of hunger. And what about your twelve stomachs? Are they well filled with water, for you won't find much water in the desert, and, if your stomachs are not filled, you will die of thirst."

"What a fuss you make," said the Dromedary crossly; and, as he spoke, the hot wind blew a cloud of sand from the desert, and both animals closed their nostrils to keep out the dust.

"Are you sure you are not hurting your knees, kneeling on the ground with that heavy load?" asked the Camel.

"You know quite well that we have hard flesh on our legs and breasts, so that we may kneel comfortably," answered the Dromedary. "How stupid you are this morning!"

"It is a good thing that your feet are made of two toes with a padded cushion underneath, or you would sink into the sand," said the Camel, blinking his eyes wickedly behind the thick eyelashes that shade them from the burning sun.

"Are my feet different from yours?" asked the Dromedary.

"Exactly the same, O Humped One!" was the answer. "It is a good thing that you can smell water from so far away, or how would Master know where to find it? The desert is wide, the sun is hot, water is scarce. What would the Arabs do without us to carry them and their baggage? They eat our flesh, and drink our milk and use our skins for many things. Happy is the man who owns a hundred good camels!" But he said no more. The Arab merchant had seated himself. The Dromedary rocked to and fro twice—that is his way of getting to his feet—and soon Master and Dromedary were speeding quickly over the desert.

MOTHER GIRAFFE: "CHILDREN, GO TO BED THIS MINUTE! YOU ARE SO SLEEPY NOW THAT YOU CAN HARDLY HOLD YOUR HEADS UP!"

CROCODILE

WILD BOAR

Long, long ago Wild Boars lived in the forests of England. In the days of William the Conqueror any common man that killed a Boar was punished; only the King and the great nobles were allowed to hunt such beasts. But when men began to build great cities, the forests had to be cut down to make more room, and the Boars and Stags and Wolves and other wild beasts were hunted and killed until there were none left in England. Nowadays you would go to North Africa or Asia or some part of Europe if you wanted to hunt the Boar, but it is a very dangerous and difficult thing to do. The Wild Boar's tusks are very sharp; he is very strong, can run very fast, and is never afraid. Neither tigers nor elephants nor horses nor men can ever make a Boar turn coward, even when he is wounded to death.

Once upon a time three Wild Boars met in a forest. Said the First Boar, "Brothers, last night I dreamed a dream!"

"About eating roots and plants, I know," grunted the Second Boar. He was very greedy.

"About trampling down crops and tearing up the vines, I dare say," said the Third Boar. He was very mischievous.

The First Boar pushed his snout into the ground and dug up a root.

"I dreamed," he said, "that I was shut up in a queer little house. I had grown very, very fat and had lost my sharp canine teeth, that is to say, my tusks. My skin was as thick as ever, but I had not so many bristles as I have now. I could n't run fast, and I did not care for anything except eating and drinking and sleeping. Soon a man came along and gave me a bucketful of stuff which he called 'pig-wash.' 'There,' he said, 'that will fatten you up, piggie. We shall have some fine pork and ham from you this year and the goodwife will make us as much lard from your fat as will last us a twelvemonth.' "

"Did you rush at him and rip him in two?" asked the Second Boar.

"I tell you I had lost nearly all my tusks," grunted the First Boar, stamping the ground angrily with his cloven hoof. "I was changed from a fierce Wild Boar into a tame pig, and, my brothers, that is what will happen to many of our race some day." And he was quite right, for if the Wild Boars had not once upon a time been tamed, there would be no fine fat pigs going to market now.

HIPPOPOTAMUS

"You can come nearer, I won't hurt you," said the Hippopotamus, looking at me kindly with his little bulging eyes that fit into a hard bone socket. He was wallowing about in a big tank at the Zoo, for the Hippopotamus spends most of his time in the water. "See how long I can stay at the bottom," he said, and down he sank under the water, and there he stayed for quite ten minutes. Then, just when I had made up my mind not to wait any longer, up he came again, spouting water out of his nostrils like a whale. "If I were at home in Africa," he remarked, "I would show you that I can walk as quickly along the bottom of a river as I can on dry land. That is why I am called a Hippopotamus, which means a river-horse, you know."

"You look more like a river-pig," I said, and hoped he would not be cross. But he was. "The Hippopotamus may look like a pig," he snorted, "but he is not a pig. We are a family quite by ourselves. The pigs have cloven feet, but my four toes are shorter and partly webbed. And there is all the difference in the world between a pig's snout, with its disk at the end, and mine." Here he snorted again, rolled his big barrel of a body about in the water and opened his mouth for me to see. Oh, what a big red cave it looked! In the lower jaw are two huge canine or tearing teeth like tusks, curving backward. Between

these two tusks are two smaller incisor or cutting teeth and they point forward.

"I see you admire my teeth," said the Hippopotamus. "Well! I admire them myself. At home in Africa I use them to root up the lotus, papyrus, and other water-plants which are my food. My teeth are made of very hard ivory which never turns yellow, and that is more than the Elephant can say about his tusks.

"Is it true that in Africa your brothers do a great deal of harm in the fields?" I asked.

"We like to eat the maize and the millet and the sugar-cane," was the answer. "And if we happen to find a fine crop we trample it down and eat it—we can eat a great deal you know—and that is why the natives hunt us and set traps for us. They make whips out of our hides and they eat our flesh"; and the Hippopotamus sighed and looked very sad indeed. "Good-by," he snorted. "Tell the children that a baby Hippopotamus is carried about on its mother's back." So saying he sank down again to the bottom of the tank.

RHINOCEROS

The Rhinoceros had been for a swim in the river, after which he went to roll in the mud, for the insects were biting him badly that day. You would never think that a beast with such a very thick tough skin would be worried by insects, but he is. If you look, you will see that his queer-looking hide is doubled into folds, and between these folds the insects creep. They know that the skin inside is very tender. To keep them out the Rhinoceros cakes himself over with mud. As long as he stands quite still it is all right, but the moment he moves the cake of mud cracks, and the insects begin to bite him again.

After his mud-bath the Rhinoceros thought that he would like something to eat, so he lumbered into the jungle, pushing aside the long grass with the queer horn on his nose. As he went, some birds flew down from the trees and settled on his back. Mr. Rhinoceros did not mind; he was used to them, and indeed he was very glad, for the birds came to eat the insects.

"I am an odd-toed beast! I have only three toes!" he mumbled to himself.

"Mind where you are going, please!" piped one of the birds. "I was knocked off by a hanging branch just now!"

"You must look after yourself," grunted the huge beast. He was an Indian Rhinoceros. If he had been an African beast, he would have had two horns, one behind the other on his nose. "You can fly on again, I suppose, if you tumble off," he said. "And you may think yourself lucky to be allowed to ride on my back. Next to the Elephant I am the biggest animal in the world. Even the Tiger is afraid to attack me because of my strong horn, and my thick skin which his claws cannot hurt!"

"It is very kind of you indeed," chirped the bird, "to let us stay here, but we make some return for the favor. We eat the insects, and we scream out with fright, and tell you when your enemies are near. You know your little eyes cannot see very far, and if it were not for us you might be taken by surprise."

The Rhinoceros did not answer. He stopped in front of a tree, dug his horn into the root close to the ground and, ripping up the trunk, began to eat the woody fibers and the branches, with the help of his funny under lip. You think perhaps that he hurt his nose ripping up the tree, but he did not. The bone in his nose is arched and very elastic. When the Rhinoceros gives a hard dig with his horn, this bone, which is something like a spring, saves him from jarring his nose and his big head.

INDIAN ELEPHANT

"Hrumph! Hrrumph!" Listen to what the Indian Elephants say about themselves.

"Hrumph! Hrrumph! We are great lords, and our trunks are our hands. We are the biggest animals in the world, and the wisest; the strongest and the most useful of the beasts of burden. In all the great shows and processions in India we walk, stately and proud in our splendid harness, bright with jewels and gold, and if you think that we make much noise when we march you are mistaken. Swish! Flop! Swish! softly and quickly we go, and proud is the prince who can go a-hunting with a hundred elephants in his train.

"The white men and the natives call us their friends, and the children love us because we are gentle and good; but let him who ill-treats us beware, for to those who are cruel we are cruel, and to those who are kind we are kind.

"Hrrumph! Hrrrumph! We are great lords, and our trunks are our hands, and our arms, and our noses, and many other things besides. They are made of muscle, and are so strong that with them we can pull up young trees by their roots, and with the little thing at the end, which is something like a finger and a thumb, we strip the leaves from the branches, and pick the flowers and the green food which we eat.

"In our trunks, at the end too, are the nostrils, and with these we smell the sweet flowers and

fruits before eating, for above all we love those things that smell sweet. We breathe through our nostrils, and through them we draw up the water to pour into our mouths when we are thirsty. Inside our bodies, in our stomachs, is a well which holds water, and in summer, when the streams run dry, all we have to do is to put our trunks into our mouths, suck up the water from the well, and squirt it over our bodies, for we love to bathe.

"With our beautiful strong ivory tusks, which grow longer as we grow older, we defend ourselves from our enemies—from the lions and the tigers and the fierce jungle-beasts. With our tusks, too, we carry heavy planks of wood for our masters, when they build, and after we are dead our tusks are made into pretty ornaments.

"Hrrrumph! Hrrrrumph! We are great lords, and our king is the white elephant who lives at the court of the King of Siam, in a splendid house with a hundred men to wait upon him, and to feed him out of golden dishes."

AFRICAN ELEPHANT

"The children want to know something about you," I said to the African Elephant, when I saw him in the Animal Gardens.

"Hrrumph! Hrrrumph! I am a great lord, and——"

"They know that already," I said quickly. "Would you mind opening your mouth wide so that I may see your teeth?"

"You might throw in a bun at the same time," said he, and I threw in the bun.

Elephants have twenty-four teeth, six on each of their top jaws, and six on each bottom jaw. These great teeth are made up of three things—enamel, ivory, and cement. The cement wears away first and leaves ridges across the teeth, so that Mr. Jumbo can grind his food easily.

When he was tired of keeping his great cave of a mouth open the Elephant shut it and said: "If you give me another bun, I will tell you something funny about my teeth. Hrrumph! thank you! Now look at this first tooth, the only one you can see. It has four ridges. In time it will wear quite away, and the second tooth, which is bigger still and has eight ridges, will push forward to take its place; when that has gone, it will be the third tooth's turn, and so it goes on in the same way, until the last and biggest of all is in the front. But this happens so slowly that my twenty-four teeth will last me all my life, and I suppose, like most of my brothers, I shall live long."

"What is the difference between the teeth of an African and those of an Indian Elephant?" I asked.

"My sixth tooth has only ten ridges, but my Indian brother has twenty-three or twenty-four ridges on his. Still his ears are not half so big or so fine as mine." Here he flopped his ears up and down, and then wiped his eyes with them. After this he snorted: "I had better tell you that my back is hollowed out a little, and that I have only three toes on each hind foot. The Indian Elephants have four, but I think that we Africans have a keener sense of smell."

This said, he gave a kind of snorting sigh, as if to say: "How I should like to run wild in Africa again, although the natives do hunt us for our tusks and eat our flesh. We elephants live so happily together in herds, and in times of danger the big always help the little, and the strong defend the weak, but we hurt no one unless we are attacked."

After this he would not speak any more, but when I had given him several buns, "Hrrumph! Hrrrumph!" he trumpeted. I suppose he meant, "Thank you!" "Hrrumph! You may bring me a young tree next time you come."

HORSE AND ASS

"Play while you can!" brayed the Ass to the Foal as he frisked round about his mother, the Mare. "You will not run free all your life!"

The Foal stood still. "Why not?" he whinnied.

"Because you will draw Master's carriage one day, and then you will have to work," was the answer.

"Do you work, Mother?" asked the Foal.

"Of course I do," answered the Mare, "but you must not listen to the Ass, my son; he has bad manners."

"Hee-haw! Hee-haw!" laughed the Ass. "Don't despise your own family!"

"It is true," said the Mare, "that you belong to the Horse family. Your teeth are made to grind, and you have only one toe in your hoof, but all the same you are a much coarser kind of beast than I. You eat thistles and grasses, which a horse would never touch; your skin is thicker, your hair is coarser, your mouth is harder than mine. You cannot run so fast, nor draw such heavy loads, and altogether you are neither so good-tempered nor so useful as I am."

"That may be," said the Ass, "but you, with your thin skin and tender mouth, are afraid of the whip and the pull of the reins on the bit; while I, if I want a rest, just take it, and never mind the whippings."

"That shows the difference between us," an-

swered the other. "We horses are proud to work for good masters, and we do our best to please them."

"I can work, but I like my own way," said the Ass.

"I like my own way too," whinnied the Foal.

"When you are as old as I am," said the Mare, "you will like nothing better than a good day's work, and a quick run home to a big feed of oats and hay."

The Ass helped himself to a thistle. "In Africa and Asia," he mumbled, "my wild brothers can beat any horse at running, and in some hilly countries we are more useful than you: we are so sure-footed."

"In Arabia, my brothers live in the tents with their masters," answered the Mare. "They are the most beautiful horses in the world, and they can run even faster than an ostrich."

"What is an ostrich?" asked the Foal. His Mother pretended not to hear the question. "Come, we will race to the end of the field," she said, and away they went like the wind. The Ass, having finished the thistle, opened his mouth very wide. "Hee-haw! Hee-haw! She does n't know what an ostrich is!" he brayed, and I think he was right.

ZEBRAS

ALTHOUGH Zebras look very like horses, for they belong to the Horse family, you cannot drive them in a carriage or ride on their backs: they are too wild. But they can be caught and put into a paddock in the Zoo, for grown-up folks and children to see.

The Zebra's real home is in Africa, where it lives happily on the plains, although, as an old Zebra told me, it has to keep well out of the way of the fierce lions. Zebras, you see, like horses, eat green food, and the beasts that eat green food are always in danger of being eaten by the beasts that eat flesh.

"Suppose you were back again in Africa," I said to that same old Zebra, "and suppose it was a bright moonlight night, and you stood still to rest after a long gallop, and suppose while you were standing there, you saw a lion come stalking over the plain, what would you do then?"

"Stand quite still," answered the old Zebra.

"Stand still!" I cried, and so loudly that he gave quite a start. Zebras, like horses, are nervous beasts.

"Of course you think my coat is very beautiful," he said suddenly. "We Zebras are very proud of our elegant stripes—yellow and black for the male, and black and white for the female."

"We all admire your neat shape and beautiful coat," I answered, "but what has your coat to do with the lion?"

"I am coming to that, if you will have patience," he said a little crossly. "Our stripes do not only make us beautiful, but they protect us from our enemies. You may not believe it, but on a bright moonlight night you might be standing quite close to me, and yet you would never see me."

"I am sure I could!" I said.

"Not in Africa," snorted the Zebra. "If I was all white or all black you could, but being striped as I am you could not, for the stripes exactly match the colors of the desert or the plain by moonlight."

"So that is why you are striped!" I said.

"Yes, and that is why I should stand quite still if a lion was close to me," he replied, "for when it comes to fighting, what chance have I against that terrible beast? He has strong claws, I have only hoofs; his teeth are made to tear, mine can only grind. If it were not for our stripes, many more of us would die, and as it is, there are few enough Zebras left now for hunters to take and lions to kill." So saying, the Zebra sighed and trotted to the other end of the paddock.

RABBIT AND HARE

THE Rabbit and the Hare could not agree. The Rabbit said that she belonged to the same family as the Hare, and the Hare would not believe it.

"My dear madam," said the Rabbit, "every one knows that I am a Rodent, just as you are."

"Your ears are not so large as mine," answered the Hare, "and if we were to race up-hill, I should certainly reach the top first, because my hind legs are longer than yours."

"My tail turns up like yours," said the Rabbit quickly, "and white tail-tips are as useful to Rabbits as to Hares. What should we do when the dogs attack us suddenly if we could not see the white on our leader's tail? We should not know where to run, or whom to follow."

"That is true," answered the Hare, "but all the same, a white tail-tip does not make you a Rodent. Just think what different houses we have."

"My burrow is more comfortable and much safer than your tuft of grass," said the Rabbit a little angrily. "It has two entrances—a back and a front door. Also I have another burrow for my little ones, with only one door, and you may be sure I take care to cover the hole with a clod of earth when I go out, so that my babies may sleep safely in their cozy nest of dried leaves and fur from my own body."

"My babies can see when they are born, and yours are blind," said the Hare; "and they have fur to keep them warm, while yours at first have none."

"They are none the worse for that," was the answer, "and they are all Rodents, every one of them."

The Hare shook her long ears. "Why should they be?" she asked.

"Because their teeth and every Rodent's teeth are made to *GNAW*," screamed the Rabbit, quite losing her temper this time. "I can gnaw as well as you can. My front cutting teeth, which men call incisors, are the same as yours. I have no tearing teeth, neither have you, for we do not eat flesh. My cheeks are pouched and so are yours."

"Are your front teeth hard on the outside and softer inside?" asked the Hare timidly.

"They are indeed, and that is what makes them so sharp," answered the Rabbit. "The soft part is always wearing away and growing in again, so that the hard outside edge is kept thin and sharp."

"Well!" said the Hare, "I suppose you are a Rodent after all." As she spoke the wind rustled some dead leaves. In a trice both the timid, quick-eared, quick-footed animals were gone.

FIELD-MOUSE AND BROWN RAT

The Brown Rats, we are told by men who ought to know, went sailing in ships from Asia, or from Russia, to England about 1725. How or when they first got to America nobody seems able to tell. But they are here, and they are in almost every part of the world.

Wicked they look, and wicked they are, the fierce Brown Rats. They are thievish, they are cruel, they are unclean. Their sharp teeth can gnaw through almost anything, and they do not mind what they eat. A wounded rat that cannot defend itself is very often killed and eaten by its cruel comrades. When very hungry, rats will attack a man. They make their home in barns, farmyards, grain stacks, sewers, old houses, the holds of ships, and many other places, and very hard it is to get rid of them when they have made up their minds to stay.

But these filthy little beasts have some very nice relations. The Hares, the Squirrels, the Rabbits are all their cousins, for they belong to the Rodent family. Their teeth are made to gnaw with, their cheeks are slightly pouched, and like all the Rodents their mouths are divided into two parts, two funny little rooms. In the front room are the incisor or cutting teeth, then there is a passage leading to the back part where the molars or grinding teeth are. This division is to save the mouth from being hurt while the animal gnaws.

The pretty little Field-mouse belongs to the same family. There is no need to tell you about their teeth and their mouths, as you already know something about the Rodents. What is that queer round thing that looks a little like a baseball hanging to the corn-stalk? Can you guess? Of course you know that it is the nest.

I wonder if you could plait split leaves into a hollow ball as easily as wee Madam Field-mouse does every summer. It is so firmly made that it can be rolled along the ground quite a long way, and it will not break. And there, inside this ball, the tiny blind mice stay, safe in their nursery, until their eyes open and they are big enough to start life for themselves. Where is the door? How does the mother mouse walk in and out? No one knows, except mother mouse herself, and she will never tell, for she wants to keep her little ones safe from harm.

SQUIRRELS

If you were a little Squirrel you would have to be very busy indeed. You would have time to climb the trees and have jumping-matches with the other Squirrels of course, but all the same you would have a great deal of work to do in the summer and the autumn. You would be up bright and early at sunrise, and all day you would gather nuts, buds, and beech-mast, for winter is long and cold, and if you did not lay in a good store of food beforehand, you might die of hunger.

And where would you put all the food that you gathered? Ah! if you were a wise little Squirrel you would never tell me that. You would say, "That is my secret!" and when I was not looking, away you would leap, whisking your pretty long tail, and I should never be able to find the hiding-hole. You would always be able to find it, even if it were covered up with snow—that is to say, if you were a Squirrel and not a little girl or boy.

Although Squirrels choose a sheltered nook, and go to sleep there during the winter, they often wake up hungry and want a meal. Then they bustle off to their secret store to dine, returning again to their shelter to sleep, or perhaps to sit and think about the spring, and wish the warm weather would come. When the warmer weather does come, then it is time to make the nests for the baby Squirrels. Have you ever seen a Squirrel's nest? It is woven of twigs, and lined softly with leaves and moss, and it has a roof of leaves to keep out the rain. Such a cozy little house it is, perched on the forked branch of

a tree, or snugly built in a hole high up in the trunk, all ready for the babies when they come—wee Rodents, every one of them.

Besides having, like all the Rodents, cutting teeth made to gnaw with, and funny-shaped mouths, Squirrels have feet that help them to leap and to climb. Each hind foot has five long toes; the middle three are the longest, and these three, being equal in length, give great power to jump. Behind each toe is a woolly pad. These pads save the wee beast from hurting itself if it falls, or jumps on to a hard rough place. Muffs and collars are made from Squirrel's fur. The Siberian Squirrel has a lovely coat of a gray-blue color. It is the prettiest of all Squirrels, and to buy its fur costs a great deal of money.

HEDGEHOG AND PORCUPINE

"Are you a bigger me?" squeaked the Hedgehog, the first time she met a Porcupine. It was in Italy. The Hedgehog lives in some countries—England, for example—where the Porcupine does not. He lives chiefly in the south of France, in Italy, Africa, Asia, and in North and South America. The Porcupine stopped his slow march.

"I simply don't understand you," he said shortly.

"I only asked if you were a bigger me," answered the Hedgehog. The Porcupine tapped the ground angrily with his hind feet. "What kind of a beast is a 'bigger me'?" he asked, and then muttered to himself, "Stupid thing!" The Hedgehog ate up a beetle that happened to cross her path.

"Can you do that?" she squeaked.

"What?" asked the Porcupine.

"Eat insects," answered the Hedgehog. "Ah! that beetle was good!"

The Porcupine was in a rage now. He stamped his hind feet, lifted all the spikes on his head and body, and rustled those in his tail.

"Madam," he said, "I am a Rodent, and my teeth are made to gnaw with. I have bristles and hollow spikes instead of fur, but I am a Rodent all the same, and I eat vegetables and leaves and the bark of trees."

"I beg your pardon," squeaked the Hedgehog politely. "It was your spikes that made me think you might be a bigger kind of Hedgehog, and eat insects and things. You see I have spikes too."

"Fudge!" was all the angry Porcupine could say. I forgot to say that the Hedgehog had not raised her bristles, for she knew there was nothing to fear, but whenever the Porcupine said "Fudge!" she rolled herself into a ball, stuck out her prickles, and lay for all the world like a round pincushion with the pins put in the wrong way. The Porcupine was surprised; indeed, he did not understand that the prickly ball was a Hedgehog. "Where has the stupid thing gone?" he said, for a Porcupine cannot roll himself up like a Hedgehog; all he can do in times of danger is to raise his spikes and try to stick them into his enemy.

"Here I am!" cried the Hedgehog, undoing herself again; "it is a fine thing to be able to turn into a prickly ball. Then any one that touches me gets a sharp mouthful of prickles for his pains. Also I can drop down from a height without being hurt, for my prickles are so elastic."

"Mine defend me from my enemies too," said the Porcupine.

"Mine were quite soft when I was a little blind baby Hedgehog," said the other, but the Porcupine was not listening. "Winter is coming, and I must find a cozy nest and stay there until the spring," he said to himself.

"And so must I," said the Hedgehog. "I begin to feel sleepy already. So good day to you, sir!"

"Good day to you, madam. I am very glad to see you go," answered the Porcupine, who likes his own company best.

GREAT KANGAROO

When you see a Kangaroo in the Zoo for the first time, you say, "What a queer, clumsy creature! It must have been put together by mistake. Its hind legs are too long, its fore legs too short; its head seems too small for its body, and whatever use can there be for such a long, thick tail?" And perhaps, while you are saying this, a baby Kangaroo might pop its head out of its mother's pocket, or pouch as it is called, and then you would certainly burst out laughing, for surely it is a funny thing for a mother beast to keep her baby in a pouch. But if you sailed over the sea to Australia or Tasmania, where the Kangaroos live, and saw them on the plains, hopping about over the brushwood, you would understand why they are made so queerly. Instead of running, they jump. Oh, how far they can jump, and how fast they can go, especially when frightened! Their clumsy hind legs and tail help them to do this. Thud! Bang! Thud! Down goes the tail on the ground. You can hear the thud long before you see the animal. Bang! Thud! Bang! Away leaps the Kangaroo over the bushes, balancing itself with its tail.

When men and dogs go a-hunting the Kangaroo—for its flesh is good to eat, and its soft fur is useful too—the beast has another weapon with

which to defend itself, besides its very strong legs. This is one very sharp and strong claw on each hind foot, and it makes a terrible wound; but the Kangaroo prefers to flee from its enemies, rather than fight with them.

And now I will tell you about the baby Kangaroos. When they are born they are very tiny and very delicate. If they were not kept warm and cozy they would die. So the mother has a pouch, on the under part of her body, something like the breast-pocket in an overcoat. The babies live there until they are about eight months old. Then, if they promise to come back again when tired, they are allowed to hop out and crop the grass, and this goes on till they are strong enough to look after themselves.

When a Great Kangaroo is full-grown, it is about five feet high, measured from the tip of its nose to the beginning of its tail. As for the tail, it is sometimes four feet long. Besides the Great Kangaroo there are many other kinds—some not much bigger than a rabbit, and they all belong to the family of Marsupialia. Marsupialia is a very big word that means "a pouch," and it is the family name of all the pouched animals.

OSTRICHES

The Ostrich had scraped a great big hole in the sand. This was the nest, and inside it she had laid fourteen big eggs. The sun had baked them by day, and the Mother Ostrich had kept them warm at night, for in the great desert of Sahara the nights are cold, and now the fourteen eggs were hatched into fourteen fine little Ostriches.

"What are you going to give them to eat?" asked the Father Ostrich. "We old birds can manage very well in the desert, for we do not mind what we eat. I, for instance, am not at all dainty. A piece of iron, a stone, a stick, any rubbish does for me when there is nothing else, but the young birds have more delicate tastes."

"You have a very bad memory, my dear," said the Mother Ostrich. "You have forgotten that I laid some eggs at the side of the nest, on purpose for the children when they broke their shells, and you know one of our eggs will feed three men."

"Don't talk to me about men," was the answer. "They catch us, take us to their ostrich-farms, and pull out the beautiful black and white feathers in our wings and tails. I hope I shall never be caught. I should not like to see my feathers waving in a hat or a fan." And he gave a cry of disgust. The cry of the Ostrich is more like a lion's roar than anything else.

"We can always run away from the hunters," said the Mother Ostrich. "Even although we cannot fly, our wings help us to run. Dear me, how fast we can run! Not many animals can overtake us, and we are the only birds that have two toes on each foot."

"We can kill a man easily; our legs and wings are so strong," said Father Ostrich; "and we are very fierce too. The Arabs call us the Camel-bird, because our home is in the desert, and they say also that, like the camel, we are very stupid. Now I do not think I am stupid, do you?"

"Is it better to run toward the wind or away from it?" asked the other bird, not answering the question.

"Why, toward the wind, of course," was the answer.

"Even when our enemies are coming that way?" asked the Ostrich Mother.

"Enemies or friends, we must run toward the wind, no matter what may happen," cried the Ostrich.

"I quite agree with you," said the other, and neither of them knew that it is because they do this and other things of this kind that the natives think them stupid.

GOLDEN EAGLE

Two Golden Eagles lived together on a high mountain. They had built their aerie—so the Eagle's nest is called—upon the crags. It was made of branches of trees and lined with heather and leaves. There were no other Eagles living on that mountain, because Eagles live only in pairs. Each pair chooses a different mountain, and there the mother bird lays her eggs, only two at a time; and when the Eaglets break the shells the parent birds look after them and feed them until they are old enough to fly away and make another home for themselves.

The Eagle belongs to the Falcon family, and because he is stronger, and can fly higher and see farther than any other bird, he is called the King of the Birds. The Golden Eagle is one of the biggest of the Eagles.

There were two Eaglets in this aerie and they were hungry. "I will soon bring you something to eat," said the Father Eagle, and he spread his great wings and flew up and up toward the sun. He can do this because his wings are so strong, and his eyes are sheltered from the sunlight by thick-growing feathers that look almost like eyebrows. He has a curtain, too, which he can draw over each eye. Up and up he flew, and if you had been standing on the ground below you would scarcely have seen him, so high did he fly. Looking down he saw a sheep. Think what good

eyes an Eagle must have to see from so far away! Folding his wings he dropped like a stone —down—down—down—straight on to the back of the sheep. With his strong talons he seized the poor beast, killed it, and carried it in his claws back to the nest. The Eagle is cruel, like all birds and beasts of prey, but he is merciful in one way. The beasts and birds which he kills feel no pain. The grip of the Eagle's sharp, curved claws kills them at once, before they even know that they have to die. The Eagle never uses his curved beak to kill.

When the Father Eagle reached the nest he tore the dead beast's flesh into pieces and fed the young Eaglets. After this it was time to give them a lesson in flying. First the two big birds flew round in small circles; the little ones followed. Eagles always fly upward in circles, and each circle that they make is wider and higher than the last. "Round and up higher! Round and up higher!" cried the Eagle, and the Eaglets obeyed him joyfully. At last the mother took them back to the nest for a rest, but the big Golden Eagle, the tireless, strong-winged King of the Birds, still flew up and up toward the sun.

CONDOR AND KING VULTURE

THE Condor and the King Vulture must be put into this book, but they really should not be allowed to speak. You see, they are not nice birds, and they might talk about unpleasant things.

Vultures are carnivorous or flesh-eating, but they do not hunt and kill their prey like their cousins the Eagles and the Falcons. Instead, they eat carrion, that is to say they eat the flesh of dead animals. Now you will understand why I did not like to let the Vultures speak, for beasts and birds talk chiefly about their food, and the ways they have of finding it.

"But," said the Condor (for, you see, these birds *will* speak!), a big Vulture with a white ruff round his neck, "you must not make the children dislike us altogether, for we are useful birds." Here he looked so sad that I answered, "You may tell your use," and he at once began:

"All Vultures are scavengers. In the hot countries where we live, if an animal dies its flesh becomes very quickly bad, and if we did not come at once and eat up the carrion, the air would be so unhealthy that people could not live."

"Allow me to speak," interrupted the King Vulture. "I am much handsomer than you."

"Yet I am the biggest of all the Vultures," replied the Condor. "Look at my great wings! I can fly high up above the clouds where the air is so cold that no man could breathe it and live. My home is in the mountains."

"And mine in the forests," said the King Vulture, "where at night I roost on the top of a tree."

"You are both American birds, are you not?" I asked.

"Look at our nostrils!" said the Condor. "All the American Vultures, the Vultures of the West, have holes through their noses, while the Vulture in the East has a nose like other birds, with a wall of bone between each nostril."

"We feed our young with meat which we bring up from our crops," remarked the King Vulture. "We never carry away our food in our claws; they are too weak, and we always feed in company, several of us together."

"We tear the flesh with our strong beaks," said the Condor.

"I am the King Vulture," cried the other. "When I join a company at a meal, no other Vulture dare begin to eat until I have taken all I want."

"Shall I tell you about my last feast?" asked the Condor.

"No!" I answered. "You have said enough. It is only because you are of some use in the world that you have been allowed to speak at all."

HAWKS

"ONCE upon a time," sighed the Peregrine Falcon, "we Falcons were the happiest of birds. Nobles and great ladies petted and made much of us: we were the favorites of kings."

"Why?" asked the Kestrel, which is sometimes called the Windhover, because of the pretty way it has of hovering in the air.

"How stupid you are, little bird!" cried the Falcon sharply, opening its beak and showing the two teeth in the upper part.

"I am your cousin, and a bird of prey with curved beak and claws, which help me to kill," answered the Kestrel meekly.

"You kill nothing but mice and insects," said the other with a little shriek of scorn. "I hunt grouse, pheasants, partridges, ducks, and pigeons, and when I am by the sea, puffins and sea-gulls. They are fine sport, I can tell you, and good eating too."

"For killing them the gamekeepers kill you," said the Kestrel spitefully.

"More shame to them," answered the Falcon. "In the olden days no man dared harm one of us. The Falcons were caught when young, and tamed by the Falconers, whose duty it was to train

them for the noble sport of Falconry—which means, little bird, that we were trained to chase the Heron and the Kite and kill them."

"I know all about it," interrupted the Sparrow-hawk. "We Hawks were also trained for the chase. We too wore little hoods over our heads, and sat on the wrists of nobles and great dames when they went a-hunting. And oh! how we longed for the moment when the hood was lifted, and we set free to pounce upon our prey."

"You Hawks are never so skilful as we are in the chase," said the Falcon, proudly, "although you do belong to the same family. You have not our dash and courage."

The Sparrow-hawk was a hen-bird. The hen-birds in both Falcon and Sparrow-hawk are bigger and braver than the cock-birds.

"Perhaps we are not so skilful as you are in the chase," she said, moving one of her long legs angrily, "but we are very fierce and courageous, as the pheasants, whose chicks we rob, would tell you."

"I wish you would leave the chicks alone," complained the Kestrel. "Surely you can find plenty of sparrows and small birds to eat. The Kestrels are often killed by the farmers because of your misdeeds. And yet we do a great deal of good by destroying mice and moles."

The Falcon twitched his broadly barred tail. "You talk too much, little bird," he said. "You never chased the Heron or built your nest on a high precipice."

"I build in towers," said the Kestrel.

"You would never dare to attack an Eagle if it came to disturb your nest," went on the Falcon, proudly, and so saying he flew away.

SEA-GULLS

"Fine day with good sou'wester blowing!" cried the Herring-gull as the Tern flew past the rock. He spoke in a loud harsh voice, for the spring tide was coming up with a rush and a roar, and he was afraid that his cousin might not hear.

But the Tern did hear. "Good fishing!" he said, meaning "Good morning," of course, and alighted beside the Gull. "Oh, I am the swallow of the sea," he said, "and I fly so swiftly and so daintily!"

"Any one can see that you fly well," answered the Gull gruffly; "your wings are long, even longer than mine, although they are not so strong."

"It is a pity your beak is so coarse-looking," remarked the Tern. "That slight bump on the top, and that orange splash of color underneath, quite spoil its beauty."

"Strong sea-wind a-blowing and a-blowing!" cried the Gull, who really did not care what his bill looked like so long as it helped him to catch crabs and fish.

"Where is your mate?" asked Mrs. Gull from the nest.

"Mother Tern is sitting at home in our nest. She has two eggs to hatch," answered the Tern proudly.

"So have I," said Mother Gull. "But how can you call that shallow hole in the sand lined with seaweed a nest? You Terns do keep most untidy nests, and very often you do not trouble to line them at all."

The Tern did not reply, but flew down to the water to skim along it, every now and then ducking down his head to snatch at a fish.

"Those Terns have no manners," said Mother Gull.

"Cousins of ours! Cousins of ours!" bawled her mate.

Up flew the pretty Tern to the rock again. As in all the Gulls, his nostrils are placed far down on the beak, and his webbed feet are made in the same way, except that the fourth toe, the one behind and separate from the rest, is shorter.

"Have you been inland lately?" he asked.

"We only fly inland when the weather is stormy and we cannot find food in the sea," answered the Gull; "there are grubs and insects to be picked up in the fields."

"I prefer the seacoast and the sea with its fish," remarked the Tern.

"So do I, but one must live," answered the Gull, and then he flapped his wings and cried out louder than ever: "Little Gulls coming soon—coming soon—and the wind's a-blowing and a-blowing."

"Good fishing!" shouted the Tern merrily, and flew away home to his mate.

DOMESTIC POULTRY

"Breakfast is ready! Come! Quick, quick, quick!" clucked the old Hen, hurrying along the Chickens as fast as she could, for the Farmer's wife had already put down the pan filled with delicious scraps, and the Cocks and the Hens, the Ducks and the Geese, and the great big Turkey were crowding round about it. "Get into the dish, children," said the old Hen anxiously. She was a very good and loving mother, and she wanted her Chickens to grow up to be fine fat Cocks and Hens.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" crowed a Cock, "the sun is rising!"

"Cock-a-doodle-doo! You are wrong; it has risen," answered a second Cock, coolly snatching a piece of bread out of the other's beak.

"Thief," cried the first, shaking his red comb angrily.

"Is this the right way to scratch, Mother?" asked one of the Chickens.

"Quite right, my pet," answered the old Hen. "Our feet are made for scratching, so scratch away, dearie. You will find all kinds of titbits in the earth—grubs and insects as well as grain."

"My feet were made for swimming!" quacked the Duck.

"Then I wish you would keep to the water," snapped a little Bantam Cock. "You have nearly emptied the dish, and my crop is not full yet. Surely you can find plenty to eat in the pond with that flat beak of yours to help you sift the mud?"

"What a noise you little birds do make, to be sure," gobbled the Turkey. "My native place is America, and the wild Turkeys here are very fine birds. They fly very well indeed!"

"So can wild Ducks," remarked the handsome Drake.

"That is an old story," crowed the Bantam rudely, "and we are all tired of it." The red skin on the Turkey's neck grew redder and redder—he was so angry. Up waddled the Geese. Their webbed feet are not so big for their owners' size as those of the Duck, but their beaks are longer.

"What! Quarreling again?" they hissed in a chorus. "Oh fie! For shame!"

"You will all be killed and eaten soon, you little birds!" gobbled the Turkey, who could scarcely speak for rage.

"So will you," shrieked the Bantam, "you conceited old bird. Thanksgiving is coming!" At this the Cocks crowed, the Geese hissed, the Ducks quacked, the old Hen gathered her Chickens under her wing, and the clucking Hen cried ever so many times, "Soon I am going to lay an egg—lay an egg!" Oh, what a noise there was! And when all was quiet—for the Turkey went off in a huff—they all turned again to the dish, and lo! it was found to be empty. For the Hens had never stopped eating all through the quarrel, and they had finished every scrap.

PEACOCK AND PEAHEN

The Peahen was sulky and very cross, and she was quite right to be, for that morning the Peacock in a spiteful mood had pecked her sorely, and she did not think she deserved it. The Peacock, like Bluebeard, had a great many wives. This one was his favorite, so, to make her forget his unkindness, he said: "Come and take a walk, my dear! The sun is shining bravely, and perhaps I will spread out my beautiful train for you to see."

"I am tired of looking at your fine train, if you mean that tail," answered the Peahen crossly. "You think of nothing else."

"How many times must I tell you that my beautiful train is not my tail," cried the Peacock harshly. "I wish you would pay more attention to what I say. My real tail is placed underneath the train, so that it may hold up the long feathers when they are spread. Now do come for a walk! Whatever you may say, you know you like to admire my beauty. I am the most beautiful bird in the world."

"Your voice is very ugly and so are your scaly legs," remarked the Peahen. The places where he had pecked her were hurting still. But the Peacock paid no heed. He had opened his beautiful fan-like train, and was strutting up and down, gently rustling the shining feathers, his little glossy head held up proudly, as much as to say, "Did you ever see anything so beautiful?" The Peahen looked at him and almost forgot his spiteful temper, scaly legs, and harsh voice, and I think she would have forgiven him at once had she not remembered that she had to lay her eggs in secret places because the Peacock often destroyed them.

"I belong to the Pheasant family," cried he. "My nostrils are placed very far down on my beak, and covered with soft skin. I am an Indian bird, and they say that the wild Peacocks in India are more beautiful even than I am."

"You are not beautiful when you are molting," said the Peahen spitefully, "for you lose your long feathers."

"But they grow in again longer than ever after each molt," answered the Peacock. "Now do be friends and come for a walk. We shall, no doubt, pick up some scraps, or a worm or two."

The Peahen, after first giving herself a sand-bath—for the Pheasant family do not wash in water—made up her mind to go. And away they strutted together, the plain little Peahen and the splendid Peacock, and so I heard no more. But I am not sure that I did not see the Peacock begin to peck his wife again very soon afterward. He had a bad temper.

ALLIGATOR

"Come over here, won't you?" said the Alligator to a little boy, a stranger in this country, who had come down to the river to bathe.

"Yes, yes! Would n't you like to catch me, Crocodile?" cried the boy.

"I am not a Crocodile," answered the beast. "My head is shorter and broader than a Crocodile's, my teeth are more uneven, and my horny scales are differently placed; besides, Crocodiles live in Africa and India, Alligators here in America. But come nearer and I will tell you more!"

"Not I," said the wary little boy. "Tell me what you do in the winter, Alligator!"

"Bury myself in the mud and sleep," answered the Alligator, coming a little closer.

"I suppose you are pretty hungry when you wake up again," said the boy. "What do you eat, Alligator?"

"Fish or any creature that I can catch coming down to the river to drink," answered the Alligator, snapping its huge jaws. "I catch hold of the beast, drag it under the water, drown it, and tear it to pieces."

"Oh!" said the boy, moving farther up the bank, "and don't you get water in your eyes and down your throat?"

"Not a drop," answered the Alligator, smiling wickedly. "I can pull down over my eyes little curtains of skin, so thin and clear that I can see through them; and I can close my nostrils and the passage at the back of my throat. Besides being a reptile, I can live both in water and on land. My blood is cold, and my feet are partly webbed." All this time the Alligator was edging closer and closer to the bank.

"Don't you lose a great many teeth tearing flesh?" asked the boy.

"Yes," was the answer, "but other, larger ones grow again in their stead."

The little boy ran up the bank. "Not so fast!" cried the cunning beast. "Wait for me." And very clumsily he lumbered up the bank after the boy, who carefully kept beyond the reptile's reach.

Just then along came another boy, who knew all about Alligators, and hearing the Alligator say, "Wait for me," he whispered to the first boy, then replied:

"If you will put out your tongue we will wait for you." He knew he was quite safe in saying this, for an Alligator cannot put out its tongue. The beast knew it too, and grew angry. "I will eat you!" he snapped, giving chase. The two boys ran, not straight before him, but in circles, keeping well out of reach of the Alligator's tail, often used to knock down its prey. They ran in circles because the second boy knew that Alligators cannot turn quickly.

So the game went on until the Alligator went back in a rage to lie in the water, with nothing showing but the end of his snout, where the nostrils are, and his little wicked eyes. And the two boys ran away laughing.

TORTOISE AND TURTLE

"Tortoises and Turtles are very much like each other," said a little girl, as she passed through the Reptile-house, where all the creeping beasts are kept.

The Tortoise put its funny head out of the house of shell which it carries on its back. "Cousin Turtle," it said, sleepily, wagging its head from side to side, "did you hear?"

"I did," said the Turtle, solemnly (it lived in the next tank). "Fancy a great traveler like me being compared with a stay-at-home like you! *I* come from a beautiful warm place in the tropics, and every year I used to paddle across the sea to Ascension Island with the other Turtles—a thing you could never do, for you have no flippers, and you cannot swim."

"I like paddling in the mud," answered the Tortoise, meekly. "I come from the Galapagos Islands, where all the biggest Tortoises live. We did not travel over the sea, but we often went on long walks, from the shore to the springs, to drink the fresh water."

"When our mothers arrived at Ascension Island," the Turtle said, "they began to dig holes in the sand with their flippers. Then they laid their eggs in neat rows inside the holes, covered them over with sand, and left them for the sun to hatch. I was born there. Sad to tell, most of my brothers and sisters were eaten as soon as they came out of the shell by the land-crabs and the birds of prey. I myself managed to reach the sea safely, for we can always find our way to the sea, but even then I was nearly devoured by the hungry fishes."

The Tortoise put out one foot cautiously. "Do you know that there are Land-tortoises, Sea-tortoises, River-tortoises—Tortoises of many kinds?" it asked. "In the Galapagos Islands the Tortoises are so big that it takes eight men to lift one."

"I have not any teeth," said the Turtle, who did not care how big the Tortoises were. "My jaws are covered with horn, so that I can grind the seaweed. The natives use our shells for boats, for children's baths, and for roofing their huts. They catch us while we are sleeping, by turning us over on our backs; we are helpless then."

"We live to be very old, and we are very good to eat," said the Tortoise.

"Green Turtles make beautiful soup," answered the other. "The Hawksbill Turtle has a very fine shell. It costs a great deal of money to buy, and it is called Tortoise-shell. Beautiful combs are made of it."

"But a Turtle is not a Tortoise!" said the Tortoise.

"We are both reptiles, that is to say, we creep; and our blood is cold." So saying, the Turtle popped its head back into its shell, and they both went to sleep.

SNAKES

"WHO is not afraid of me?" hissed the Snake from behind the tree.

"And who are you?" asked the Boa-constrictor. You must know that the Boa-constrictor lives in South America and the Cobra in India, but somehow or other the two found themselves together.

"I am the Cobra," answered the other.

"Oh, indeed!" said the Boa-constrictor. He was coiled round the tree. "And what is a Cobra?"

"Have you no eyes?" hissed the Cobra, whose temper was not good. "Can't you see that I am a Snake like yourself?"

"Yes, I have eyes, a snake's eyes, with a curtain of transparent skin instead of eyelids. I can see that you are a Snake and a Reptile, and that you creep. I suppose that your bones are all jointed like mine, and that your scales are made of thick skin, and that both jointed bones and scales help you to get over the ground; and I suppose that you have two scaly skins, an outer one and an inner one, and that when molting-time comes you cast off that outer skin, or scarf as it is called."

"You may suppose what you like," answered the Cobra crossly.

"Then I suppose," said the Boa, "that when you are hungry you coil round a tree, and when a small animal passes, you catch hold of it with your teeth, twist your body round it, and squeeze it to death as I do."

"You suppose wrong," hissed the Cobra. "I kill with my poisoned fangs. Who is not afraid of my deadly bite?"

"By the hundreds of bones in my body, head, and tail, I am afraid of nothing," cried the Boa. "Even men dare not attack me unless I have overeaten; then I grow sleepy and stupid and am easily slain." Then looking more closely at his neighbor, the Boa added, "Do you always have a swelled neck, Cobra?"

"Take care, sir, your teeth are not poisoned!" answered the Cobra, and his neck or hood grew bigger and bigger. A Cobra's hood always swells when he is angry and about to strike.

"I suppose," said the Boa, "that when your prey is dead you swallow it whole, beginning at the head, but first covering the animal or bird with slime from your mouth so that it may slip down more easily. And I suppose that your jaws are elastic and can stretch ever so wide apart."

"Glutton," hissed the Cobra, "I do this, but I eat smaller animals than you—birds' eggs, mice, frogs, and even insects."

"I suppose—" said the Boa, but he stopped suddenly: the Cobra looked so very wicked!

FROG AND TOAD

"GOOD morning!" croaked the young Frog in the stream, to the old Toad on the bank. "Won't you come and join me?" He was a bullfrog, and had a very deep, loud voice.

"Not this morning, thank you," answered the Toad politely. "I have not so many air-bladders as you have, so I am not as happy in the water. Besides, it is raining."

The Frog swam to land. "If you like," he said, hopping up to the Toad, "you shall hear the story of my life. A great many things had to happen, I can tell you, before I came to be the fine young Frog that you now see."

"I know," said the Toad; "I have been through it all too."

"I was the six hundredth egg that my mother laid," croaked the Frog proudly. "All last winter she buried herself in the mud and slept, but in the spring she began to lay her eggs. I was the six hundredth."

"So you said before," said the Toad hoarsely. "I saw the Frog's eggs floating on the water, little black spots covered up in jelly, and spread out most untidily. Now my mother lays her eggs in a neat line of float-jelly."

"Those little black spots soon leave the jelly, for they grow into Tadpoles," said the Frog. "Yes, Mr. Toad, I was once a nice little Tadpole with a tail just like a fish."

"So was I," answered the Toad. "And like you I breathed through little fringes at the side of my head. Gills they are called."

"First," said the other, "my hind legs began to sprout, and then my front legs. My teeth came, and I had to rise to the surface to breathe the air, for I was beginning to have lungs."

"My front legs came first," remarked the Toad. "And I have no teeth."

"And then my tail dropped away, and I became a clever, little, cold-blooded Frog, that can hop on the ground and swim in the water," boasted the Frog.

"I cannot hop," said the Toad, "only crawl."

"Poor thing, and you are so ugly too," croaked the Frog, "so much broader and flatter in shape

than I am, so much darker in color. And what a very wide mouth you have!"

"My eyes are large and beautiful," answered the Toad angrily. "I, too, am amphibious, which means that I can live either on land or in water. Be careful what you say, you wretched little hopper!"

The Frog jumped with fright. The Toad has a secret store of bitter fluid in its head and shoulders, and Mr. Froggie was afraid of being sprinkled with it. "Don't let us quarrel," he croaked, "on such a nice wet day. Let us go into that garden and eat slugs and insects."

SHARK AND PILOT-FISH

The Blue Shark had been enjoying himself. He had bitten the Cornish fishermen's nets into pieces, and stolen all the fish that were in them. He had eaten four Mackerel, a Conger-eel, and ever so many Herring, and he felt very comfortable indeed after his meal. The Pilot-fish was with him; indeed, I am not sure that it was not the little Pilot-fish who had shown the Shark where the nets were; at any rate, he was there and enjoying the fun too. He was not afraid of the Shark, for the two are great friends, and often travel together.

"Come to the bottom of the sea!" said the Shark, taking a mouthful of water, and letting it run out through his gills. He was breathing when he did this, for there is air in the water. Fishes have no lungs; instead they have gills placed at each side of their heads. When the two reached the bottom they met a Diver. "Hallo!" cried the Shark. "What a queer fish!" and he opened his mouth and showed all his teeth. The Shark has triangular or three-cornered teeth, with edges that cut just like a saw.

"That is a man," said the Pilot-fish.

"I might knock him down with my tail," said the Shark pleasantly, "or I might bite him in two."

"What are you doing here?" asked the frightened man.

"I come to the English coasts for my summer holidays," answered the Shark. "For the rest of the year I stay in warmer seas."

"Are you the Blue Shark?" asked the Diver.

"Of course I am," answered the Shark. "Look at my blue fins and tail! The big fins and tail I use for swimming, and the little fins help to keep me steady in the water. I suppose you are frightened at all the Sharks. We are a fierce tribe."

"Like that of all fishes, your blood is cold, I believe," said the man. His friend was beginning to pull him up, and he was less afraid. "The fishermen catch you and use your body for manure and make oil out of your liver. Out of the skin of another kind of Shark shagreen, a good kind of leather, is made."

LOBSTER AND CRAB

"Is it peace or war?" asked the Lobster of the Crab, one day, as they met at the bottom of the sea. "Peace," answered the Crab.

"Shake a claw, then," said the Lobster.

"Which claw?" asked the Crab. "I have ten. I am the great Crab, which the land-creatures like best to eat."

"I 'll shake the big nipper, please," said the Lobster, so they shook claws and settled down to talk.

"We are knights of the sea," said the Crab, "covered with armor, head and claws and body and all."

"We are knights belonging to the Order of the Crustacea," cried the Lobster, proudly waving one of his long feelers.

"Oh, what a big word! What does it mean?"

"Crustacea means creatures covered with a crust or shell."

The Crab's little eyes, which are set on eye-stalks, twinkled. "You do know a lot," he said.

"I learned it in the lobster-pot that time when I was nearly caught by the fisherman."

"That time when you lost a claw?"

"Yes," answered the Lobster. "When the man took me out of the pot I nipped his hand. He tried to shake me off, and then I jumped into the sea again, but I left my claw nipping his thumb. However, another soon grew in its place."

"I can throw off my claws, too, when I like," said the Crab, "and when molting-time comes I slip right out of my shell, and leave it lying on the sand, because, you see, I have a new shell growing underneath. This is soft at first, but it soon gets hard, and I find myself bigger and stronger than before."

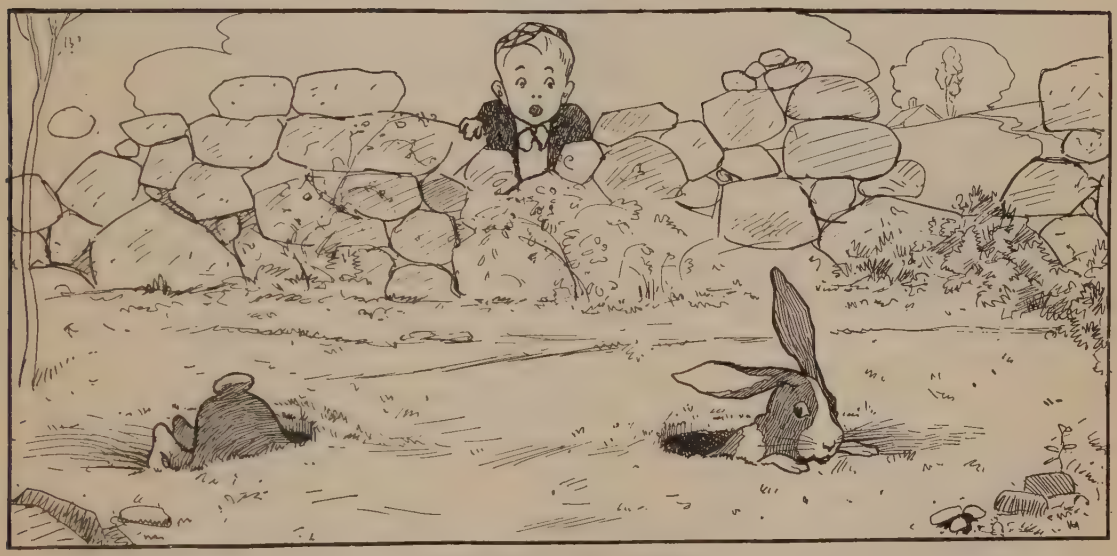
"It is the same with me," said the Lobster, waving the tail that helps him to swim. "Our claws and bodies are made of rings of shell joined together. We use some of our claws for walking, and some for tearing up our food."

"We have teeth in our stomachs for chewing," cried the Crab.

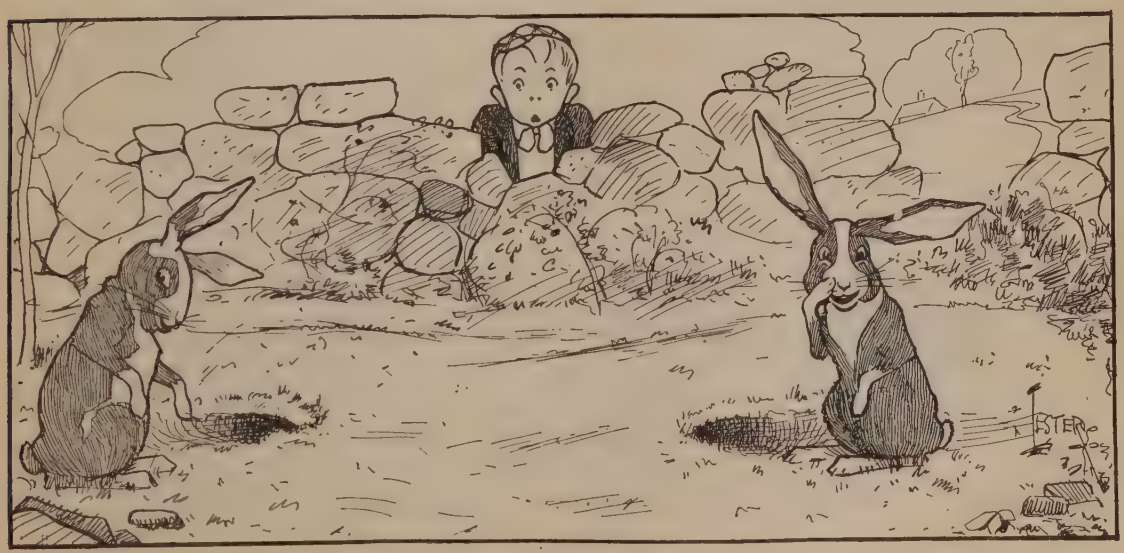
"Land-creatures like to eat us," said the Lobster, "especially me. When I am cooked I turn to a bright red color, but in the water I am green."

"Well! if you wish to keep green don't walk into any more lobster-pots," said the Crab.

"A NATURE FAKE"



"JIMINY, WHAT A BIG RABBIT!"



—BUT IT WAS N'T!

PHOTOGRAPHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE SITTER OBJECTS, BUT THE PHOTOGRAPHER GETS THE PICTURE.

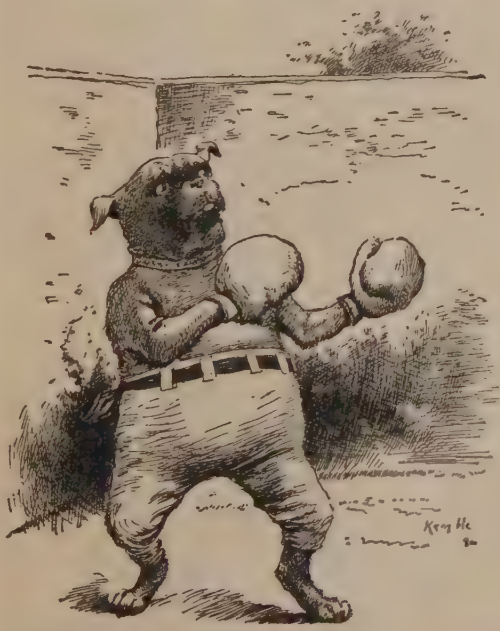
BACK FROM THE CONCERT

Mrs. Thomas de Catt—Were any gifts showered on you, after you struck the high C?

Mr. Thomas de Catt—Nothing of value, my dear; only a bootjack, two bottles, an old shoe-brush, and three tomato-cans.

THE GINGERBREAD BOY

The gingerbread boy on the Christmas tree
Looked down from his place with joy;
"There 's always room at the top," said he,
"For a well-bred gingerbread boy."



THE BOASTFUL PUG

The boastful pug put on boxing-gloves,
And in a loud tone said he:
"I 'm champion of all the little dogs;
Will any one spar with me?"
And the Maltese cat, from a safe place, said:
"To spar with you I 'll agree."
"Come down on the ground, then," said the pug;
Said the cat: "You come up in the tree!"

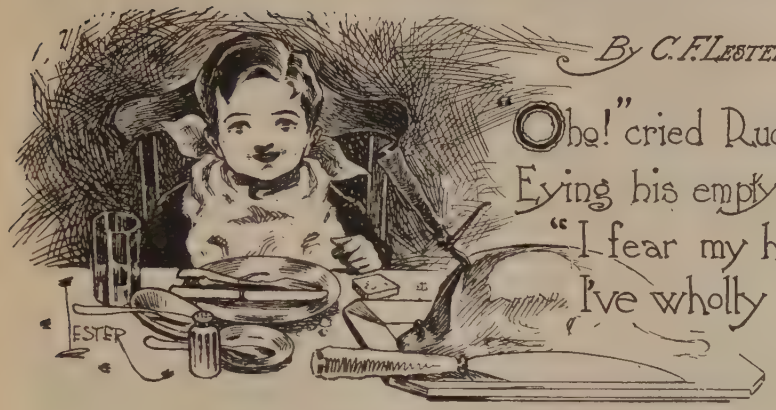
A TRAGEDY

BY DORIS WEBB

THIS is the short, sweet, sorrowful tale
Of Jessica Jenkins Jones;
She planted a packet of seeds with pride
While her dog looked on with his head on the side
And thought, "She 's burying bones."

When Jessica left, he dug like mad
In search of the luscious bones,
So Jessica's garden it does n't grow,
And Jessica's dog is cross, and so
Is Jessica Jenkins Jones.

After His Feast



By C. F. Lester

"Oho!" cried Rudolph, with a smile,
Eying his empty plate the while,
"I fear my health is not just right;
I've wholly lost my appetite!"

A Little Catechism

By Margaret Johnson

When Pussy to the Library
Anon doth gaily jog,
How does she find her little book?
"Consults her Catalogue."

What does she see in foreign lands
When far and wide she roams?
"Why, Cataracts and Catapults,
And shadowy Catacombs."

But if a sad Catastrophe
Poor Pussy should befall,
What then?—
"Alas! she could but give
A little Caterwaul!"

PROGRESS AND THE PUPPY

The puppy dog stood on his four little feet
And the automobile came down the street;
"With my bow wow wow and my low row row
I'll scare this thing to death I vow."

So they raced and chased, he wouldn't give up;
The big tired wheel and the little tired pup
"With a bow wow wow and a low row row
I'll keep this up till I drop, I vow."

He raced and chased with his usual zeal;
But you can not scare an automobile
So a bow wow wow and a low row row,
Is all that is left of the puppy now.

A CAT TAIL

"Oh, see, grandpa. Oh, just look there!
Meow! meow! What can it be?"
Said grandpapa: "I do declare,
That 's our ancestral tree!"

THE CRUISE OF THE FELINE FISHERMEN

BY FRANK MUNRO

"Oh ho! let's take the Mary Ann
And fishing go," the Pussies cried:
It was in truth a startling plan—
But out they floated with the tide.
"Such yarns we'll spin when we return,
Will make the men with envy burn!"

Now, good King Bluefish had a "hunch"
That enemies were on the way,
And so resolved to fool the bunch
Who came upon his tribe to prey.
He asked old Neptune, God of Seas,
To puff his cheeks and blow a breeze.

The Cats upon a rock now spill—
Oh, me! oh, my! in fact, oh, meow!
The air was split with wailings shrill,
And there was reason, you'll allow!
The life-guards hastened to the beach,
The Pussies with their lines to reach.

In breeches-buoy ashore they spun,
Not e'en a sprat in any claw;
For all the catching that day done
Was by their poor distracted "maw"!
Now, boys and girls, learn how fool-ish
Is boasting ere you hook your fish.

THE OWL-CRITIC

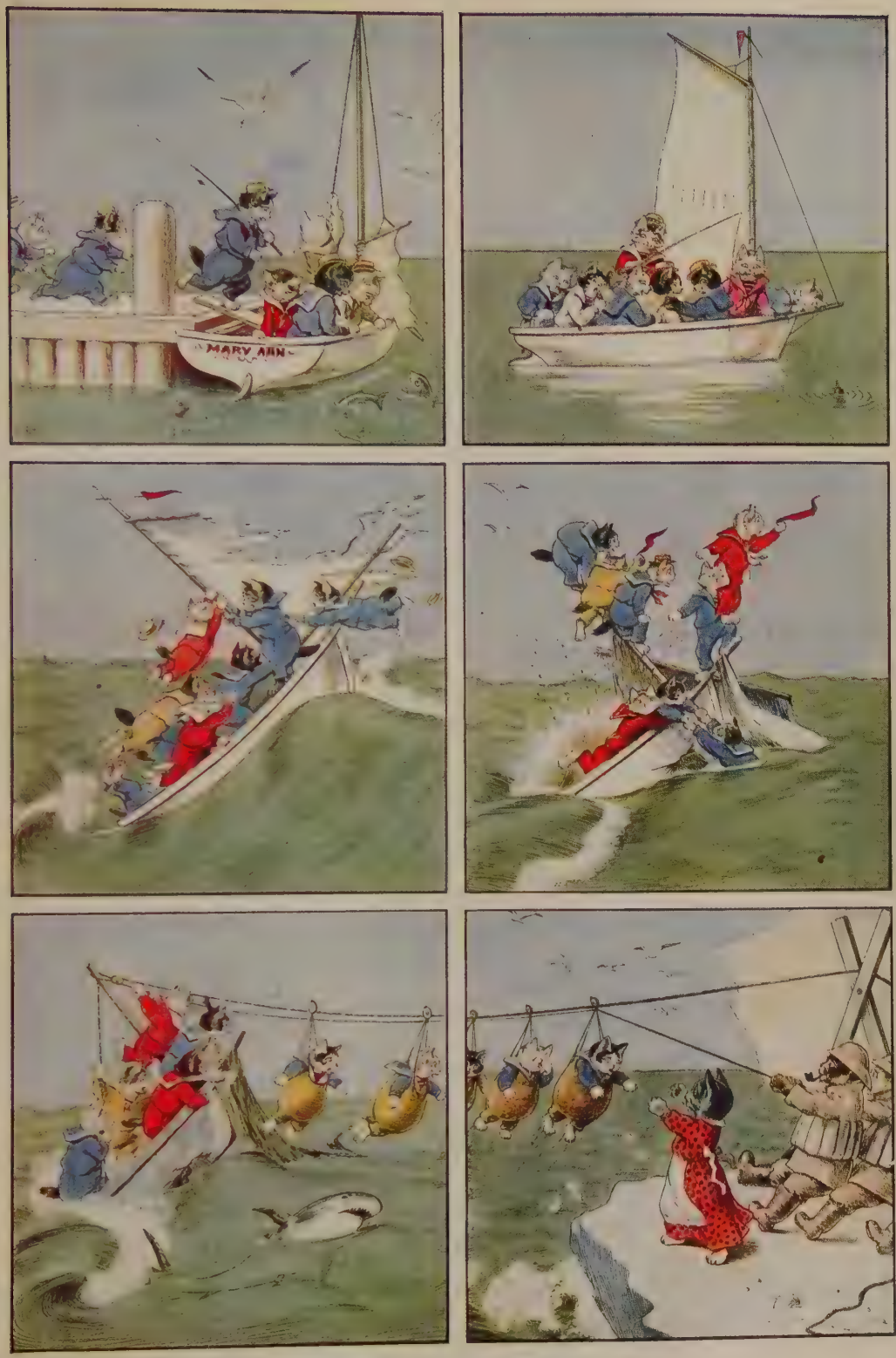
BY JAMES THOMAS FIELDS

"Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop:
The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;
Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion;
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown,"
Cried the youth, with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is—
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis!
I make no apology;
I've learned owl-eology.
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskillful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've studied owls
And other night fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true:
An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't do it, because
'Tis against all bird-laws.
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches
An owl has a toe
That can't turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mister Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd!
To look at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed him don't half know his business!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes.
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down;
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving.



THE CRUISE OF THE MARY ANN

FROM A DRAWING BY CULMER BARNES

"With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that. I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about him there's not one natural feather."
Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance
analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
"Your learning's at fault this time, any way;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

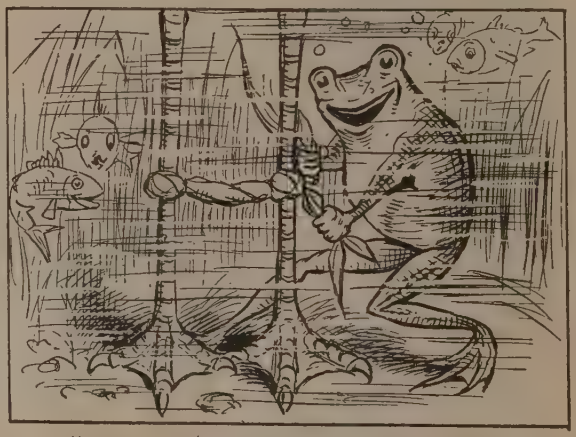
THE POSTMAN BRINGS GREETINGS

THE FROG WHO WOULD A-FLYING GO

"OH, HOW DULL IT IS HERE!
I WISH I COULD FLY!"

"AND WHY NOT? I WONDER IF THAT BIG BIRD OVER
THERE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO CARRY ME!"

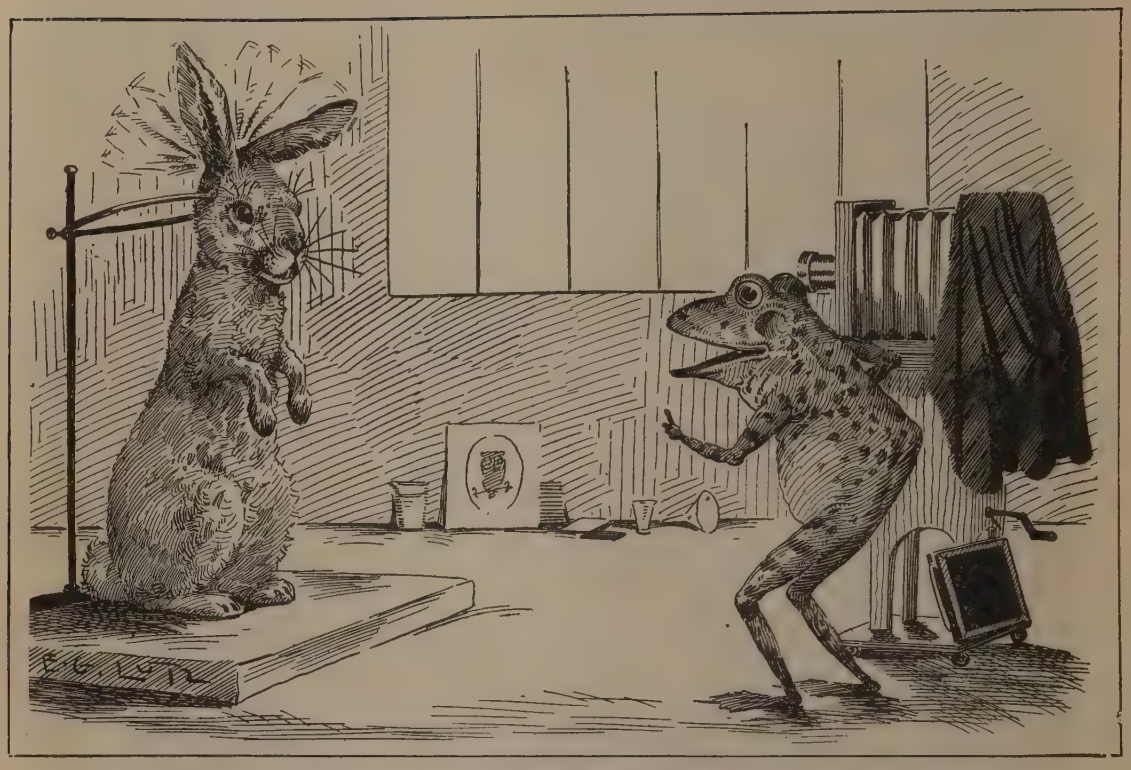
"HERE GOES!"



"WHY DID N'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE?"

"NOT SO BAD—EH?"

THE GRASSHOPPER BALL



"PARDON ME, MR. RABBIT, BUT I CAN'T TAKE YOUR PICTURE IF YOU KEEP ON WIGGLING YOUR NOSE AND WAGGING YOUR EARS!"

"THIS IS THE QUEEREST-LOOKING CROQUET-GROUND I EVER SAW—WHERE DID YOU GET THOSE FUNNY WICKETS?"

THE MEADOW-GRASS AERO CLUB'S FIRST OUTING

MR. TORTOISE: "IT 'S MOST ANNOYING! EVERY TIME I DRAW IN MY HEAD MY HAT TUMBLES OFF!"

MR. FROG: "'DANGER,' EH? IT 'S ALL THE SAME TO ME WHETHER THE ICE IS THICK OR THIN!"

REARING A WREN FAMILY

BY WILLIAM LOVELL FINLEY

Illustrated with photographs from life by Herman T. Bohlman

"WHY *should n't* a little wren have an enormous appetite?" I mused as I lay hidden in the tall grass watching the father as he fed the eldest of the family of five, that had flown for the first time from the nest in the hollow stump to the alder branches below. "Of course we must admit that the diminutive bobtailed youngster must possess the most rapid double-action digestive apparatus when we remember that he grows to maturity within two weeks from the day he was hatched. Therefore the chief object of his life must be to eat and sleep."

Wrens are interesting little chaps anyhow—droll, fidgety little individuals, each with great self-esteem. My interest in a certain brown family had increased with every visit for a whole month. One picks up many acquaintances rambling about the hills, but, like people, some are more interesting than others, and acquaintanceship often warms into friendship as the days pass by.

While out birding in the latter part of June, I was trudging along up one of the shaded paths of the fir-covered Oregon hillsides, when a little bird whizzed headlong down in its tippling flight, barely dodging my head. Both were rather flustered at this sudden and unexpected meeting. The moment's pause on an overhanging branch was sufficient for me to recognize the hurrying stranger as a Vigors's wren. But I hardly had time to see just what the small white parcel was she carried in her mouth. It might have been a white miller, which I imagined would soon be thrust unceremoniously down a gaping throat. For all my strategy, this little brown bird was too shrewd to show me her home.

The next day, however, I stole a march, and was well hidden in the bushes near to where I thought the nest must be, when the wren appeared. I hardly expected to escape that sharp round eye, and was prepared for the scolding that followed; in fact, I submitted rather joyously to it, without a word in reply. Perhaps I had no business there on the wren's busiest day. Regardless of all the harsh epithets hurled at me from the alder limb, I was too absorbed in gazing through my field-glass at an ugly piece of snake-skin the wren held in her mouth. Rather an uncanny mouthful, to be sure. The idea of a nestful of gaping mouths vanished from my vision as the brown body fidgeted about, with her tail over her back, and then whirled away to a large upturned root covered with vines. Here she hopped about in the tangle of brier and fern, apparently forgetful of my presence; but those sharp brown eyes, behind which are generations of care and cunning gained in contact with nature, are never heedless. Her action would have deceived any other creature, but I knew her too well; at the likeliest moment and in an eye's twinkling, she suddenly popped up into the dead body of an alder-tree and disappeared into a tiny round hole.

Wrens have traditions, and, like some people, are perhaps slightly superstitious. I was not sure that a Vigors's wren considered a bit of snake-skin the keystone to the arch of its snugly built home, but I do not remember ever examining the nest of its cousin, the Parkman's wren, and not finding this traditional bit of treasure. Maybe it is a matter of protection, for it is said a snake will not venture where the vestige of its own skin is found. Generations ago the ancestral wrens must have fought for protection among the tribes of reptiles, until now the descendants never

"CATCHING IN THE BRANCHES BELOW WHERE THE FATHER PERCHED."

think of starting upon household duties without searching up the hillsides, through the meadows, or back in the deep woods until the cast-off scaly coat of some snake is found and borne home in triumph as a hearthstone deity.

Almost every feathered creature has some interesting trait of protection. I have always found that the red-breasted nuthatch, after he has excavated his wooden home in some dead stump, never fails to collect a good supply of soft pitch, and plaster it religiously about the circled doorway of the log house.

Ever since I first discovered the wren building its home in the alder stub my interest had grown, and I was anxious to win its friendship, principally because most birds had finished nesting for the season. Why had the nest not been placed nearer the ground instead of at a distance of twelve feet, and why did they select such a dark, narrow home that I could hardly get a glimpse of the interior?

Experience had taught me not to try to win the affections of a bird too rapidly, especially at that season when household affairs were so engrossing. When I thought I could safely do so, I approached the nest rather cautiously and timidly and sat down in the tall ferns. It surprised me somewhat that neither parent scolded at my approach. After watching and waiting for almost half an hour and seeing neither wren, I became impatient and knocked gently on the tree-trunk to pay my respects to the brown head that might be thrust from the round door above. Again I knocked, and then a little harder. It 's queer a wren cannot feel such an earthquake against the pillar of her home. I shook the tree vigorously.

"HIS FEATHERS RUFFLED UP IN ANGER AND AN ASTONISHED *PEEP* OF DISGUST ESCAPED HIS THROAT."

Could it be possible the home was deserted? Visions of all sorts of bird accidents flashed through my mind as I swung up into the branches

"IN A FLASH BOTH WRENLETS WERE WIDE AWAKE AND ON THE TIPTOE OF EXPECTANCY."

and rapped at the round door. All was dark within; not even the white eggs could be seen. This was bad luck indeed, I thought. Then, with the aid of a little mirror that is always handy to examine dark crevices, I reflected a ray of light through the door to the innermost depths. There sat the mother, her brown back almost indistinguishable from the dry sides of the house, but those round dark eyes gleamed out from the gloom. Nor did she have any idea of deserting her post for all the shaking and knocking without.

When I visited the little wooden home the first week in July there was a decided turn in the tide of wren affairs. The news was heralded from the tree-tops. The energy that was used in keeping the secret of the little home a week previous was doubled in the eagerness to spread it among feathered neighbors far and wide. For two long weeks the mother and father had covered and caressed their five eggs of speckled white, until they suddenly teemed with inward life and five tiny bodies burst forth from the prison walls.

The father wren—it is often the case—was rather timid while we were around. He had a particular fear and dislike for the great three-legged, one-eyed creature—my camera—that was hidden dragon-like so near his home. Birds have many enemies, and a nest is seldom left without its guard. We soon discovered that this was the father's duty. His harsh, scolding note, sounded from the surrounding boughs, always reminded us that we were trespassing.

It was the mother's duty to forage. Returning from the hunt with food, she whisked about with a "what-are-you-doing-here" look of inquiry. Although flustered somewhat at first by our presence, she soon came to regard us with an air of indifference. A moment's pause on her threshold, and into the round opening she would pop; then, as if amazed at the increasing appetites she had to appease, she would dart out and away for a new supply.

About the hillside and down along the little stream the mother searched continually the entire day for grubs. Each time returning, she would pause on the top of one of the trees near by and pipe her merry little trill. This note of home-coming the father never failed to hear, and it

was he that always gave the response of "all 's well." I was amused to hear how readily the wrenlets learned to recognize the voice of their mother. Her song of arrival soon came to be answered by such a chorus of tiny cries from the round door that she could not resist hurrying headlong to the nest. Several times, from my "rabbit's hole" in the bushes, I saw a song-sparrow stop on swaying limb and sing a song somewhat resembling that of the wren, but the children in the wooden home knew not the song, and, true to their parents' teachings, remained quiet while the doughty father darted out and drove the intruder from the premises.

On July 23 I wrote in my note-book: "This morning I was surprised to see two little brown heads as I gazed through my field-glass at the round nest-hole." But how could I ever get pictures of the wren nestlings if they were to remain continually within those protected wooden walls?

For some reason the father stormed and scolded more than usual on my next visit. He seemed out of sorts about everything. The rating I got was not very much more severe than the little wretch gave his wife when she returned each time with morsels of food. Something was radically wrong. It could not be that his mate did not search hard enough for food or bring enough back. With all his fault-finding, he never once offered to relieve his faithful wife.

Hidden in the grass, I tried to solve the secret of the father's petulant actions. Each time the patient mother returned he grew more restless and violent in his language. Soon I saw his wife whirl joyously by with an unusually large white grub—surely a prize for any bird. But alas! for all her prowess, her spouse darted at her as if in madness, while she, trembling in terror, retreated down the limb and through the bushes.

"MERCY! SUCH A REACHING AND STRETCHING!"

For a few moments it seemed as if the wren household was to be wrecked. I was tempted to take the mother's part against such cruel treatment as she quivered through the fern on flutter-

ing wing toward me, but at that moment, as if thoroughly subdued, she yielded up the bug to the father. This was the bone of contention. A domestic battle had been fought and he had won. The scolding ceased. Both seemed satisfied. Mounting to the tree-top, the little mother poured forth such a flood of sweet song as rarely strikes human ear. From that moment she seemed a different wren, released from all care and worry. Her entire time was spent in search for bugs. Each return was heralded by the high-sounding trill from the tree-top, and her husband whirled out of the tangled vines to take the morsel she carried.

But what of his actions? He had either gone crazy or he was a most selfish little tyrant, for he flew about the alder stump, calling now in a softer tone to his children within, and finally swallowed the grub himself. Two or three times he did this, until I was so disgusted I could hardly endure him. If he were hungry, why could he not skirmish for his own bugs?

While I was chiding him for his infamous action, the mother appeared with a large moth, which he readily took. Among the alder limbs the father flew, and finally up to the nest-hole, out of which was issuing such a series of hungry screams as no parent with the least bit of devotion could resist. Hardly could I believe my eyes, for the little knave just went to the door, where each hungry nestling could get a good view of the morsel, then, as if scolding the little ones for being so noisy and hungry, he hopped back down the tree into the bushes.

This was indeed cause for a family revolt. The brown nestling nearest the door grew so bold with hunger that he forgot his fear and plunged headlong down, catching in the branches below where the father perched. And the precocious youngster got the large moth as a reward for his bravery.

Not till then did it dawn upon me that there was a reason for the father's queer actions. The wrenlets were old enough to leave the nest. Outside in the warm sunshine they could be fed more easily and would grow more rapidly, and they could be taught the ways of woodcraft. In half an hour, one after another, the little wrens had been persuaded, even compelled, to leave the narrow confines of the nest and launch out into the big world.

What a task the father had brought upon himself! Surely the old woman in the shoe never had a more trying time. The fretful father darted away to punish one of the wrenlets for not remaining quiet; he scurried here to scold another for wandering too far, or whirled away to whip a third for not keeping low in the underbrush, away from the hawk's watchful eyes.

My attention was directed in particular to one little feathered subject who, each time the brown father came back, insisted vociferously that his turn was next. Once in particular, when the camera did not fail to record, papa wren was approaching with a large grub. The wrenlet was all in ecstasy. He was calling, "Papa, papa, the bug is mine! The bug is mine!" fluttering his wings in such delight as he hopped to the next limb near the hesitating parent. But the youngster's emphatic appeal failed to persuade the father, for the next instant he deposited the morsel in the mouth of the less boisterous child. What a change in my enthusiastic little friend, who at one moment fairly tasted the dainty delicacy and the next saw it disappear down the throat of a less noisy brother. He stood looking in amazement, as his feathers ruffled up in anger and an astonished *peep* of disgust escaped his throat.

Another day in the warm sunshine and the wrenlets began to act more like their parents and to gain rapidly in worldly knowledge. The third morning all was quiet and I thought the family had departed for other hunting-grounds. Soon, however, the father appeared, and then the mother, scolding as usual. I crawled down under the tall ferns to wait. The parents had taught their children the act of keeping quiet very well, for not a peep was heard. But those ever-growing appetites soon mastered caution, and, regardless of the continual warnings, there was a soft little *wink! wink!* in the direction of the vine-covered stump. 'T was hardly an exclamation of delight, but just a gentle reminder lest the busy parents forget. Gradually these little notes of admonition increased in number and volume till the full chorus of five impatient voices arose from among the tangle of vines and ferns.

My continued visits had made fast friends of the little fellows. Two of them took their position on the top of a little stub where the father was accustomed to light. Here they sat in sleepy attitude, each awaiting his turn to be fed. Not the least accommodating were they, from the photographer's point of view, for generally when the camera was focussed for the picture they would nod lower and lower, as children do at bedtime, till both were sound asleep in the warm sunshine. It was remarkable, however, to witness the effect of the mother's trill as she heralded the approach of something edible. In a flash both wrenlets on the wooden watch-tower were wide awake and on the tiptoe of expectancy.

Often do I remember trying to play foster-

parent to young birds, and yet, with all my care and patience, I seldom succeeded. A week before, when I held a large spider temptingly near the nestlings, they had crouched back in terror; but by this time they had certainly gained in worldly wisdom. I, indeed, had not been watching the wrens for the past two weeks without learning. I had seen the mother hop up and down an old stump, like a dog after a squirrel, till she would soon haul out a big grub.

Digging into this bird-storehouse with my knife, in a trice I collected half a dozen fine fat worms—a stock of provisions that would take the mother two hours to gather. Why are young birds so particular, anyhow? What difference does it make whether their dinner comes from the mother's mouth or from some kindly disposed neighbor?

"I 'll just test the little wrens once more," I said to myself, as I impaled two of the choicest grubs on a sharpened stick. It was impossible for me to announce the approach of this delicious dinner with the soft little *wink! wink!* of the mother, but I patted both the sleepy birdies on the back and, rather hesitatingly, held up my offering. There was hardly room to doubt its acceptance. Mercy! such a reaching and stretching! I could not divide up fast enough. Nor was one grub apiece sufficient. Quiet was not restored till each wrenlet had stored away two of the largest and fattest.

For the first time the parent wrens seemed to realize that I was actually of some use. The trying task of satisfying five growing appetites was lessened to some degree, and the busy parents took household affairs somewhat more easily the rest of the day.

The next time I saw the wren family, all the young were scampering about in the bushes, following their parents hither and thither, earning their own livelihood and rapidly learning for themselves the arts of woodcraft.

WARBLER WAYS

BY WILLIAM LOVELL FINLEY

With photographs by Herman T. Bohlman

DURING the warm days of June, when the mystery of life seems suddenly unveiled in a miraculous manner, I often frequent a woody retreat above the old mill-dam on Fulton Creek. The water gurgles among the gray rocks and glides past a clump of firs and maples. Star-flowers gleam from the darker places of shade, white anemones are scattered in the green of the grass-blades and ferns, and Linnean bells overhang the moss-covered logs.

As one sits here in the midst of the woods the chords of every sense are stretched. His eye catches the cautious movements of furry and feathered creatures. His heart vibrates with the rhythmic throbbing of the forest pulse.

One day, as I lay idling in this favorite haunt, a shadow caught in the net of sunbeams spread under the maple. A black-throated gray warbler fidgeted on the limb above with a straw in her bill. This was pleasing. I had searched the locality for years, trying to find the home of this shy bird, and here was a conclusive piece of evidence thrust squarely in my face.

The site of the nest was twelve feet from the ground, in the top of a sapling. A week and a half later, I parted the branches and found a cup of grasses, feather-lined, nestled in the fork of the fir. There lay four eggs of a pinkish tinge, touched with dots of brown.

The chief source of satisfaction in a camera study of bird life comes not in the odd-time chances of observation, but in a continued period of leisure, when one may spend his entire time about bird homes just as he takes a week's vacation at the seashore. To be a successful amateur bird-photographer one has fairly to make a business of lying in wait for his subjects hour after hour, day by day, and maybe week after week.

The real value of photography is that it records the truth. The person who photographs birds successfully has to study his subjects long and carefully. He is not likely, therefore, to get only a scanty set of notes and be compelled to complete his observations when he is seated in the comfortable chair of his study. For this reason, a camera in the hands of some of the recent nature-writers would be of great value to science, if they could picture some of the humanized habits of creatures they have described with the pen. Of course, in the study of art, we may try to improve on nature, but in nature-study truth is the important element. We might as well understand that a beast or bird is interesting because of its own wild individuality, not because it is a man dressed in fur or feathers.

Of course it showed a pure lack of discretion to try to picture the home of such a shy warbler during the days of incubation, but I half believe the feathered owners would have overlooked this, had it not been for the pair of blue jays that bucaneered that patch of fir. While we were getting a picture I saw them eying us curiously; but they slunk away among the dark firs, squawking jay-talk about something I did n't understand. Two days later we skirted the clump to see if the sense of warbler propriety had been too severely shocked by the camera. In an instant I translated every syllable of what that pair of blue pirates had squawked. The scattered remnants of the nest and the broken bits of shell told all.

"A CUP OF GRASSES, FEATHER-LINED, NESTLED IN THE FORK OF THE FIR."

These gray warblers, however much they were upset by the camera-fiend and blue-jay depredations, were not to be thwarted. They actually went to housekeeping again within forty yards of the old home site. The new nest was placed in a fir sapling very like the first, but better hidden from marauding blue jays. It was supremely better located from the photographer's point of view. Just at the side of the new site was the sawed-off stump of an old fir, upon which we climbed and aimed the camera straight into the

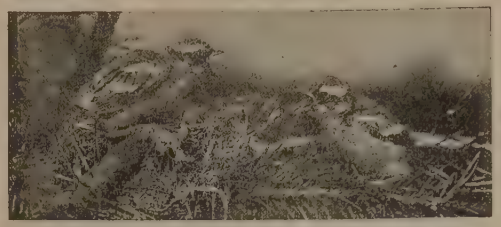
"THERE, INSTEAD OF FOUR, WERE ONLY TWO SMALL NESTLINGS."

nest. There, instead of four, were only two small nestlings. They stretched their skinny necks and opened wide their yellow-lined mouths in an attitude of unmistakable hunger.

The moment the mother returned and found us so dangerously near her brood, she was scared almost out of her senses. She fell from the top of the tree in a fluttering fit. She caught, quivering, on the limb a foot from my hand. Involuntarily, I reached to help her. Poor thing! She could n't hold on, but slipped through the branches and clutched my shoe. I never saw such an exaggerated case of the chills, or heard such a pitiful, high-pitched note of pain. I stooped to see what ailed her. What! both wings broken and unable to hold with her claws! She fell like an autumn leaf to the ground. I leaped down, but she had limped under a bush and suddenly got well. Of course I knew she was tricking me.

The next day my heart was hardened against all her alluring wiles and "crocodile" tears. She played her best, but the minute she failed to win I got a furious berating. It was no begging-note now. She perched over my head and called me every name in the warbler vocabulary. Then she saw we were actually shoving that cyclopean monster right at her children. "Fly! fly for your lives!" she screamed in desperation. Both the scanty-feathered, bobtailed youngsters jumped blindly out of the nest into the bushes below. The mother outdid all previous performances. She

simply doubled and twisted in agonized death-spasms. But, not to be fooled, I kept an eye on



"I'VE OFTEN SEEN DISPUTES ARISE WHILE THE MOTHER WAS AWAY."

one nestling and soon replaced him in the nest where he belonged. Nature always hides such creatures from me by the simple wave of her wand. I 've seen a flock of half a dozen grouse flutter up into a fir and disappear, to my eyes, as mysteriously as fog in the sunshine.

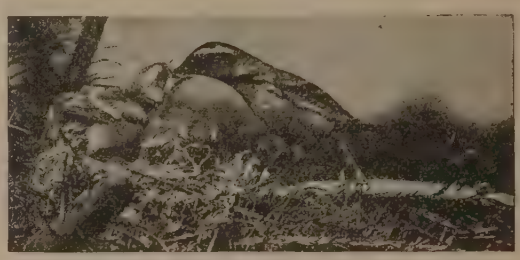
This fidgety bit of featherhood is called the "black-throated gray warbler," but it is only the male that has a black throat. He is not the whole species. His wife wears a white cravat, and she, to my thinking, is a deal more important in warbler affairs. Mr. Warbler seemed unavoidably detained away from home on matters of business or social importance the greater part of the day, when the children were crying for food.

The first day we really met the gentleman face to face we were trying to get a photograph of the mother as she came home to feed. She had gotten quite used to the camera. We had it leveled point-blank at the nest, only a yard distant. A gray figure came flitting over the tree-top and planted himself on the limb right beside his home. He carried a green cut-worm in his mouth. No sooner had he squatted on his accustomed perch than he caught sight of the cyclops camera. With an astonished chirp he dropped his worm, turned a back somersault, and all I saw was a meteor streak of gray curving up over the pointed firs. I doubt if he lit or felt any degree of safety till he reached the opposite bank of the river.

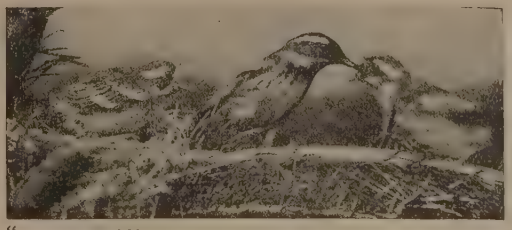
We met his lordship again the following day. The mother was doing her best to lure us from the nest by her deceiving antics. Every visit we had made she kept practising the same old trick. Just as she was putting on a few extra agonizing touches, I suddenly saw a glint of gray shoot through the air. The father pounced down and drew the feigning mother away.

I could not tell one nestling from the other. As I sat watching the mother the question often arose in my mind: Does she recognize one child from another? Does she feed them in turn, or does she poke the food down the first open mouth she sees? Here is a good chance to experiment, I thought. So with a good supply of 5 by 7 plates

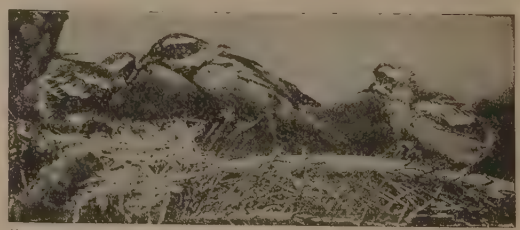
"THE MOTHER FED THE NEAREST NESTLING."



"FOR ALL HIS BEGGING THE NEAREST GOT A KNOCK."



"THE GRAY MOTHER REWARDED HIM WITH A MOUTHFUL THAT FAIRLY MADE HIS EYES BULGE."



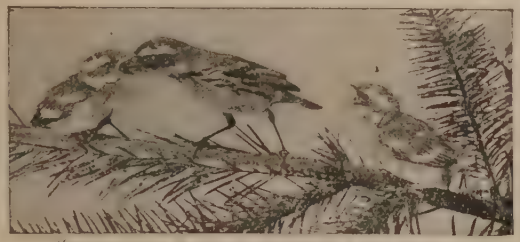
"ON HER RETURN, SHE DID NOT FORGET THE HUNGRY FLEDGLING STILL IN THE NEST."

we watched and photographed from early in the morning till late in the afternoon for three days. At the end of that time we had eight pictures, or rather four pairs, each of which was taken in the same order as the mother fed her young.

The warblers foraged the firs for insects of all sizes and colors. The digestive organs of those bobtailed bantlings seemed equal to almost any insect I had ever seen.

In the days we spent about the nest I never saw the time when both the bairns were not in a starving mood, regardless of the amount of dinner they had just swallowed. The flutter of wings touched the button that seemed automatically to open their mouths. At the slightest sound I 've often seen disputes arise while the mother was away. "I 'll take the next!" said one. "I guess you 'll not!" screamed the other. The mother paid no more attention to their quarrels and entreaties than to the ceaseless gurgle of the water. How could she? I don't believe she ever caught sight of her children when their mouths were not open. The fact that the mother fed them impartially appealed in no way to their sense of justice. The one that got the meal quivered his wings in ecstasy, while the other always protested at the top of his voice.

The first pair of pictures in the series was taken while the young were still in the nest. The mother fed the nearest nestling. Changing the plate and adjusting the camera again, we had to wait only three minutes. The bairn at the edge of the nest surely had the advantage of position. But what was position? For all his begging the nearest got a knock on the ear that sent him bawling, while his brother gulped down a fat spider.



"FIRST THE RIGHT RECEIVED A TOOTHSOME MORSEL."

"SOON AFTER THE HUNGRY BAIRN ON THE LEFT GOT A JUICY BITE."

Soon after one of the bantlings hopped out on the limb, and the gray mother rewarded him with a mouthful that fairly made his eyes bulge. On her return, she did not forget the hungry, more timid fledgling still in the nest.

Again we tried the same experiment of having the mother light between her clamoring children. First the right received a toothsome morsel, notwithstanding the impatient exclamations of the chick on the left. Soon after the hungry bairn on the left got a juicy bite, in spite of the vociferous appeals from the right.

"This way we 'll surely baffle the ingenuity of the mother," I thought, as I perched both bantlings on a small limb where they could be fed only from the right. This looked good to the first little chick, for he seemed to reason that

"THIS LOOKED GOOD TO THE FIRST LITTLE CHICK."

"ON THE SECOND APPEARANCE, POSITION DID NOT COUNT FOR MUCH: IT WAS HIS BROTHER'S TURN."

when he opened his mouth wide his mother could not resist his pleadings. He reasoned rightly the first time. On the second appearance of his mother, position did not count for much: it was his brother's turn.

Later in the day I watched the gray warbler coax her two children from the high branches of the fir into the thick, protecting bushes below, for now they must learn to forage for themselves. With the keen sense of bird motherhood she led them on, and they followed out into the broad, wide world of bird experience.

WHEN THE BIRDS WERE OUR GUESTS

(A True Story of My Childhood)

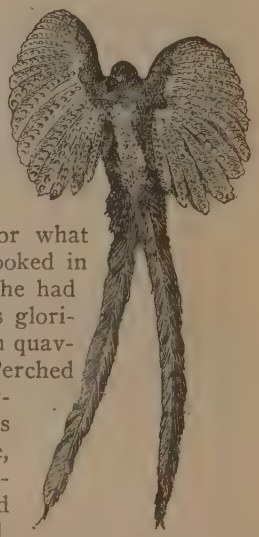
BY F. E. HAWSON

THAT was a dry year in Australia. All through the winter months, except for a few light showers which barely laid the dust, there had been no rain, and when summer came, the fierce sun blazed down upon a bare red earth from which the parched herbage had long since been swept away by the strong north wind, leaving nothing but the dry stumps of the tufted grass. The sheep died in hundreds, and the cattle found scant nourishment by feeding upon the acrid leaves of the bush shrubs.

In the middle of January a day came which was the climax of that awful summer. After a stifling, breathless night, the sun rose like a great red ball, growing hotter and fiercer as he ascended in the heavens, until at noon the air scorched the flesh like the blast from a furnace. Even the leaves of the hardy gum-trees rustled and crackled and withered with the intense heat, while the sandalwood-trees, the wattle and cassia bushes, with each smaller tree and shrub, drooped, their leaves hanging limp and lifeless.

The wild birds, open-mouthed and gasping, met in the giant gum-tree, which in former years had afforded them grateful shade; but now it gave no shelter, for its leaves stood on edge and the burning sun-rays filtered through. Even the eagle-hawk was subdued. With parted beak and outspread wings, he balanced his body on a stout bough and glanced uncaring at his feathered prey, for well he knew the hot blood of birds would not ease this raging thirst.

Following the eagle-hawk's eye, the crow looked down with a sinister smile upon the birds panting on every branch. All were there: Laughing Jack in his brown coat, his boisterous merriment stilled. The magpie, his black-and-white dress, usually so spick and span, now dingy and ruffled, for what bird could care how he looked in such weather? At dawn he had tried a note or two of his glorious morning song, but soon quavered off into silence. Perched on a twig in his pretty garment of soft, eucalyptus green, was little Silvereye, the daring bird who persistently refused to be scared away when a gun was fired, but kept his place in the branches, trusting to his coat concealing him among the leaves which he resembled so closely; instead, he would turn a merry, silver-rimmed eye toward the hunter as though inviting another shot.



Seated near their brown cousins of the plains were the pretty blue wrens, their lovely dress, brilliant azure on the male, more somber on the female, making a bright spot of color. The "cooloody," a smaller and less aggressive copy of Laughing Jack, was perched beside the dull-coated but musical thrush. The black-and-white flycatcher was there, the friend of the cows, on whose backs he often perches when hunting for his food and their torment, the flies. The whole parrot family was represented, from the great red-and-yellow-crested cockatoos, the screaming pink-and-gray galas, the large, gorgeously plumaged parrots, down to the tiny soft green parrakeets. Besides these there were the ground lark and his silver-voiced brother of the sky, the bronze-wing pigeon, and many other birds of the bush too numerous to mention severally.

All the birds were suffering terribly from thirst, and there seemed no hope of any alleviation of their agony unless rain should come. All the water-holes were dried up. Even the supply of water in the wells appeared to be getting low, and the day before my father had ordered the troughs where the animals watered to be covered, to prevent evaporation, and to keep the dingos from drinking there. He hoped that this frightful weather, if it did no other good, would kill off these enemies of the sheep. Previous to the covering of the troughs, the birds had been accustomed to drink and bathe there in the early morning and in the evening.

For me and my brothers and sisters this terrible day had been a trying one also. We were not allowed to go out of doors for fear of sunstroke, and, restless and tortured by the heat, we had wandered from room to room, unable to lie still as we were bidden, and with no heart for our usual indoor amusements. The only thing which made us forget our discomfort for even one moment was the sight of our friends the wild birds collected in the big gum-tree in front of the house. We knew that their sufferings were greater than our own, and we grieved that we could not help them.

About four o'clock we were all together at the window, looking out, when we noticed a commotion among the dispirited and gasping birds. They seemed simultaneously to have agreed upon

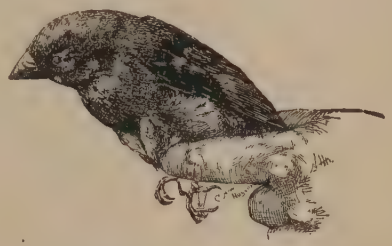
"WHEN THEIR THIRST WAS QUENCHED THEY PERCHED IN VARIOUS ATTITUDES ABOUT THE ROOM."

some plan, for they all dropped to the ground, and slowly, with outspread wings and open mouths, painfully crossed the hot earth between the tree and the house, and presently we saw the marvelous sight of the whole troop, headed by little Silvereye, trailing up to the veranda. In amazement and delight, we called to our mother:

"Oh, mama, mama! The birds—the birds!"

"Open wide the windows," she instantly ordered; "perhaps they will come in. See, children, the poor things are perishing with thirst!"

We obeyed at once, and the birds came panting in, their wings drooping, their beaks apart. Oh, the wonder and the joy of it! Our hearts swelled and almost burst with delight at the thought that the birds—our dear wild birds whom we loved so much—of their own accord had come to us for aid in their extremity.



"THE BIRDS DID NOT MOVE AWAY, BUT ALLOWED US TO TOUCH THEM."

The heat was forgotten in the great happiness of ministering to the needs of our guests. We ran to the kitchen for all the shallow dishes we could find. These we filled with water and placed on the parlor floor. The birds were not slow to understand. They crowded around the pans, and drank and drank, dipping in their beaks again and again, and lifting their heads to allow the cool fluid to trickle refreshingly down their parched throats. When their thirst was quenched they made no attempt to get out, but perched in various attitudes about the room.

The crow flew to the mantelpiece, stood on the corner of the shelf, uttered a weak *caw,* and looked around with an air of great dignity. The eagle-hawk perched upon the arm of the sofa, while the magpie chose a shelf in the corner as a resting-place. Most of the small birds found perches on the fresh boughs father had cut in the early morning, and which mama had arranged in the big open fireplace so as to give the room an appearance of coolness. Laughing Jack looked comical seated silently and gravely on the back of a chair. The prettiest picture was made by a number of parrakeets who sat in a row on the fender. The pigeons, larks, and most of the ground birds crept under the furniture, remained on the floor, or perched on the rungs of chairs.

For a long time we children could do little but gaze in rapture at the birds. That our wild feathered friends should have come to visit us seemed like a bit out of fairyland, and every few minutes we would rub our eyes and look again to see if it were really true.

If we went near, the birds did not move away,

but allowed us to touch them, and Silvereye even hopped on to Arthur's finger and sat there contentedly for quite a while. It was a rare pleasure to take a little unresisting parrakeet, honeybird, crested dove, or blue wren in our hands, hold it up to our ears and listen to the quick beating of the tiny heart, or stroke the soft feathers with our smooth cheeks. But mama said we must not handle the tender creatures much, lest we make them ill. So we satisfied ourselves by watching them, and by going every few minutes to bring fresh water, also bread, which we crumbled on the floor, hoping that our guests might be tempted to eat. But the birds did not care for food. Water and shade were all they craved.

All too short was that happy afternoon. The night closed in hot and stifling, and the birds made no move to go. We were allowed to stay up later than usual, but at ten o'clock were sent to bed. After tossing restlessly for an hour or more, I sank into a troubled sleep, from which I was awakened by flashes of distant lightning and the rumbling of a coming storm. Each moment the flashes were brighter and the thunder-claps louder. My brothers and sisters were also awake, and in the intervals of stillness I called to them across the hall. The storm was traveling at a rapid pace, and it was not long before it burst in all its fury over the house. The wind howled around the corners, the thunder roared, blinding flashes of lightning illuminated our rooms, and the rain and hail beat upon the roof. It lasted longer than most summer storms, but at length passed, leaving quietness behind it, and in the hush of the dawn we heard a stir in the parlor.

We did not wait to put on even our shoes, but in bare feet and nightgowns ran down, to find our parents already dressed, and the birds, awake, alive, fully recovered from the suffering of the previous day, collected at the windows, eager to get out.

"Oh, mama, can't we keep them?" we asked eagerly.

"No."

"Not even one?"

But our dear mother was firm. She had the strongest sense of the rights of animals, and she knew that no matter how kind we might be to these birds, they would never be so happy in captivity as in the wild freedom of the bush. So half reluctantly we opened wide the windows, and with *coos* and *caws* and various notes of ecstasy they flew joyfully forth into the sweet-smelling, rain-freshened world. We, too, felt glad with them, and rejoiced that they were free.

Though ever after on each hot summer day we hoped they might, the birds never again visited us; but I think they recognized our greater friendliness, and after that day were more tame, especially as father gave orders that no bird was to be shot near our house. Among all the sweet memories of my childhood, the day when the birds were our guests stands out as the most exquisite of all.

PHOTOGRAPHING A FLICKER FAMILY

BY WILLIAM LOVELL FINLEY

With pictures by Herman T. Bohlman

IF I were the owner of the Oregon firs about the reed-covered pond, I 'd rather take a lease from the flickers than from any other bird family. They 're not always a-moving south and leaving your trees without an occupant as soon as the first frost nips. When the thermometer drops low and the kinglets are twittering too softly to be heard more than a few yards away, "highhole" always sends a full share of bird cheer up and down the scattering woods. Nor is he half as particular as some of the bird residents. He takes the best of the few remaining stumps and seems satisfied. Once he pounded out a wooden home just below his last year's house. His wife did n't like it very much, but they settled it in some way and reared a thriving family.

"Redhammer" of the West, like "yellowhammer," his Eastern cousin, is a rather odd mixture of woodpecker and robin. The *Picus* family in general takes its food from the bark of a tree, but redhammer often feeds on berries, grain, and earthworms. According to woodpecker taste, a bird should cling to the side of a tree, clutching two toes above and two below, with body propped by his tail; but highhole is independent and often sits on a limb as an ordinary percher. Nature has given the flicker a bill slightly curved, instead of straight and chisel-shaped. But why does this Westerner parade the woods in a jaunty suit lined with red, while his Eastern cousin flaunts from tree to tree in a yellow-lined jacket?

Highhole is somewhat of a barbarian among the Romans about the pond. He knows nothing about, nor does he care for, the finer arts of architecture and music. A dark den suits him as well as a mansion. He has a voice like the "holler" of a lusty-lunged, whole-souled plow-boy. As he swings from stump to stump, his wings flash red like a beacon-light. He shouts "Yar-up! Yar-up! Yar-up!" from the tree-top, or occasionally he breaks the woody silence with a prolonged, jovial "Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!" Sometimes he sounds a softer chord in his nature. In the spring I have often seen him hitch slowly up the stump to his favorite trysting-place, where he calls, "Zwick-a! Zwick-a!" to his mate.

With a tinge of regret I 've watched the clumps of fir thinned year after year. Highhole does not care a snap. He can bore a hole in a church steeple as easily as in a fir snag. The moral influence on his family is about the same in one place as the other. For two seasons I watched a red-shafted flicker rear his family in the tall steeple of a Presbyterian church in the heart of the city. Another flicker dug a home in one of the maples that border the walk about a large grammar-school. The poor hen was harassed half to death by attention from the boys, but she reared four lusty shouters.

I have known highhole for years. For two seasons we have photographed him and his family. He has punctured with doors and windows every old stump about the pond. Every one of these old boles is dead to the deepest root, yet I generally find them throbbing at the heart more vitally than the greenest neighbor in the clump. Redhammer is not altogether idle during the months of rain and snow. When he does work, he goes like an automatic toy wound to the limit. As soon as the weather brightens into the first warm spring-like day, he and his wife have a wooden house well near its completion.

"IN THE HOLLOWED HEART OF A CERTAIN FIR LAY SEVEN GLOSSY EGGS."

Few birds have larger families than the highhole. But were it not for the number of his family, how could he hold his own among so many enemies? His conspicuous size and color always makes him a shining mark to the collector, for every village lad in the land has collected flicker's eggs He is a

fellow of expediency, however. If his home is robbed, his wife soon lays another set of eggs. It is on record that one pair, when tested by the

"WITH THE CAMERA READY TO SNAP, FIRMLY FASTENED TO A SMALL BOARD, WE CLIMBED THE TREE."

removal of egg after egg, laid seventy-one eggs in seventy-three days.

In the hollowed heart of a certain fir, on a bed of fine wood bits, lay seven glossy eggs, inanimate, but full of promise. They all had the vital flesh-tinge of pink. Each imprisoned a precious spark of life, to be fanned by the magic brooding of the mother's breast.

Redhammer had grown quite trustful. We got a ladder twenty-five feet long, which reached almost up to the nest. The eggs had been placed a foot and a half below the round entrance. On the opposite side from the entrance, and on a level with the eggs, we sawed out a back door, giving a good view of the living-room, and letting in a little sunlight. With the camera ready to snap, firmly fastened to a small board, we climbed the tree. Holding it out to a measured distance, we aimed it downward at the eggs. The first attempt came nearer landing camera and all in a heap in the shallow water of the pond, than getting a photograph of the eggs; but after several trials a good picture was taken.

Neither mother nor father flicker seemed exactly to understand our right of making free with their home. The former nervously returned to her nest each time we descended the tree. She climbed in the front door. It was easy enough to recognize her own eggs, but that new door was a puzzle. She had to slip out and examine it half a dozen times, returning always by the round door above. This modernized dwelling made her a little uneasy, but she soon settled down, satisfied to brood and watch her gossiping neighbors at the same time. After we fastened up the new entrance, flicker affairs went on as usual.

Some of our later visits were certainly a little tiresome for the brooding mother. A knock at

"THEY LIKED TO CLING TO OUR CLOTHING."

the foot of the tree was generally followed by an impatient eye and a dangerous-looking long bill at the threshold, the greeting a busy housewife gives an intruding peddler. With a bored look,

THE PARENT BIRD AT HIS FRONT DOOR.
(Copyright, 1903, by H. T. Bohlman.)

she flipped across the way and sat while the visitors nosed about and prowled in her house.

Those naked baby flickers were the ugliest little bird youngsters I ever saw.

In the heart of the fir the development was rapid. The thin, drawn lids of each callow prisoner cracked and revealed a pair of black eyes. Feathers sprouted and spread from the rolls of fatty tissue up and down their backs. Each bill pointed ever upward to the light. The instant the doorway darkened, each sprung open to its limit. The nestlings soon took to climbing the walls, not solely for amusement. The sharp ears of each youngster caught the scrape of the mother's claws the instant she clutched the bark of the tree, and this sound always precipitated a neck-stretching scramble toward the door. The young had little chance of exercising their wings; so the next time we climbed the tree with the camera, they were apparently full-grown, strong in climbing, but, to our advantage, weak in flying.

We are not likely to forget the day we climbed the stump to picture the young flickers. The full significance of the task had not struck us. Nor had the enjoyment of it dawned upon the fledglings. They were bashful at first, but after a little coaxing and fondling they were as tame as pet pussies. They climbed out and crowded the stump-top, where they sat in the warm sunshine, stretching, fluffing, bowing, and preening.

"ON GUARD."

They liked to cling to our clothing. A coat sleeve was easier climbing than a tree-trunk, and it was softer to penetrate with a peck. There was a streak of ambition in the soul of each flicker that would put most people to shame. They climbed continually, and always toward the top. Up our arms to our shoulders they would go, and then to our heads. Just at the instant one's mind and energy were directed toward balancing in the tree-top, he was sure to get a series of pecks in the cheek. One might endure the pecks of the sharp claws as they penetrated his clothing now and then, but he would be likely to cringe under the sting of a sharp chisel-shaped drill boring with rapid blows into his arm.

I could n't see any use in the parents working themselves to death feeding such ravenous full-grown children. "They might as well 'hustle' a little for themselves," I said, as I climbed the stump next morning. We took all five of the fledglings to the ground. Wild strawberries they gulped down with a decided relish until we got tired and cut short the supply. We soon had a regular "yar-uping" concert. One young cock clutched the bark with his claws, his stiff-pointed tail-feathers propping his body in the natural woodpecker position as he hitched nestward up the tree, followed by his mates.

Afterward, when I set all five on a near-by limb with the order, "Company, attention! Right dress!" they were the rawest and most unruly recruits I ever handled. If the upper guide did not keep moving, he received a gouge from his impatient neighbor below. This was sure either to set the whole squad in motion, or to start a family brawl, without regard to the aggravated patience of the bird photographer. "About face!" was executed with the same lack of discipline on the part of the feathered company. The captain stepped meekly around to the other side of the limb, and planted himself and camera in the rear.

During our early acquaintance the fledgling flickers savagely resisted our attempts to coax

them out of their home. After a few hours in the warm sunshine, they fought every effort to put them back. They were no longer nestlings, for a bit of confidence had transformed them into full-fledged birds of the world.

The following day a casual observer might have noticed that the flicker population of the fir woods had increased. Here and there, one caught sight of a bird bearing the emblem of a black crescent hung about his neck. Juvenile "Yar-ups" echoed among the scattered trees and over the pond. Occasionally there were flashes of red as wings opened and closed and a bird swung through the air in wave-like flight.

"COMPANY, ATTENTION!" FRONT VIEW.

REAR VIEW.

"THEY CLIMBED OUT AND CROWDED THE STUMP-TOP."

CHICKAREE

BY ANNE O'BRIEN

He was small and plump, of a red-brown color, with a beautiful bushy tail curling over his back. Have you guessed that he was a squirrel? Then look up his name in the dictionary and you will find out why he was called Chickaree.

He lived in the trees behind the Brown House, waiting for the butternuts to get ripe. A big butternut-tree grew close by the fence. Mr. Squirrel's bright eyes had spied the nuts early in the summer, and he had made up his mind to have them—every one. So, as soon as the ripe nuts began to fall with a thump to the ground, Chickaree was to be seen—as busy as a bee all day long, storing up food for next winter.

The two ladies who lived in the Brown House used to watch him from the windows, and were never tired of saying how cunning he was, and how glad they were to have him get the butternuts. He must have a snug little nest in some tree near by—he would carry off a nut and be back again so quickly. But, though they watched carefully, they never could discover where the nest was, and by and by they gave up watching and forgot all about him.

One morning, late in October, Miss Anne came to breakfast rather late and cross, saying to her sister, "Sally, I believe this house is full of rats! There was such a racket last night I hardly slept a wink!"

Miss Sally had slept soundly, and she laughed at the idea. Rats? There had never been rats in that house. It was just "Anne's nonsense."

Miss Anne still insisted, and was awakened almost every night by the noise. "The rats in the barn have moved into the house for the winter," she said. So the rat-trap was brought from the barn, baited with cheese, and placed close to a hole in the underpinning, which looked as if it might be a rat-hole. There it stayed till the trap grew rusty and the cheese moldy, but no rat was caught.

One day Miss Sally brought home a bag of peanut candy—"peanut brittle," she called it; and to keep it cool overnight she put it in the workshop, where were kept the hammers and nails, the wood-box, and the garden tools. This shop opened into Miss Anne's studio, and had an outside door near the butternut-tree.

The candy was forgotten until the next afternoon, when Miss Anne went to get a piece. All that she found was a heap of torn and sticky paper. Every scrap of peanut brittle was gone!

"Those rats!" she declared. "But how did they get in here?"

The "how" was soon explained. Near the outside door they found a hole in the floor.

Miss Sally was indignant, and, putting a thick board over the hole, pounded in enough wire nails to keep out a regiment of rats.

As they stood in the open door a butternut dropped at their feet, and Miss Sally, in a flash, exclaimed, "Anne, do you think it could be that squirrel?—the nuts in the candy, you know?"

But Miss Anne thought not. "The noises in the attic—that could not be a squirrel. There are wire screens in the windows—he could not possibly get in."

Could n't he? That same afternoon, as Miss Anne crossed the yard, she saw the squirrel, with a nut in his mouth, spring from the fence to the low shed roof, then to the house roof, and suddenly vanish under the eaves. And, looking with all her eyes, she spied a small round hole.

The mystery was explained: this was the candy thief and the "rat" that danced jigs in the garret night after night!

John said he would bring his gun and shoot the rascal as soon as he popped out of the hole.

But the ladies would not hear of it. Shoot little Bright-eyes? No, indeed! He had worked so hard, laying up his winter store. As long as he was n't "rats" Miss Anne was sure she would not mind the noise, and, besides, did n't squirrels sleep all winter?

That evening she read up squirrels in the encyclopedia, and finding the name chickaree, she declared, "That shall be our squirrel's name, and he shall stay as long as he cares to."

So Chickaree stayed; and a fine winter he passed. He did sleep a great deal, but woke up to nibble his nuts and explore the garret. Once in a while, just for fun, he would venture out of doors, and the ladies saw him scudding over the snow-crust. But the greater part of the time he spent curled up in his nest. What a nest it was, to be sure—the very middle of a feather-bed! Miss Sally had tied that bed carefully in a sheet and hung it from a peg in the garret; but Chickaree had climbed up, peeped into the folds, and made up his mind at once that that was the bed for him.

When spring came the feather-bed began to lose its charm. Chickaree became very wide-awake, spending his time in racing about the

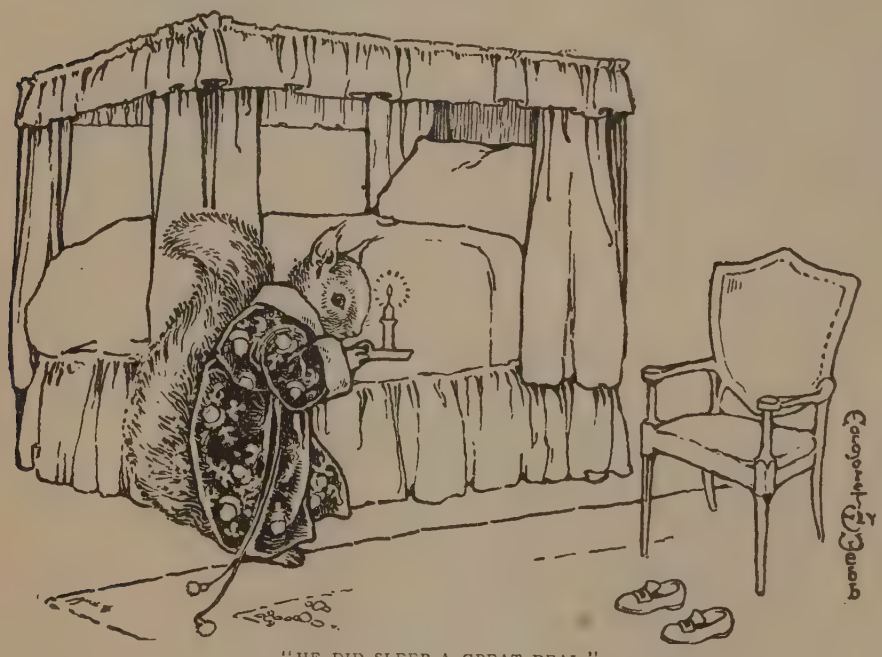
attic, prying into boxes and staring at himself in an old mirror. He wondered who that bushy-tailed fellow could be—and tried to scratch him out.

Then he began to gnaw the wooden boxes, the beams—everything; and the more he gnawed the better fun it was. Miss Anne's nerves were so worn out by the grinding noise he made that she gave up calling him "that cunning little fellow," and now he was always "that tormenting squirrel." A dozen times a day she would have to drop her paint-brush, pound on the studio wall, and cry, "Hush! hush!"

At first Chickaree would be frightened into silence by those knocks, but he soon learned that it was "bark" and not "bite," and he would stop to grin, and then calmly begin to gnaw again.

The neighbors said: "Better shoot him; he 'll ruin your house, gnawing the beams and the roof." But the ladies said "No" again, and hoped when summer came he would forsake the garret. But he did not. It was a rainy summer, and Chickaree liked his dry quarters—so he stayed; and still he danced, and gnawed, and drove Miss Anne distracted.

In July she had a bright idea, and got a friend who had been a boy not many years before to make her a box-trap, such as he used to set for rabbits in the woods. "And when we catch Chickaree," Miss Anne said, "we 'll carry him off to the woods and set him free."



"HE DID SLEEP A GREAT DEAL."

The trap was baited with apple and placed on the shed roof; and there it stayed—empty. Chickaree never even saw it. He had forgotten the butternut-tree, and now traveled another road—over the *front* roof into the maples, where he could tease the birds and hunt for their eggs.

One day Miss Anne had a headache. As she lay on her bed all the morning it seemed to her the squirrel had never before made such a racket overhead. After dinner she called Miss Sally. "Do try the trap in the attic; that squirrel is spending the whole day there!"

So the trap, with a fresh bait of apple, was put in the middle of the attic floor, and Miss Sally sat down to read her sister to sleep. Suddenly overhead came a *snap!* and the sisters looked at each other. Was it the trap? Had the squirrel been caught?

Up ran Miss Sally. Well, if he was n't caught, what had made the top of the trap fall flat, and what was it inside that sounded like a small cyclone?

Poor Chickaree! how did he feel when that sudden *clap* shut him into a black box, with no way of escape?

As he crouched in terror he heard a voice crying, "Oh, Anne, we 've got him! What shall we do with him?" Another voice pronounced his doom: "We must take him to the mountain. Tell John to harness right away."

The mountain! Oh, what was the mountain? poor Chickaree wondered. But he kept very still while he felt the trap lifted and presently jolting along a stony road.

After a long time a voice called out "Whoa!" and the trap was lifted again. Miss Anne's voice exclaimed: "This is a lovely place! Let him out."

Another minute, and up went the top of the trap. Chickaree saw blue sky, sunshine, tree-tops. Free! In less time than it takes to tell it he was away. Just a streak of red fur and waving tail, and that was the last the ladies of the Brown House ever saw of little Chickaree.

THE POLAR BEAR

The Polar Bear lives far away north, in the land of ice and snow. In his thick white coat, on his heavy feet, he wanders to and fro, looking for food; it 's mostly fish, but he often will make a meal (if only he can catch him!) on a nice fat brown young seal.

The Polar Bear swims very well: he also can contrive to swim right down under water, or to take a header and dive. He is very fierce and very wild: he is most amazingly strong, climbing about on rocks and bergs, hunting the whole day long.

The little Eskimo people, who fish with harpoon and hook, sometimes fight with the Polar Bear; their name for him is Nennook. And they generally win, and Mister Bear gets killed, because their big harpoons, that they can throw, are sharper than his claws. And they drag him home to their round snow-huts: oh, what a fuss they make, if they can have for supper a piece of tough bear-steak!

THE CROCODILE

In Egypt, by the river Nile, one sees the crawling Crocodile, among the rushes and the reeds, where the cranes go down and the ibis feeds. And he is dressed from head to tail in a scaly coat, a coat of mail. He lies and basks there half his time in sunshine, on the yellow slime. But if some person came to swim, and did n't chance to notice him until he saw those sharp white teeth just opening in the mud beneath, that horrid long red mouth agape, he 'd have a bother to escape. For Mr. Crocodile can run so very quickly after one! But fish are mostly what he swallows.

And while he basks, and wades, and wallows, he knows that he need have no fear of any enemies being near. Because, although it seems absurd, he has a friend, a tiny bird, who comes and hovers all about, or perches calmly on his snout, and lets him know, with curious cry, if danger should be drawing nigh. There 's no one so unprepossessing, but has a friend: O, what a blessing!

THE ELEPHANT

One cannot call the Elephant pretty, or say he 's a graceful figure. But he is so very big, you hardly could think of anything bigger. He has two large tusks, and a long thick trunk, and odd little twinkly eyes, and he is amazingly clever, and also remarkably wise. With his trunk, he can shut and open a gate, he can tie or untie a knot, he can turn a key, push back a bolt, pick fruit, and I don't know what.

He is trained to do all sorts of work, in India, where he dwells: carrying people, drawing logs; and everybody tells most curious tales of his sensibleness. He does n't like fish or flesh: he lives upon roots and herbs and leaves, and grass, if he gets it fresh. And he is patient, and mild, and good: he loves to obey his master; the smallest sign will make him kneel, or stop, or travel faster. He seems to like being ordered about, and having to work for men; and I even heard of an Elephant who tried to sweep out his den!

The baby Elephant 's very fat; it takes a long time to grow as big a size as its father—some thirty years or so. The mother is very kind to it, she will carry it tucked up tight in her trunk when she crosses a river—it must be a funny sight!

THE GIRAFFE

Some animals, as no doubt you know, have very long legs, the quicker to go. Some have long tails to swish about: some have long teeth, to bite, no doubt. Some have long beaks, the better to peck. The Giraffe has got a very long neck. This is in order that he may reach the leaves of the trees—not oak and beech, but tall, tall trees in the tangled glade of the African wood where his home is made. And big as he is, he is gentle and mild; he would n't be rough with the smallest child. And he 's all over spots; we should think it a pity, if we were like that, but on him they look pretty.

He takes the leaves that are tender and young, and, curling round them his long thin tongue, he sucks the juices; his little one, too, eats as it sees its father do, nibbling leaves, which are all it can need; exceedingly simple food indeed!

The Giraffe can run very fast if he likes: his long legs carry him over the spikes and thorny boughs of the plants that grow there. But he does n't like it if strangers go there. For, though he 's so big, he is ever so shy, and much more timid than you or I. *We* should n't run if we saw a stranger. But Giraffes are always expecting danger.

THE KANGAROO

Of all the curious animals—there are plenty of them, too, one of the very oddest is the jumping Kangaroo. In the deserts of Australia, the travelers see it roam; it has n't got a den or cave, or any sort of home. So it takes its young ones with it in a pocket, as you see, a sort of pouch: how useful and convenient that must be! And if there 's any danger, they will run at once and hide, in that comfortable pocket—there is room for all inside.

The Kangaroo can only jump; it cannot walk at all. Its forelegs, you may notice, are unusually small, but its hind legs, which it jumps with, they are springy, firm, and strong, and its tail is like another leg, extremely thick and long.

It 's a quiet, gentle creature, that lives on odds and ends of leaves and grass and green stuff, among its peaceful friends. But if you were to vex it, oh, then you might turn pale, to see it coming toward you with a jumping-pole of tail!

THE LION

The Beast that is called the King of Beasts has never had a crown; and if he were to be given one, he 'd only throw it down. He has no throne nor scepter; yet he certainly does reign over the other animals, the Lion with tawny mane! They are all so afraid of him, as indeed they have reason to be; for terribly strong, and terribly swift, and terribly fierce is he.

He does not care to face the sun, which in Africa is blazing; all day he stays in a shady place; and the deer go peacefully grazing, and the antelopes, and the little gazelles, they sometimes quite forget what a dreadful enemy they have. But when the sun is set, the lion and the lioness go out on the chase once more, and fill the plain and the forest with the sound of their hungry roar.

They prowl along like two great cats, with soft and stealthy feet; it 's very odd if sooner or later they don't find something to eat! Deer or sheep, man or horse, they will certainly make their prey: creeping up and pouncing down, when the shadows are deep and gray. And the other animals huddle and hide, and whisper in a fright, "Their Majesties the King and Queen are out for a walk to-night!"

THE MONKEY

There are lots of Monkeys of every sort, some of them tall and some of them short; some of them weak, and meek, and mild, with sad brown eyes like a little lost child. Some of them ugly, and spiteful, too, as you will know, if you 've been to the zoo. There are plenty of Monkeys for your choosing; and many of them are extremely amusing. Most of the Monkeys that one sees, live in the branches of leafy trees; they feed on berries and nuts and fruits, bitter or sweet ones—anything suits.

And how they gobble, and how they chatter!

HATTIE SNYDER AND HER BIG PUPIL.

It makes you wonder what is the matter, when you hear the Monkeys make such a noise. And, just like mischievous girls and boys, they love to worry and mock and tease. They throw things down at you out of the trees. They try to imitate all you do, that noisy, ugly, chattering crew. And yet they love each other; hairy Monkey father and mother will get in a dreadful state of alarm, if they think their children might come to harm. They guard them carefully night and day; and often join in their games of play: hide-and-seek, up ever so high, and Monkey leap-frog, and Monkey "I spy."

THE OPOSSUM

No other creature, I suppose, can play such a trick as the Possum. You might find it lying flat on the ground, as still as a fallen blossom; you might roll it about, and shove it, or even kick it, to prove, it *must* be dead; and all the time that Possum would n't move. But when it had watched you out of sight through the chink of its half-shut eye, it would slowly, slowly come to life, as it seemed; and by and by it would swing itself to the nearest tree, by the aid of its hands and tail. And if you came back to find it again: why, certainly you would fail. For the Possum would be a mile away, hunting birds in the trees: it lives on birds and eggs, and indeed, on anything it can seize; and it hangs by its tail, its furry tail, which is very thick and strong, and so, as fast as anything, it silently swings along.

Some Possums live on shell-fish, in swamps; and there are others, too, who carry their young in pouches, the same as the kangaroo. They are not by any means pleasing; you never can make them tame, but the thing for which they are known the best, is the "playing possum" game, pretending to be dead, you know. But you could soon find out, by putting a finger in Possum's mouth—oh, would n't he make you shout!

THE OTTER

The furry Otter is a beast that 's brown and long and thin; but he has very sharp white teeth, and such a funny grin! Fish is the only food he seems to care for; he lives by streams and running rivers, therefore. If they are deep it does n't bother him, for he can dive as well as he can swim.

Anglers and fishermen of every sort hate Master Otter, for he spoils their sport. "That greedy animal!" they say, "I wish he would n't come and eat up all our fish!" So, every now and then, with dogs they go, and hunt him up and down and to and fro; and then he has to put forth all his cunning, hiding in holes, swimming, or swiftly running.

He 's very dainty: all that he bites out, if he has caught a salmon or a trout, is just one bit from the fish's shoulder. He leaves the rest upon a bank or boulder; or sometimes lying on a rocky shelf. And as he does n't want it for himself, poor people come and look there every day, and take the fish that he has left, away. Hunger is hard to bear; but it is harder if folks are driven to rob an Otter's larder!

THE REINDEER

In the countries of the North, where the mountain-roads are steep, the people don't have carts, nor do they ever keep horses, or mules, or ponies. They have, instead of those, a sledge that glides on runners on the hard and frozen snows, and a Reindeer-team to draw it, or one Reindeer, if they 're poor. And a very jolly thing it is to ride like that, I 'm sure.

The mild and gentle Reindeer has lived on mountain-edges, but there was n't much to eat there—he might as well draw sledges, for then he will be fed—and sometimes he 'll be getting some sugar for a treat, and a lot of praise and petting.

He runs so very fast! he races like the wind the swiftest horse on earth would soon be left behind. And he never seems to tire, he hardly ever shows that he would like to stop, however far he goes.

How stately he does look, with his branching horns! perhaps you might think him much more splendid than the little yellow Lapps, the people he belongs to. So kind, and strong and fine, and tame, he is! I wish I had a Reindeer that was mine.

THE RHINOCEROS

THERE is, perhaps, no creature quite so ugly or so cross ~ as that leathery, clumsy, one-horned beast, the Black Rhinoceros. ~ Along the rivers of Africa he loves to plunge and wade, ~ keeping close to the reedy shore, for he likes the trees and shade. ~ He turns his little beady eyes cautiously to and fro, ~ to see if any harm is near. But presently he will grow ~ in a temper all about nothing; he 'll rush and rage and ramp. ~ All among the rushes and reeds, he then will snort and stamp, ~ and tear the trees to pieces, and tread the bushes flat: ~ and you, too, if he met you—there 's little doubt about that! ~ And in these fits of fury he will trample all the ground, ~ and root up all that grows in it, for half a mile around. ~

But when his temper lessens, and he feels a bit more cool, ~ he takes a little plunge-bath in the nearest river-pool, ~ and then he has his dinner: he always wants it quickly, ~ and it 's mostly ready for him. It is very hard and prickly. ~ What *do* you think he lives on? Indeed, you 'd never guess. ~ He eats the plant called "Wait-a-bit"; *Thorns,* neither more nor less! ~

THE TIGER

"HANDSOME is as handsome does," that 's what the old folks said. ~ Perhaps they had just then a thought of the Tiger in their head. ~ For though he has the handsomest skin that you could wish to see, ~ he 's very cruel, very fierce, as bad as bad can be. ~

In the Indian jungles where he lives, the other creatures go ~ as far as ever they can from him, they fear and hate him so. ~ For he will kill for killing's sake, not simply for his food; ~ and no respectable animal considers that is good. ~ He climbs along the heavy boughs, he crouches in the grass, ~ waiting to spring, like cat on mouse, on any who may pass. ~ And people come to hunt him, for they say, "We cannot stand ~ a savage Tiger roaming loose and frightening all the land." ~

They ride on great big elephants, they carry guns and shot. ~ But the Tiger would as soon attack an elephant as not. ~ Like some enormous splendid cat, all striped with gold and black, ~ he creeps beneath the bushes while he hears the rifles crack. ~ Till, suddenly, while the hunters think they must have killed him quite, ~ he fastens on the elephant, and then there *is* a fight! ~

THE WALRUS

THE Walrus lives on arctic shores, where it is very cold; ~ and you can hardly say that he is pretty to behold. ~ A kind of queer moustache, two tusky teeth, a body all too fat— ~ we ourselves should hardly like a make-up such as that! ~

He has a most ferocious face! If you should see him peep ~ around a great big iceberg, I surely think you 'd weep. ~ Still, ugliness may hide a nice kind heart beneath. ~

The Walrus climbs the rocks with help of long sharp teeth. ~ He eats the shrimps and seaweeds, and sometimes, I must tell, ~ the hungry greedy fellow eats up young seals as well. ~

He also fights the polar bear, the battle is fierce and hot, ~ and the Walrus, with his powerful teeth, will win as oft as not. ~

He is hunted very often for his tusks and for his skin. ~ First come the little Eskimos, and then the sailors begin ~ to follow him across the ice; and he either fights or runs, for he does n't like the big harpoons, nor the sound of the banging guns. ~

THE WOLF

THE Wolf is found in mountains, or in forests dark and drear, ~ sometimes in this our own land—I hope we 've none just here. ~ He simply hates being lonely; it makes him howl and whine, ~ like a dog left out at midnight when the moon begins to shine. ~ He likes to go a-hunting, with his friends, a countless number, ~ trotting across the snowfields while the other creatures slumber. ~ And then he 's fierce and cruel, for he 's starving for some meat: ~ it 's hard, when you are hungry, to keep your temper sweet. ~ But even after

dinner, he is never really good; ~ no doubt you know about the Wolf that met Red Riding-Hood. ~

And when the winter 's very cold, and the frost is very hard, ~ the folks in mountain villages, they have to keep on guard; ~ for the wolves come down in hordes from the dens where they have hid, ~ to find a woolly lambkin, or a little calf or kid. ~ All round the folds and farmsteads, they sniff and pry and prowl: ~ and if they 're disappointed, my goodness, how they howl! ~

THE ZEBRA

One looks at him, and says, "Of course, ~ that is a horse. No, not a horse. ~ A donkey." Yet, on drawing near, ~ he is no donkey, that is clear. ~ All over stripes of black and yellow: ~ surely a very curious fellow! ~ But do not try to pat or stroke, ~ or you 'll be sorry that you spoke. ~ For he has teeth and loves to bite; ~ and he can kick with all his might; ~ and he has lots of spiteful tricks; ~ and he is crosser than two sticks!

The Zebra, in his home afar, ~ in Africa, where forests are, ~ enjoys himself, and thinks it grand ~ to gallop in the desert sand. ~ But if he 's caught, in the hope to tame him, ~ it makes him angry; who can blame him! ~ If you were shut inside a cage, ~ you surely would be in a rage, ~ to think of all the air and space ~ you had in your own dwelling-place. ~ And in the Zebra's native home, ~ there is such boundless room to roam. ~

He lives on grasses, green or seedy; ~ for though he 's cross, he 's never greedy. ~ A few small blades of grassy stuff; a drink of water; that 's enough. ~

SQUIRREL HALL

In a lonely part of the country there was a large wood, so large that it might almost be called a forest. Big enough for you to lose yourself in, at any rate. But the people who lived there never lost themselves. They could creep, or fly, or jump, or run, or wiggle—whichever happened to be their favorite way of getting about; they could climb, or burrow, or hop, at any time of the darkest night, from one part of the wood to another. They had roads of their own through the leaves of the oaks and beech-trees; and winding paths of their own through the moss and flowers underfoot. And they needed no map to guide them, nor lantern to light them, in traveling ever so far. Their eyes and ears were very good, and so were their memories. They had learned, without any books, all that they could possibly want to know.

One of the very happiest people in all the wood was Mr. Squirrel Shadow-tail. He had a chestnut-brown coat, and a tail so bushy that it covered him completely; and he could eat the hardest nuts without ever getting a toothache. In the winter he slept for months and months, only coming out occasionally if the sunshine was extra warm, and all the rest of the year he spent in racing about the trees. He hardly ever went down to the ground; but he took a great deal of healthy exercise, swinging from bough to bough, leaping from tree to tree, darting in and out and up and down, and having the greatest possible fun. Nobody had a jollier time than he did.

Mr. Squirrel Shadow-tail lived all alone by himself, in a house which he had taken when he was quite young. That is to say, he had altered it, and arranged it, and patched it up to suit his own liking, out of an old Magpie's nest which he had found deserted.

The Magpie was not a respectable person at all; he stole this, that, and the other, and was much too fond of other birds' eggs. If Mr. Squirrel had been older, he would n't have had anything to do with him. But on this occasion the Magpie behaved quite nicely. He came and watched Mr. Squirrel busy at work, tinkering away at the big thorny house, making it less prickly and more comfortable. "Do you mind my doing this to your old place?" said Mr. Squirrel. "Not a bit," replied the Magpie, "I don't care—I 've done with it. You 're quite welcome to it."

"Many thanks," replied Mr. Squirrel, and he worked harder than ever. It is a very odd thing, that the house which one person has got tired of, always seems to suit another person as well.

But when Mr. Squirrel had finished, he made a very disquieting discovery, which was, that he should certainly want a house for night as well as one for day. One for a bedroom, and one for a parlor.

"Bother!" said Mr. Squirrel Shadow-tail, "now I shall have to begin all over again."

He looked about for a convenient place, and

IN THE JUNGLE. FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT.

began to build in the fork of a bough against a hole in an oak-tree.

"It seems dry and shady here," said he, and he set about collecting building material. "If I 'm going to build a new house," he thought, "I may as well make a decent job of it."

For the outside, he needed twigs, bits of bark fiber, and leaves. Mrs. Jenny Wren, who had already made ten nests that season before she found one to her liking, gave him some brown leaves. "Every little helps," said she.

"How do you like the way I 'm fitting it into the hole in the tree?" said Mr. Squirrel.

"It 's a first-rate idea," said Mrs. Wren, "I could n't have done it better myself. But the great thing, you know, is not to let one's house show. You should always make it look like the place it is in. You have chosen a browny-green place, so you must make your house browny-green."

Then Mr. Robin Redbreast came, and watched his friend at work, busy twining the twigs in and out of each other, and putting up a fine domed roof, which was thick enough to keep out the heaviest rain.

"Walls, and roofs, and rafters, are all very well," observed Mr. Robin Redbreast, "but give me a nice cozy room inside. After all, it 's inside that one lives, is n't it?"

"What do you advise?" said Mr. Squirrel, with his mouth full of fiber.

"Moss makes the best carpet," said Mr. Robin, "and with leaves nicely plaited together, you can turn out lovely warm curtains."

"I 'll certainly try that," said Mr. Squirrel; and he made himself a perfectly delightful arrangement of moss and leaves. He put the doorway at the east side, facing the sunrise, so that the morning light should wake him early.

And he built an extra room for a larder, in a neighboring tree, and filled it with nuts and beech-mast, which he had stored up several months before; also some excellent acorns and fir-cones.

After all these exertions he was tired out. He went to sleep in Squirrel Hall, as he had named his new house, with his shadowy tail for a counterpane. And the Oak-tree Fairy came at night by moonlight, and sang to Mr. Squirrel while he slept.

Next day, he was taking a little stroll among the tree-tops, when he met a young lady Squirrel in search of furnished apartments. She was all alone in the world, she said, and wanted cheerful society. He felt very fond of her at once, she was so neat and brown and pretty.

"Will you share my houses?" said he. "There 's plenty of room for both of us." And he showed her the beautiful pantry, full of beech nuts, and hazels, and fir-cones; and the still more beautiful Squirrel Hall, with its cushions of velvety moss; and also the old Magpie House; but he was not quite so proud of that.

She was very much pleased with Mr. Squirrel and the houses, and she agreed to get married to him at once. That was an easy matter in the wood: no bother about a cake or a wedding ring. Several people came to the wedding. Some were at the foot of the oak-tree: Mr. Hedgehog, Mr. Hare, and Mr. Dormouse, who kept on falling asleep at the wrong moment. And some were on the topmost boughs: Mr. Bat, Mr. Bullfinch, and the Oak-tree Fairy. It was a quiet but very pretty affair.

The Squirrels then went on a little wedding trip down to the pond, and told Mr. Water-Rat (who had not been at the tree, having been kept at home by business) how exceedingly happy they were.

Mr. Water-Rat stood in his doorway, on the pond-bank, chewing a reed-stem; and he was delighted to see the Squirrel Shadow-tails. He asked them in to tea in his house; and other visitors were waiting there to welcome them.

Mr. Newt had got on a splendid new crest, in honor of the wedding, and Mr. Frog had been practising jumping and other acrobatic feats, to amuse Mrs. Squirrel.

But, unfortunately, Mr. Water-Rat's doorway was too small. The bride and bridegroom could not possibly squeeze through. So they said how sorry they were, and went away; and they took Mr. Water-Rat's wedding present with them: a yellow iris, which he bit off with his yellow teeth and presented to the little brown bride.

Then they went back to their houses, and lived very happily together. They used the Magpie House by day; but one evening they found they had a lot of young Squirrels in the sleeping-house, that is to say, Squirrel Hall. They were extremely pleased. "Just what I always wanted," said Mrs. Squirrel. "Now we will make a day-nursery for these sweet little ones. This must be for the night-nursery; don't you think so, dear?" Mr. Squirrel always agreed with a nod to everything that his wife said; this was generally because his mouth was too full to argue. But also he was a very peaceful person.

So they set to work immediately to make new houses for the family, for they did not think one would be enough. And while they were away, Mrs. Wood-Pigeon very kindly sat by the children and cooed to them. It was a soft, sooth-

ing, lullaby sort of a sound, and it soon sent the baby Squirrels to sleep.

"How very lucky we are to have a friend like Mrs. Wood-Pigeon," said Mr. Shadow-tail, as he heard that crooning sound in the distance. "There are very few people, I am sure, who would take charge of one's children like that."

"All the same," said Mrs. Shadow-tail, "I don't like leaving them, not a bit. One never knows what might happen."

"Mothers are always anxious," said her husband. "I remember mine was just the same."

At this moment they discovered a very fine hole in a tree. "Exactly right for a nursery," they said; and Mr. Squirrel was just climbing in to explore it, when Mrs. Green-Woodpecker poked out an angry head, and screamed, "How dare you! What do you want to come prying into my house for?"

Of course they had to apologize and go away. It is very awkward making a mistake like that, and they felt quite annoyed with themselves; but who could have told the hole was already occupied? One can't know everything.

However, presently they came upon an old crow's nest, which only wanted a little repairing to be quite good; and they began at once to mend it. But they found that Mrs. Jay and her youngsters were living on a branch a little lower down, and the chattering of that family was insufferable. Chatter, chatter, chatter; clack, clack, clack! "I could never stand this," said Mrs. Squirrel; "how would the children get to sleep?"

So they moved on again. And by this time they began to feel a little gloomy. It did seem such a hopeless business, finding a proper house. "Things are much more difficult when one has growing children to provide for," said Mr. Squirrel, solemnly. "I think, my dear, we had better start an entirely new place." They decided that this would be best. So they went hard to work in great haste, and collected stuff for walls and floors. They were just half through a really excellent building when—"What was that?" said Mrs. Squirrel, starting. They stopped. Then they heard a frantic cheeping and chirping and fluttering coming toward them through the leaves. Up flew Mr. Robin Redbreast. He was in a violent state of alarm.

"Hurry up!" he gasped, "the Hawk is trying to steal your children! Quick! quick! or you 'll be too late!"

"But Mrs. Wood-Pigeon, what is she doing?" exclaimed Mr. Squirrel.

"She is fainting with fright," said Mr. Redbreast, flapping down exhausted on a bough.

They rushed home, taking each tree at one jump. Never had they gone so fast in their lives; and that is saying a great deal.

When they came within sight of the oak-tree where Squirrel Hall was, there was Mr. Hawk, with wide outstretched wings and hungry beak, hovering in the very tip-top of the tree, just waiting to pounce down. He saw them coming. He knew what sharp strong teeth they had, and he dashed away with an angry cry, making ugly faces as he went.

Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel rushed into the tree. Poor Mrs. Wood-Pigeon lay all limp and floppy across the branch; she was never anything of a fighter. She might, perhaps, have given a peck or two and a scratch or so if the Hawk had been wanting to eat her own two fluffy little nestlings, but fighting for other folks' children is quite another thing. There she lay, and the Squirrels whisked past her, for where, oh, where was their house?

There wasn't a sign of it to be seen. And they turned as cold as ice.

But they need not have been so afraid. For the Oak-Tree Fairy, who lived there all the time, had seen the Hawk coming down, and she had taken off her beautiful green cloak, made of the tiniest oak leaves, and had flung it over the house, so that door and all were hidden, and everything looked like a mass of green leaves. And so the Hawk could scent out the little Squirrelkins, but he could not see them in the least, although he has the sharpest eyes in the world. This puzzled him, and hindered him, and that gave just time enough for Mr. Robin Redbreast to go and fetch the Shadow-tails home.

The Oak-Tree Fairy now took up her cloak again, and there stood Squirrel Hall, more pretty and more comfortable than ever.

And the little Squirrelkins came hopping out—for they were growing quite big and active and didn't like being cramped up in a night-nursery, however nice and cozy it might be—and played leap-frog among the branches. They all came tumbling out; and you would n't have thought there had been any danger within a mile of them—much less a hungry Hawk just over their heads. They were the merriest little things imaginable, and they all had bushy, shadowy tails.

Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel were so overcome with (first) distress, (secondly) hurrying, (thirdly) surprise, and (fourthly) gratitude, that for some while they could not speak at all. They simply sat and opened and shut their mouths; not a word came out. Then they recovered, and began to thank the Oak-Tree Fairy as well as they knew how.

"Don't mention it," said the Fairy, politely. "It

was no trouble at all, I assure you. I take my cloak off and put it on at least ten times a day. It happened to come in handy."

"But we owe you everlasting thanks," said Mrs. Squirrel.

The Fairy said again, "Don't mention it."

"Will you accept a little present of some nuts?" said Mrs. Squirrel.

"No, thanks," replied the Oak-Tree Fairy, "I don't eat."

"Would you like some acorn-cups full of the very best wild-rose dew?" inquired Mr. Squirrel.

"No, thanks," she answered, sweetly, "I drink nothing."

"May we build you a beautiful sleeping-house with a mossy bed?" they cried both together.

"I never sleep; thank you all the same," said the Oak-Tree Fairy; "and now I will wish you good-by for the present." So she disappeared in the curious way she had; it was impossible to tell if she were inside the tree or not. Her comings and goings were always too strange to be understood.

But the Squirrels helped Mrs. Wood-Pigeon, who was still rather shaky, back to her house in a fir-tree; and then they came home to Squirrel Hall and had tea with the children. It was the happiest tea they had ever had, and there were lots of the most lovely beechnuts.

"Nuts are wonderful things to strengthen the feet for jumping," said Mr. Squirrel Shadow-tail; "there 's nothing in the world so good as nuts. And now, my dear, before it grows too dark, we will finish that nice new nursery. For, with you and me, and these children all, it 's much too small, is Squirrel Hall."

And he was off through the oak-leaves like a bit of brown lightning.

OUR CAT'S TALE

This story was told me by a cat that I know. Perhaps you don't think a cat can tell a story, but this cat could, though you need n't believe it unless you like.

"It happened one day when I was going to bathe in the sea," said the cat.

"Bathe!" I said, "but cats don't. At least, none of the cats I know ever go near the water."

"Oh, well—the cats you know must be a poor lot, then," said he, "but I am fond of a bath myself. Well, as I was saying, I was just going to bathe, and I was standing on the edge of the sea, wondering if it would be cold, when I saw something gleaming and golden in the water. I thought it must be one of those fishes that I have seen so often in glass bowls and never been able to get at without unpleasantness; so I dived straight in. But when I reached the creature I saw that it was not a fish at all.

"'Hallo!' I said. 'What are you?'

"'I am a mer-cat,' said the creature, meaning that it was a sea-cat; and indeed it was something like a cat.

"It had a fish's tail and it was golden. It had two curious ears, which I found out afterward were fins. Its whiskers were not white like ours, but golden, to match its coat.

"'And what are you?' it asked in a beautiful soft voice. No doubt you have heard that mermaids have beautiful voices, and it was the same with this mer-cat.

"'I am a land-cat,' I said.

"'Since you are here,' said the mer-cat, 'perhaps you would like to come with me to the bottom of the sea and see my home and my friends.'

"Of course I was pleased to go, because it is n't a chance one gets every day in the week; and besides, this cat seemed a nice fellow, though he was a little strange to look at.

"Do you know," said the cat, suddenly stopping in the middle of his tale, "I did n't feel at all wet all the time I was there. Curious, was n't it? Can you explain it?"

"No," I said, "I 'm afraid I can't."

"I did n't expect you could," said the cat, sharply. "I have never known you explain anything yet."

"Do go on, pussy dear."

"Very well," said the cat.

"He took me by the paw and led me down, down, down to the bottom of the sea. When we had walked along the sandy bottom of the sea for a short time, the mer-cat suddenly pulled my paw sharply and cried: 'Quick, quick! There is a mer-dog. Get up into that mer-tree, can't you?' And before I knew where I was I was up a tree. I looked down and saw the mer-dog. It was a little like our land-dogs, but even more horrid. It was of a pale greenish color and instead of legs it had two fins, and there were two tusks sticking out of its mouth.

"My new friend was quivering and shaking with fear, but the mer-dog only jumped round the tree, giving short mer-barks for a little while, and then went away. Then the mer-cat took my paw again and we climbed down the mer-tree and

went on. Very curious things were there. The fishes swam in and out among the branches of the mer-trees and perched on the boughs."

"Fish can't perch," I said, under my breath.

"Fish *are* perch," said the cat, fiercely. "At least perch are fish, and it comes to the same thing in the end."

"Yes, of course it does!" I said, timidly. I did n't really see how it could, but I thought it would be better to agree with him. This time he went on with his story without being asked.

"At last we came to a large cave, and then the mer-cat dropped my paw and told me to walk in behind him. It was a very beautiful cave, with a roof of pink and white coral and walls of mother-of-pearl. There were some mermaids sitting on the floor, which was covered with smooth golden sand, and at the end of the cave there was another mermaid, more beautiful than the others, sitting on a throne of mother-of-pearl. Two mermaids sat behind her combing her long, yellow hair.

"'Come and have some milk,' said my new friend, and he led me to a small shell with some white, hard stuff in it.

"'Milk!' said I. 'Milk is not like that. It is wet and sweet and refreshing. But that—well, I should n't call that refreshing, and it certainly is n't sweet.'

"'Of course not!' said the mer-cat. 'Everything that is wet on land, such as milk, is dry down here, and everything that is dry, such as a cat's bed, is wet with us,' and he waved his scaly tail toward a corner of the cave, where there was a very wet heap of seaweed, on which lay two mer-kittens fast asleep.

"'I am the mer-Queen's own mer-cat,' said my friend, proudly. 'That is the Queen on the throne, and those other mermaids are the ladies in waiting. They have n't noticed us yet, but if we walk up in front of them they will see us, and perhaps one of the ladies in waiting will catch us some fish. I don't care about catching my own fish.'

"'Ah, fish!' I said. 'Yes, I could do with a fish or two. I feel as if it were dinner-time.'

"So we walked up to the throne, and when the ladies in waiting saw me they all shrieked and whisked their tails about.

"'What is that strange creature?' cried the Queen.

"'Your Majesty, I think I can tell you that,' said one of the ladies in waiting. 'One day, when I was near the shore, I saw just such a creature in the arms of a little land-maid; and the little land-maid called the creature "Pussy," so I suppose it was a land-cat.'

"'Oh, said the Queen, 'I have heard that the land-cats will play with any small, moving thing. Give me a strand of seaweed and we will try.' One of the ladies in waiting handed her a strip of wet stuff and she began to draw it over the sandy floor. Of course I knew what she wanted me to do, and as the mer-cat nudged me with his fin and whispered, 'Do all you can,' I patted the horrid wet thing and lifted it up in my paws. Then all the mermaids laughed, and their laughter was much prettier than land-laughter, for it sounded like water running over pebbles, and you know how musical that is.

"I did n't like touching the seaweed, but I thought of the fish, so I frisked and frisked as if I had been a mere kitten. But, unfortunately, in one of my beautiful leaps, I happened to fall on the Queen's tail and my claws caught in her scales instead of in the seaweed. She screamed and tumbled back on her throne, and all the other mermaids jumped up and tried to catch me, and I really do not know what might have happened if the good mer-cat had not seized me by the paw and dragged me up through the water quickly, out of the reach of those horrible mer-hands.

"When we reached the shore we were both quite out of breath, and, as we rested for a moment in the shallow water, I said: 'How very strange that your Queen should have been so hurt by a little scratch? You must often have scratched her by accident?'

"'No!' said the mer-cat, 'it is a disgrace to have claws in the sea. It is only the crabs and lobsters—very low creatures—who have them here. You must get rid of yours before you can live with us. Good-by!' and with a whisk of the tail he sank slowly down into the waves.

"I walked up the shore, and thought that I would rather live on dry land, with my own handsome claws, and nice wet milk.

"Good wet milk," said the cat, thoughtfully. I got up hastily and put down a saucer of milk for him.

"But is it really true, pussy?" I said. "How *could* you manage to live down there without any air?"

"True!" said the cat, indignantly. "You doubt my word—well?"

And do you know, that cat has never spoken to me since, and I don't believe he ever will again!

NAUGHTY PETER, THE RABBIT

Once upon a time there were four little Rabbits, and their names were Flopsy, Mopsy, Cotton-tail, and Peter.

They lived with their Mother in a sand-bank, underneath the root of a very big fir-tree.

"Now, my dears," said old Mrs. Rabbit one morning, "you may go into the fields or down the lane, but don't go into Mr. McGregor's garden: your Father had an accident there; he was put in a pie by Mrs. McGregor."

"Now run along, and don't get into mischief. I am going out."

Then old Mrs. Rabbit took a basket and her umbrella, and went through the wood to the baker's. She bought a loaf of brown bread and five currant buns.

Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail, who were good little bunnies, went down the lane to gather blackberries; but Peter, who was very naughty, ran straight away to Mr. McGregor's garden, and squeezed under the gate!

First he ate some lettuce and some French beans; and then he ate some radishes; and then, feeling rather sick, he went to look for some parsley.

But round the end of a cucumber frame, whom should he meet but Mr. McGregor!

Mr. McGregor was on his hands and knees planting out young cabbages, but he jumped up and ran after Peter, waving a rake and calling out, "Stop thief!"

Peter was most dreadfully frightened; he rushed all over the garden, for he had forgotten the way back to the gate.

He lost one of his shoes among the cabbages, and the other shoe among the potatoes.

After losing them, he ran on four legs and went faster, so that I think he might have got away altogether if he had not unfortunately run into a gooseberry net, and got caught by the large buttons on his jacket. It was a blue jacket with brass buttons, quite new.

Peter gave himself up for lost, and shed big tears; but his sobs were overheard by some friendly sparrows, who flew to him in great excitement, and implored him to exert himself.

Mr. McGregor came up with a sieve, which he intended to pop upon the top of Peter; but Peter wriggled out just in time, leaving his jacket behind him, and rushed into the tool-shed, and jumped into a can. It would have been a beautiful thing to hide in, if it had not had so much water in it.

Mr. McGregor was quite sure that Peter was somewhere in the tool-shed, perhaps hidden underneath a flower-pot. He began to turn them over carefully, looking under each.

Presently Peter sneezed—"Kertyschoo!" Mr. McGregor was after him in no time, and tried to put his foot upon Peter, who jumped out of a window, upsetting three plants. The window was too small for Mr. McGregor, and he was tired of running after Peter. He went back to his work.

Peter sat down to rest; he was out of breath and trembling with fright, and he had not the least idea which way to go. Also he was very damp with sitting in that can.

After a time he began to wander about, going lippity—lippity—not very fast, and looking all round.

He found a door in a wall; but it was locked, and there was no room for a fat little rabbit to squeeze underneath.

An old mouse was running in and out over the stone doorstep, carrying peas and beans to her family in the wood. Peter asked her the way to the gate, but she had such a large pea in her mouth that she could not answer. She only shook her head at him. Peter began to cry.

Then he tried to find his way straight across the garden, but he became more and more puzzled. Presently, he came to a pond where Mr. McGregor filled his water-cans. A white cat was staring at some goldfish; she sat very, very still, but now and then the tip of her tail twitched as if it were alive. Peter thought it best to go away without speaking to her; he had heard about cats from his cousin, little Benjamin Bunny.

He went back toward the tool-shed; but suddenly, quite close to him, he heard the noise of a hoe—scr-r-ritch, scratch, scratch, scritch. Peter scuttered underneath the bushes. But presently, as nothing happened, he came out, and climbed upon a wheelbarrow, and peeped over. The first thing he saw was Mr. McGregor hoeing onions. His back was turned toward Peter, and beyond him was the gate!

Peter got down very quietly off the wheelbarrow, and started running as fast as he could go, along a straight walk behind some black-currant bushes.

Mr. McGregor caught sight of him at the corner, but Peter did not care. He slipped underneath the gate, and was safe at last in the wood outside the garden.

Mr. McGregor hung up the little jacket and the

shoes for a scarecrow to frighten the blackbirds.

Peter never stopped running or looked behind him till he got home to the big fir-tree.

He was so tired that he flopped down upon the nice soft sand on the floor of the rabbit-hole, and shut his eyes. His mother was busy cooking; she wondered what he had done with his clothes. It was the second little jacket and pair of shoes that Peter had lost in one fortnight. How careless!

I am sorry to say that Peter was not very well during the evening.

His mother put him to bed, and made some camomile tea; and she gave a dose of it to Peter!

"One tablespoonful to be taken at bedtime."

But Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail had bread and milk and blackberries for supper.

THE STORY OF THE TERRIER

A TERRIER, with a coat like black satin and the most exquisite manners, one day told his companions this story:

"Of all the masters I have had," he said, "the one I loved best was the first I went to. He was a genius, and of course absent-minded. At first he used to astonish me, but after a while I got used to his ways, and took quite an interest in the things he left behind him. At that time of my life"—he blushed under his dark skin—"I am ashamed to say that I had a great weakness for kid gloves. There was something in the smell of them I never could resist, and when I learned that my genius had a way of losing at least one pair a week I thought I might just as well indulge my taste.

"'Dear me, Mary,' he would say to his wife in a distressed tone of voice, 'my gloves have gone again. I can't find them anywhere.'

"'You must have left them somewhere,' she would answer. (As often as not they were in my basket.)

"He was just as absent-minded about other things. One day when he was lunching alone, and reading at the same time, our great black cat, Miranda, jumped on the table and quietly took the cutlet off his plate. The poor man was mildly puzzled when he found it gone; but he only said, 'I must have eaten it!' and contentedly drank his coffee. I often wondered if he thought he had swallowed the bone.

"I did not approve of Miranda, but she taught me many things. One was, that the friendliest cats have the sharpest claws (this was when I had interfered with her kittens, who had taken possession of my basket). I might have grown into a genius myself if I had stayed in that house very much longer, but unfortunately I wandered too far from home, and was stolen.

"I won't tell you all I went through then, nor how I fretted for my master. I have never cared for the taste of a kid glove since. For the next two years my life was a very troubled one, and I was weary of moving about; then I was bought by a middle-aged lady with a discontented expression but—so her maid said—'a good heart.' The white mouse, who could n't escape if he had wanted to, explained to me that this is always said of bad-tempered people who are difficult to live with.

"'You 'll find her very grumpy,' he remarked. 'It does n't matter to me, you know, because I do not have much to do with her, but no one else except her maid ever stands her for more than a month.'

"*I* stood her for three. Then I 'got lost.' It was quite easy—all I had to do was to slink out of the shop where she was scolding over the price of candles, and then run as fast as possible in the opposite direction.

"When I was tired I walked into the first open door I came to, and saw a little creature with soft pink cheeks playing with a doll in front of the fire. I decided at once to stay with her—especially when I found that the doll's basket made me a most comfortable bed. No one ever inquired for me, and I soon became one of the family.

"They were very poor. Nelsie, the little girl, had hardly any toys, and I know for a fact that her mother had to go without a winter bonnet to buy my license. For all that, though, they were the happiest people I ever met, and I never heard a cross word from them in all the time that I was with them.

"One day Nelsie was sick. I don't know what was the matter with her, but her eyes grew too big for her tiny face, and she had n't a bit of color. A tall man with a very kind voice came in and looked at her, and said she was to have all sorts of things—'jelly and wine and seaside air.' Her mother did n't say anything at the time, but when he had gone she just put her head on the table, and cried and cried. Of course I knew what that meant, and I felt so miserable that I rushed out and nearly frightened a harmless white kitten into a fit by chasing her for at least a mile. I was rather out of breath myself

when I had done; and while I was resting, a lady in a bath-chair caught sight of me.

"'*Do* look at that dog!' she cried to her husband. 'Isn't he the very image of poor Fido? Oh! I wish I could have him—I would willingly give fifty dollars for him if his people would sell him!'

"Now the more clever you are, the sooner you think, and it flashed through my mind that if she bought me Nelsie could have the things. It was a great sacrifice, but there was nothing else to be done. So I smiled at that lady in my best manner, and let her see how fine my tail was.

"'Is n't he *sweet?*' she said, patting me with a very white hand that glittered with things like dewdrops. 'Oh, George, *do* get him for me!'

"They followed me home, and George explained that his invalid wife had taken a great fancy to me, and would give any price they cared to ask. My mistress hesitated—I loved her for that—but the thought of all that the money would buy for Nelsie was too much for her. So she said he could have me."

Let us hope that the terrier, whose story ended here, was as happy as he deserved to be with his new mistress.

THE RESPECTABLE KITTENS

THERE were once three little kittens who lived in a very nice house with their father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cat. This was in Catland, of course, for in this country cats never live in their own houses, but always in some one else's. But these kittens' mother had once, in her youth, lived in our country, and always in the best families; and she had been so well brought up and so well fed and cared for that she had grown to look upon mousing as a very low sport, only fit for common cats. And she had brought up her three little kits so well that they had no idea that there were such things as mice in the world, and they remained in complete ignorance of the great mouse-fact until they went to school.

"Wake up, Blanche!" cried Tabitha very early one morning; "wake up, Tom! This is the great day! We're going to school, so please hurry up."

"Bother school," said Tom, sleepily, rubbing his eyes—but he got up all the same.

"You might comb my fur, Tabby," said Blanche a little later. "I 've got the soap in my eyes as usual."

And Tabby did as she was asked, for she was a very good-natured kitten. But Tom interrupted their toilet by throwing the soap at his sisters, and then they began to romp and forgot all about school; and they would never have been ready at all if Nurse had not come in and boxed their ears well and finished dressing them.

Tommy led the way very boldly.

"Who 's afraid of going to school?" he asked, defiantly; but Tabby and Blanche felt a little shy and frightened as they answered:

"No one, of course."

Yet, when they came in sight of the school, Tommy walked more and more slowly, and when they got close to the school door he stopped altogether, and I believe that he would have run off home then and there, if his little sisters had not each taken one of his paws and dragged him, between them, in to school.

It was not terrible after all. Mrs. Tittums, who kept the school, was very kind, though the kittens could not help noticing how big and strong she seemed, and what a large birch it was that hung behind her chair. Every one was very good; but Blanche, who was always of a dreamy nature, went to sleep so often during the geography lesson, that at last Mrs. Tittums said: "I fear that if you can't make up your mind to keep awake sometimes for a few minutes, you will grow up a dunce."

So Mrs. Tittums stood Blanche on a stool with a dunce's cap on her head, just to let her see what being a dunce felt like; but in less than three minutes Blanche fell asleep, and in falling asleep she also fell off the stool. Tabby could n't help laughing at this.

"You 'll never keep Blanche awake," she said; "you may be clever, but you 're not clever enough for that!"

"You impertinent little cat," cried Mrs. Tittums (she always called her pupils "kittens" when she was pleased, and "little cats" when she was cross). "*You* shall have the dunce's cap."

So Tabitha had to take her sister's place on the stool, and Blanche had a slate given to her, behind which she was soon dozing very comfortably.

Meantime Tom had been learning his lesson. He had to learn to spell some words, which, curiously enough, were the very same words so many children learn out of their little books.

"A cat sat on a mat—a fat cat sat on a mat."

And he learned how to spell all those different words, but when he had to stand up and repeat

what he had learned he began, "A fat cat sat on a hat," which made everybody laugh, because hats are not meant to sit on, and as the cat was a fat one, the hat must have had a very bad time of it. Then the kittens learned a verse of poetry, beginning:

"I love little pussy
Her coat is so warm,"

and then—oh, joy!—it was time to go home.

The three kittens had often seen pictures of kittens coming out of school, and they knew that it is the correct thing to throw up one's hat and shout for joy, so they all did it.

And then they went home to dinner—nice, wholesome minced veal, and milk and water—not a hint of mouse.

It was in the afternoon that Monsieur Beaulerat came to Mrs. Tittums to give his interesting natural history lessons.

He was a very clever professor. He wore spectacles, and every one knows his delightful and instructive book on "The Mouse: its Origin, its History, and its Destiny."

And he was very clever at drawing, and made the most charming pictures on the blackboard.

The three little kittens opened their eyes very wide when they saw his spirited sketch of a cat catching a mouse.

"What *is* a mouse?" asked Tom, as soon as he had got over his astonishment enough to be able to speak.

"What is a mouse?" repeated Monsieur Beaulerat. "You do not know what a mouse is? Where have you been brought up?"

And then he went on to tell the kittens all he knew of the habits and nature of mice; and, as he knew a good deal, the lesson was a long one.

"And remember, my dears," he said at last, "that the first duty of a good cat is to catch a mouse whenever and wherever it sees one. Never hesitate a moment. If a mouse appears, your duty lies plain before you: catch it."

"Catch my duty?" said Blanche in a muddled sort of way. She was, as usual, half asleep.

"No, miss! Catch the mouse. Be bold, be brave, be wary. Remember that you come of a great and noble race, and for the honor of Catland you must strike down every mouse who dares to cross your path."

"I never heard of such a thing," said Tom.

"So it seems, sir," said the professor, indignantly, and glaring fiercely at Tom over his spectacles. "I hope you 're not going to grow up a milksop."

"What's a milksop?" asked Tom with gentle curiosity.

"Oh, bother!" cried the professor, very much annoyed. "Class dismissed!" and he put on his great coat and went home.

The three kittens also went home.

"Look here," said Tabitha, "don't let 's say anything to mother about mice. I dare say one reason why she has never said anything to us about them is that a mouse is such a terrible wild beast, and she is afraid we might be hurt if we tried to catch one."

"I don't care," said Tom. "I 'm not going to be called a sop in the milk again. We won't say anything to mother, but the next mouse we see we 'll catch, and we 'll take it to mother. *Won't* she be pleased?"

"Yes—won't she!" echoed Tabitha and Blanche.

Next day was Saturday, and in the afternoon all the kittens were nicely dressed and sent out to walk. Tommy wore his little new jacket and high hat, and Blanche and Tabby looked very smart with their new sunshades.

Suddenly something ran out from a garden. In an instant the parasols went flying one way, the high hat another, and the three kittens sprang forward. It was a mouse!

Alas for the smart clothes of the three kittens! Blanche's frock was covered with mud. Tabitha's jacket had burst across the back, Tom had cut both knees of his trousers badly, and both the sunshades had blown right away.

They went home by back ways and sneaked in by the area door. They hoped to get their clothes changed before mother could see them. But she met them on the stairs—and when she saw their torn, mud-stained clothes and grimy faces she thought some accident had happened to them. But when they told her what had really happened she scolded them all and put them to bed.

"We can't go on sending the children to that school," she said to Mr. Thomas when he came home from the city. He was a cat's meat salesman—wholesale, of course. "They have actually taught the children to catch mice. I 've sent them to bed. I wish you 'd go and talk to them."

So Mr. Thomas went up and explained to the kittens how wrong and vulgar it was to try to catch mice. "Only low, common, hungry, hard-up cats do that," he said; "if you do it people will think you don't get enough to eat at home—that we can't afford to feed our kittens properly; and that would be very dreadful. Now, mind, you are the kittens of a highly respectable family, and this sort of thing must stop."

They all cried bitterly, and said they would never, never, never—and so on.

As Mr. Thomas reached the door he turned back and said carelessly:

"You did n't catch the mouse, I suppose?"

"Yes, I did, father," sobbed Tom, "and here it is under my pillow."

Mr. Thomas opened his arms; the cat nature overpowered all his carefully nursed respectability. "Come to my arms, my lion-hearted boy." He said, "So you really have caught a mouse! Well, well! How clever! I 'll ask your mother to overlook it this time, only it must never occur again."

He kissed his children and he took the mouse away with him. The kitten, of course, never saw it again.

And they never returned to school. Mrs. Thomas teaches them herself now, and the vulgar name of mouse is never heard in her genteel schoolroom. That must be a very pleasing thing for the mice to know!

OUR COW'S COW-FIGHT

It was our Sussex brown cow who told me all this, so I am sure it is true. If you had ever seen our Sussex brown you would know how very truthful she is. I used sometimes to go to her house, and sit by the door in the evening, after milking-time, and listen to the stories she would tell me. She knew many very different stories, but she was most fond of this one. I will tell it to you just as she used to tell it to me.

"You know, my dear," she would begin, "I did not always live at this farm. I used to belong to a very rich farmer, who had a large farm in Sussex. I was born and bred in Sussex—the best place for a cow to be born in, I can tell you—and it was only three or four years ago that I came to live here.

"Well, we used to be driven into one field in the morning and taken back to our houses in the evening, and in that field there was an old black horse. I believe he stayed there night and day, for I never saw him taken into a stable. He was very black, and had no doubt been handsome in his day, but he was getting very old, although he always pretended to be as young and gay as ever. He would come up to us when we were grazing and start clearing his throat. Did I hear you laugh, my dear?" she said suddenly, looking at me rather sadly out of her velvety-brown eyes. "Horses, like men, clear their throats to draw attention when they are going to speak."

"What did the horse do when he had cleared his throat?" I asked.

"Oh, he said 'Excuse me, ladies, but did I ever tell you that I come of a very ancient Spanish stock?'

"Generally we just said, 'Yes,' and went on eating, but it didn't stop his talk.

"'Oh, those were good old days!' he would say. 'I was ridden by a toreador in those days.' If there were a calf in the field the silly little thing would say, 'What is a toreador?' and that was just what the old horse wanted to be asked.

"'A toreador is a man who fights bulls,' he would say, proudly. 'I and my companions used to be ridden by these toreadors into the arena, which is a large round place, like the thing that is called a circus ring, I believe. We did n't wear harness as horses do here, but what our toreadors called "trappings." And these trappings were made of bright red cloth. Our toreadors were dressed in scarlet, too, and carried little pieces of red silk in their hands. Then some one would open a door in the side of the arena and the bull would come in. He was always rather stupid at first and used to stare about him without seeing anything, until the toreadors galloped up with us and shouted and waved their red flags. Then the silly old thing would get angry, and try to run his horns into us, but we were always too quick for him. At least, of course, some of the horses used to get hurt sometimes, but *I* never did. It only needed a little sense to keep out of the way of such a stupid old noodle as a bull. And he always got killed in the end by our brave toreadors.'

"'*Brave* toreadors, indeed!' we used to say very angrily, because of course it was very rude of him to come and talk of our relations the bulls like that. Besides, we never really believed him at all. He only made it up to annoy us."

"Oh, no, Brownie!" I said, "there really are bull-fights, you know."

"Nonsense," said Brownie, "don't try to teach *me!* I know more of the world than you do, and I don't believe it."

"All right, Brownie dear," I said quickly, "you *do* know ever so many things. Please, go on with the story."

"Well, perhaps we should n't have minded so much if the old horse had only told us this once, but he did it every day and we got tired of him.

"So, one day, before he had come up to us, I said to the others, 'Look here! Let's see if he is as brave and as quick at bull-fights as he says.

He exceeded the speed limit.
And thought it great fun.
Until the machine stopped.
Little time was lost however.
But next day he had to buy a new machine.
C.BARNES.

MR. THOMAS CATT'S MOTOR OUTING

We can't give him a bull-fight, but we can show him what cows can do. In his bull-fights there were always a lot of horses and only one bull. Well, in our cow-fight there will be only one horse and a great many cows. Now, all of you, when he comes to speak to us this morning, put down your horns and run at him!'"

"Oh, Brownie, Brownie!" I said, "I thought you were always kind and gentle. Poor old horse!"

"No, my dear, *not* poor old horse! We had had quite enough of that tiresome old creature and it was time we stopped his nonsense," said Brownie. "The others all agreed to do as I had told them, and when the old horse came up to us we made a dash at him. He was dreadfully frightened and ran away, but we chased him and chased him, and wherever he turned he found a cow ready to try and toss him. Of course, we never really touched him, but he was just as frightened as if we had tossed him all to bits. At last, he began to beg us to stop, and I said, 'We will stop, if you will promise us something.'

"'Oh—*anything*,' he said, and sank down on the grass. We all lay down around him and laughed and laughed.

"Oh, dear, oh dear!" said our Sussex Brown, beginning to laugh anew at the thought of it. Then she went on:

"Have you ever heard a cow laugh? If ever you do I am sure you will laugh, too, because it is much funnier than most things.

"At last," Brownie went on, "when I had got my breath and was able to stop laughing, I said: 'You must promise never to talk of bull-fights again. We are thoroughly tired of your boasting stories, and we know just how brave you are now. If you can't win a cow-fight I'm sure you could never get the better of a bull.'

"'I promise,' said the old horse, 'but you ought to have seen our toreador when the bull was dead and they—'

"'Get up!' I called to the others, 'he is ready for another cow-fight. Down with your horns, my friends!'

"'No, no!' said the old horse, 'I will never talk about it again.' And he never did. But oh, my dear, I wish you could have seen us chasing that horse all round the field. It was *so* funny!"

And our Sussex Brown began to chuckle and laugh so loudly that she did not answer me when I said "Good Night," and went out of her house. I could hear her some distance away.

FLEECY AND FLOSS

TOLD BY FLEECY

We were orphans, Floss and I, and every one was very sorry for us, so we tried to be sorry for ourselves—at least I did, and I tried to make Floss feel what a poor miserable lamb she was; but she wouldn't. She said it was very nice and comfortable in the warm corner by the kitchen fire, and although mothers were no doubt very nice things to have, when you had never known one it was best to be contented with what you had. Floss was a very poor-spirited lamb, she would have put up with anything; but I always made a great fuss if I were uncomfortable, or hungry, and bleated and bleated until I was attended to, and so I had a great deal more attention paid to me than my sister received.

We had had the misfortune to be born very early in the year, when the snow was still on the ground; so that, as mother died when we were a few hours old, the shepherd just carried us to his home, and told his wife and little daughter to make us as comfortable as they could, and he promised Peggy, the little girl, that if she succeeded in rearing us both she should have one of us for her very own.

In my own mind I was quite certain she would choose me, for, although Floss and I were twins, I was much handsomer than she was, and every one admired me more than her, and I was quite determined to live if it depended on my taking all the milk I could get and always sleeping on the warm side of the basket.

Sometimes Peggy would say, "Don't be greedy, Fleecy; you take Floss's share as well as your own;" and she would push me away and hold the bottle of milk she fed us with to my sister's mouth. By degrees it dawned on me that Peggy actually had the bad taste to like Floss better than she did me. I was greatly alarmed at first, for I had never seen a field as yet, and I was afraid she would keep Floss for her pet and have me turned out into a strange place with strange sheep who might not treat me kindly.

But when the spring suddenly burst upon us and Peggy took Floss and me out for the first time, and we saw the green grass and the blue skies I wondered how I could ever have wished to spend my whole life in the shepherd's kitchen and I longed to be old enough to be turned out into the

fields altogether. But after racing about for a time, and playing at hide-and-seek with Floss, we both grew tired and were glad to come back to Peggy and her bottle of milk.

I think, perhaps, we neither of us guessed how much we owed to Peggy's love and care until it was taken from us.

One morning no kind little girl came hurrying down the steep wooden staircase to give us our breakfast. The shepherd's wife gave her husband his meal and said that "Peggy looked mortal bad," and it was not until their own meal was over that we were fed at all. But worse things still were in store. Peggy was very ill it seemed, and a tall man in a black coat came every day to see her, and sent her food in bottles that was not at all like the nice milk she had fed us with; for one day I knocked a bottle down and it broke, and Floss and I tasted a little. Oh! dear, how bitter it was! I don't wonder Peggy was ill if they fed her on such stuff.

The shepherd's wife talked of sending us to the fold to be cared for, now that Peggy was so ill, and she had so much to do; but Peggy, when she heard of it, begged that we might not be sent away.

How glad we both were when at length the little girl was brought down-stairs and put into her father's big armchair by the fire. It was quite warm weather by this time; but Peggy was so thin and white that the least breath of air seemed to chill her.

She was very much pleased to see us again, and we were quite as pleased to see her. As for Floss, she would not move from her side, although I could not resist the sight of the open door, and scampered out to play on the green with the kitten.

Peggy, although well enough to come down-stairs, recovered so slowly that her mother became alarmed, and one day when the gentleman in the black coat came to see Peggy her mother suggested that sea-air might do her good.

"The very thing," said the gentleman, "but where can she go? She will need great attention and care for some time to come." Peggy's mother said she had a sister living at the seaside, some thirty miles away, and that she was quite sure she would be only too glad to have Peggy and take care of her. Peggy's father came in then, and the matter seemed settled, when all at once Peggy burst into tears. "Oh! my lambs, my dear darling lambs, I can't leave them!" she sobbed.

"Nonsense," said her mother, "they are quite big enough to take care of themselves now."

But Peggy refused to be comforted, and at length her father said: "Well, Peggy, if nothing else will please you, you shall take one with you. Master did say if you reared the two you should have one for your very own, so choose which you will have."

Judge of my surprise when Peggy actually chose Floss. "Fleecy won't miss me as much," she said, "though I love him, too."

"Well, Peggy, I'm glad you chose as you did," said her father, "for Fleecy is so much handsomer than Floss, that I should scarcely have liked to let you have him."

These words made me feel very proud, and I frisked about and gave myself great airs. I must confess that I half hoped Floss would be a little jealous of me; but to my annoyance she seemed delighted to be thought less handsome than I was, because the shepherd did not mind her staying with Peggy. I'm afraid I made myself rather disagreeable to Floss that night; I called her "an ugly lamb," and I took up nearly all the room in the basket, so that she had to sleep on the stones. If only she had been sorry for herself I would have pitied her, but she was n't.

But the next day, when Peggy drove off in the farm-cart, with Floss beside her, I felt as though my heart would break, and I said to myself: "It is better a thousand times to be loved as Peggy loves Floss than to be the handsomest lamb in the countryside."

But Peggy will be coming back some day, and then I will try and show her how much I really love her. I hope it will not be very long before that day comes round.

THE RETRIEVER'S STORY

"My name's Nelson," said the Retriever, at the dogs' party, "but I 'm not a hero of any kind. I often wish that I had been christened something else. My being named after the great naval hero makes people expect too much of me, and then they wonder why I don't distinguish myself. And when I *do* go out of my way to oblige them they are not satisfied!

"There was that affair of the chickens. How *could* I be supposed to know that though I might not touch them, the cook might? I had often been blamed when the young ones were missing

(nice little things they were, too—so I was told), and when I saw the new cook come out in full daylight and openly seize the fattest hen, I naturally thought that she was doing wrong. So I just caught her by the ankle (I remember she wore red stockings, which I never like) and held her firmly until some one came out with a whip to punish her. I won't tell you what occurred, but it was n't the cook who suffered."

"Dear me!" murmured Crinkle, the pug, as though sorry for his friend; but there was a roguish twinkle in his eye as he inquired: "Did n't I hear something about your rescuing a little girl from drowning?"

"It was what I intended to do," answered Nelson with dignity, "but the absurd child was only paddling, she said, and they made a great fuss over my dragging her down and pulling her ashore by her hair. After that I gave up trying to be a hero, and went in for sport. I made friends with a poacher, and many 's the outing that we had together when the nights were dark! He lived in a queer tumble-down cottage some little way from the village, with a starved-looking wife and a white-faced boy named Tom, who had a great admiration for me. He used to call me Bouncer, which I liked much better than Nelson, and no matter how much pain he was in—he could never run about like other children, but had to lie all day on a rough kind of straw mattress—he always had a smile for me.

"One evening when I trotted round as usual to the cottage—I 'm very partial to rabbit, and there was generally some for supper—I found Tom crying, and his mother feeling just as bad. There was no rabbit either, and my friend the poacher had disappeared. I never quite knew what had happened, but Tom said they had taken him away.

"Poor Tom! he was very lonely that winter, for his mother used to be out all day, trying to earn a little money. No one ever went near them but me, and when I saw the scraps of dry bread, which seemed to be all they had to eat, I used to feel ashamed of my own good meals.

"'Could n't you bring me a bone, Bouncer?' he asked me one day as he snuggled up to me for warmth. He pretended he was only in fun, but I felt sure he was hungry, and I tried to think what I could do to help him. That very afternoon on my way home I met a pretty, dark-eyed girl carrying a basket. I knew it had things to eat in it—I could smell the bacon—and I at once made up my mind that Tom should have it. So I took it out of the girl's hand—not roughly, you know, but firmly—and trotted back to the cottage with it. She ran after me pretty fast—you would never guess from her looks how fast she could run—and we both arrived at the door together. I pushed it open and hurried in, and she was just beginning to scold when she saw Tom. Then she said, 'Oh!' and nothing more at all for a moment. I took that opportunity of getting away, for it was quite likely that she would have made unkind remarks to me about taking her basket.

"When I went round next day—it was about dinner-time, I remember—I found things looking much brighter. There was a lovely fire in the grate, and a warm covering over Tom. And he had a delicious plate of bones all ready for me. I often saw that dark-eyed girl there after that, and I think she had something to do with taking Tom away to a great red brick place in the city, where they said they would make him quite well. I hope they did, but I never saw him again. For my people took me away for a while, and when I came back the cottage had been pulled down and I could n't find Tom anywhere."

A small yellow mongrel, who had crept in unnoticed among the dogs at the party, here barked excitedly.

"Had he black hair and a tiny red scar across his forehead? Then I know him well! He is my dear master, and runs errands for the grocer."

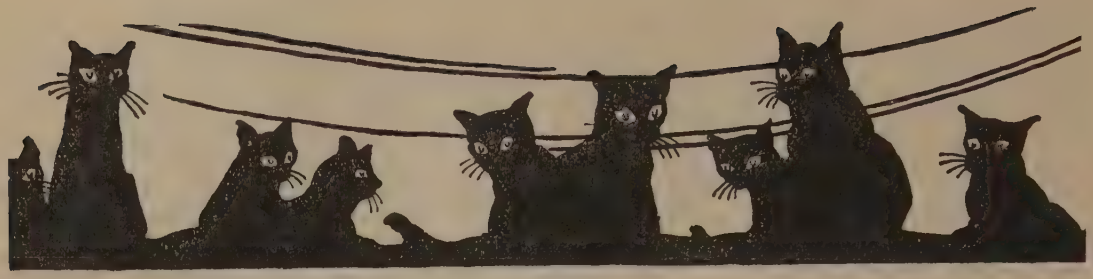
Nelson jumped up and nearly shook the little mongrel in his impatience.

"Take me to him at once!" he cried. "He 'll be my master too before nightfall! I 'll never lose sight of him again."

"Oh, sir," the mongrel pleaded, his thin little body quivering with anxiety, "*don't* turn me out! I 've never had a home before, and you 're big and handsome and can shift for yourself. And he could n't keep two dogs, you know."

Tears came into Nelson's soft brown eyes, which were full of sympathy.

"I suppose you 're right," he said. "Don't be afraid—I will not turn you out." And the yellow mongrel thanked him joyfully, and "You *are* a hero, after all!" said Geoff, one of the finest dogs at the party.



SOME CATS

THE RUNAWAYS

BY E. BOYD SMITH

THE circus had put up its tents on the edge of the town, under the trees which bordered the high-road.

It was summer, and the air was strong and fresh; the birds twittered joyfully in the branches, and the leaves whispered lightly, fanned by the sea-breeze.

Every one felt lazy and happy; it was good to be in the sunshine, and the winter was still far away.

The animals in their cages grew restless; the birds, the sunshine, and the air were calling to them, and they longed to answer and to come out. But, alas! they were prisoners, taken away from their own world to be forever shut up and shown in a circus. The brown bear grew sulky, and the monkey spiteful.

"I 'm going to get out of this and take a run in the woods," said the bear to the monkey.

"I 'm with you," Jacko answered; "but how can we manage it?"

"That 's simple enough," said Bruin. "I can easily pull up my stake. No one knows how strong I am, because I 've always been content to stay here and be quiet. Then I can break your little chain for you, if you wish to come, and we 'll go off and have a fine time." And Bruin began to tug at his chain.

"Wait a minute," whispered Jacko. "The master is too near us just now; wait till he goes away."

Jacko kept his eyes wide open, to be sure that no one should see them when they left. Some one was always lingering about, and no good chance offered itself.

"We 'd better wait till after dark," he suggested; "then, when they 're all sleeping, we can sneak out."

The brown bear was impatient, but as he knew Jacko had a reputation for being sharp-witted, he decided to take his advice.

"And then, too, we 'll have our dinner by waiting," added the monkey, "and it 's always pleasanter to make sure of that; one never knows what may happen, and a full stomach is better than an empty one."

Here the giraffe, who had been listening, spoke up: "I 'll go along too."

"The more the merrier," answered Bruin.

But Jacko did n't seem quite to like the idea. "If we go in a crowd we 're sure to be seen and brought back," he suggested. "Now, Bruin and I can hide easily, or get up into a tree, but you can't, and you 're so long, and so—well, *conspicuous.*"

"But I 'm thin. I can get *behind* a tree, even if I can't climb one," pleaded the giraffe.

"Come along; that 's all right," said the genial bear; "we 'll get along somehow."

Jacko still looked doubtful, but as people always called monkeys selfish he did n't like to say anything more.

By and by along came Jules the groom with dinner, and for a while the animals crunched and munched away quietly, looking as innocent as possible. Bruin now wanted to take a nap; he no longer felt that craving for liberty and adventure. But the energetic monkey insisted that if they were going to run away they must do it at once, while the men were eating their dinner. The bear was lazy, but as it was he who had first proposed the plan he could n't very well give it up so soon. So, with a vigorous jerk, he soon had his stake out of the ground and dangling at the end of his chain. Next he quickly set free the monkey, then bit in two the giraffe's rope.

Quietly and cautiously they stole out among the wagons, and, once clear of these, struck out

for the wood. Being under cover of the shadow of the trees, they started off at a brisk trot.

"Hold on," cried the monkey, who was being left behind. "You two are in a great hurry."

The bear had just been thinking the same thing about the giraffe.

"Here; let me ride, and then I 'll have time to think of what we must do next," suggested Jacko, hopping up on the bear's back.

"THE GIRAFFE SPOKE UP: 'I 'LL GO ALONG TOO.'"

After trotting this way for a mile, Bruin began to wonder if it was n't time to rest. "This is harder work than the circus," he said.

So they stopped under a big tree. The bear sat down puffing.

"Hot work, this foot-racing," he panted.

"Just in my line," murmured the giraffe, still fresh and cool, as he began nibbling and munching the young leaves above him.

"Any nuts up there?" asked Jacko.

"Climb up my neck and see," answered the giraffe.

No sooner said than done. "It 's a chestnut-tree," said Jacko, from the branches, "but the chestnuts seem to be rather scarce."

"What shall we do now?" asked Bruin, impatiently.

"I see a bright light over there," said Jacko, from the tree. "Let 's go and reconnoiter; we may find chickens—that 's in your line."

So off our heroes started in the direction of the light.

"I can't see any light, though," said the bear.

"That 's because you 're too short," said the giraffe. "I can see it easily. It is n't such a bad thing to be so long, after all."

"That 's so," said Bruin.

"I did n't think of that," added the monkey, who now admitted the giraffe's advantages.

Soon they came to a farm-yard; beyond, in the house, the light was burning. The monkey climbed over the fence to explore.

Presently he came back. "Cabbages, turnips, chickens, and bees!" was the report he brought. The bear licked his chops; his run had given him a fresh appetite.

"I like cabbages," said the giraffe.

They went around the fence, looking for an opening. Finding none, the bear lost patience. "I 'll make one," he said, and at once began tearing down the boards. In a few minutes the three were making themselves at home in the garden.

"Try a cabbage," said Bruin to the giraffe, as he sat on his haunches, comfortably munching.

"Turnip-tops are n't bad," said the giraffe.

The bear at last found the bees, and nosed around the hive; impatient to get at the honey, he upset it with a blow of his paw. The giraffe and monkey, quietly munching, stood looking on. Suddenly from out the overturned hive swarmed a myriad of bees. In a moment our vagabonds were covered with them, and the bees were stinging furiously.

"Ow! ow!" yelled the monkey, skipping off as fast as he could scamper; the giraffe jumped and kicked, but he could n't get away from the stings; and Bruin, quite upset, rolled on the ground, groaning and desperately pawing his nose and ears. Then they all beat a retreat so as to talk it over.

"See here, Bruin," declared Jacko; "if that is all you know about bees, you must hunt them alone after this. I 've had quite enough."

"But the honey is so very good," pleaded Bruin, with his mouth full.

"That may be, but it costs too dear," sighed the giraffe, rubbing his nose and neck against a tree.

"It 's so long since I 've hunted that I suppose I 'm rather clumsy," apologized the bear, poking his nose in the ground to cool it.

"Let us try the chickens," suggested Jacko; "they can't sting anyway."

So they cautiously stole around to the coop. The bear tore down the side, and the monkey nimbly seized a couple of sleepy chickens and passed them out. But the other fowls, now awake, set up a great cackling, and the cock gave the alarm by crowing.

"Enough of your racket," shouted the monkey, knocking the noisy cock from his perch. But he only crowed the louder for that.

"I don't think all this noise is very good for us," suggested the bear.

Scarcely had the words escaped him when he heard the farmer cry:

"Hi, chicken-thieves!" then bang! went a gun.

"Oh, me! oh, my!" exclaimed Jacko. "I 'm killed outright."

But there was no time for talk, and so the party rushed away through the fence to the wood.

"Now I 'm stung with a vengeance," grunted the bear, who had received a good part of the charge of shot.

"And I feel like a sieve," sobbed the chattering monkey. "Oh, I don't want any more bees or chickens!"

"I did n't get much," said the giraffe, "because I 'm so thin. I see it 's a good thing to be thin sometimes."

And now they rested again in a quiet place to talk it over.

"We 're free enough," said the monkey, "but don't seem to be having such a good time as I thought we should. Perhaps the circus is n't such a bad place, after all."

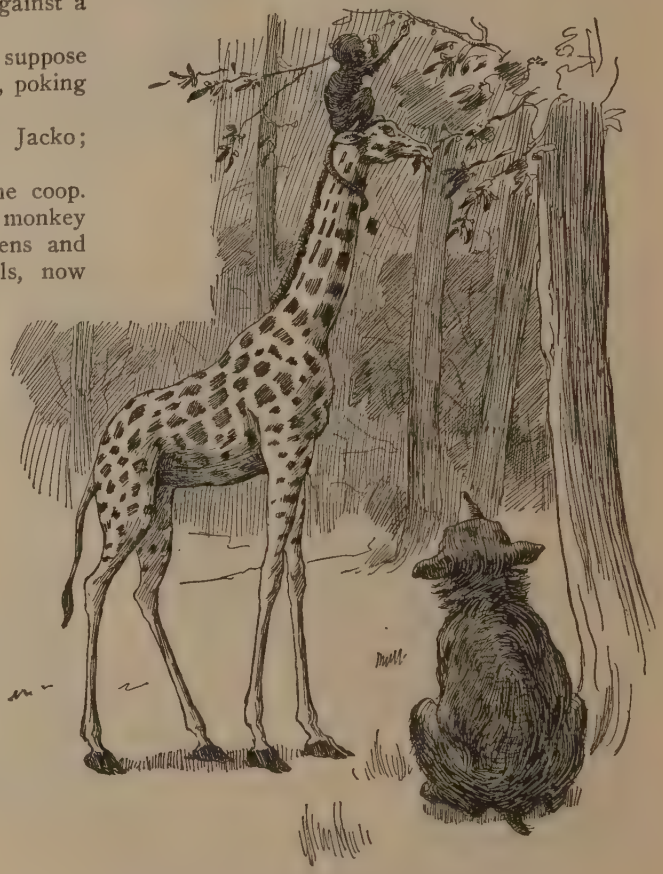
"Oh, don't be discouraged," answered the bear; "we 'll have some fun yet."

Feeling tired and rather shaken up after all this excitement, they comfortably settled down for a nap, and were awakened in the morning by the birds twittering above them.

"Is n't it breakfast-time?" suggested Bruin.

"Let 's look about and see if we can find anything," said Jacko.

As there did n't seem to be much to eat in the wood, except for the giraffe, who never complained, they sneaked in close to the village. From the back kitchen of a house came a savory odor of hot breakfast.



"'THE CHESTNUTS SEEM TO BE RATHER SCARCE,' SAID JACKO."

"Ah, that smells good," said the bear, hungrily. Without more ado he ran up to the door and looked in. "No one here," he called to the others.

This was indeed good luck. In they went—that is, the monkey and the bear; for the giraffe was too tall for the door, so he reached in through the window. Warm bread and milk were set upon the table; the farmer's wife had gone out to call the workmen.

"This is better than circus food," suggested Bruin.

"Yes; things are going better this morning," answered the monkey.

"Pass that bread, please," said the giraffe, poking his head through the window; and life seemed bright and gay again for the escaped prisoners.

But alas! shadows quickly followed the sunlight, for just as they were feeling comfortably

at home the farmer's wife came back. She put her head in the door, and set up a howl of terror.

"Hello, what 's up now?" said the bear. "Perhaps we 'd better be moving."

But they did n't move quick enough; for soon the farm-hands, armed with pitchforks and clubs, came clamoring up to the house.

The giraffe at the first alarm ran for the shelter of the wood, soon followed by the monkey. But the bear was slower, and, as he started to join his comrades, was pelted with stones and hammered with clubs, while the dogs bit savagely at him. He had to turn and fight, from time to time, to protect himself. The dog he upset with a swinging blow of his great paw; and as the men dared not approach too near, he escaped the pitchforks. But he could not dodge the stones, and received many a severe blow before reaching the trees. Once there, he took to his legs and ran as he had never run before.

Deep in the wood he found the giraffe, panting and terrified, waiting for him.

"Where 's our Jacko?" he asked.

"Up here, where there are n't any men with sticks," called the monkey from overhead, slowly coming down to join the others.

"THEY RESTED AGAIN IN A QUIET PLACE TO TALK IT OVER."

"Now," said the bear, "this kind of thing won't do; something is wrong. Here I am, already half full of shot, my nose all swelled from bee-stings, and my head and back lame from the stones which have hit me."

"And I, too, have shot in me, and I was stung," wailed the unhappy monkey.

"I 'm still all right," said the giraffe, with its gentle smile. .

"Well, we can't go on in this way," continued the bear; "there 's no pleasure in it. We might better be in the circus. Jacko, you are clever; can't you fix up things better, so that we won't get knocked about and abused every time we try to get something to eat? People who came to see us in the circus used to give us buns and sugar, and were friendly. But here they shoot at us and club us. What 's the matter? Why are they so changeable?"

Jacko scratched his head and tried to look wise; but he could n't find any ideas, and said he 'd need more time to think about it.

As Bruin was thirsty after his lively run, he proposed that they go and look for water. They had n't gone far when they heard the sound of a brook. As they came out of the wood, what should they see but a man swimming in a large pool formed by the brook.

"I 'm off," cried Jacko. "We 'll be shot at or stoned again."

But Bruin was feeling angry, and said he 'd have a drink, man or no man; so he started down the bank to the water.

The swimmer, hearing a rustle, turned, and, catching sight of the bear, leaped out of the water in terror, running up the opposite bank, and leaving his clothes behind him.

"Now, I 've got an idea," cried Jacko, picking up the clothes. "I 'll dress up as they used to fix me in the circus; then the people will give me things, and we can get along in that way."

But the trousers were too big, and though he tried in every way, he could n't keep them on. He was sorely disappointed, the idea was such a clever one, but he could n't make it work.

At last he thought of another scheme. "You might dress up, Bruin; they 'll fit you,—you 're bigger than I am,—and I 'll show you just how to do it."

But Bruin was n't enthusiastic; he said bears never wore suits of clothes, even in the circus.

Jacko insisted. "You can go into the houses and get what you want; people will take you for a man if you dress yourself up like one."

The bear still looked doubtful, but, as the giraffe also thought well of the scheme, finally agreed to try it. So Jacko helped him to put on

the man's trousers, slipping the suspenders over his shoulders.

"But the trousers are much too long in the legs," objected the bear.

"We can roll them up," said Jacko. So he rolled them up at the bottom. They were too tight to button around the waist, but the monkey said that did n't matter, the blouse would cover them. Next the blouse was put over Bruin's head; the sleeves were too long, so Jacko rolled them up, too. Next the cap; this he fastened on by letting out the strap till it went around Bruin's chin. Then he stood back, delighted with his work.

"Looks just like a man, does n't he?" he appealed to the giraffe.

The giraffe thought he did—"just like."

"But my face is far too black," said Bruin, who did not like it at all.

"Oh, no," protested the monkey; "lots of men have whiskers and look exactly like that. You look like a sailor from abroad."

"But I can't keep those shoes on."

"Well, you can wear the stockings; there used to be a man about the circus who went around in his stockings. That 'll be all right," said the monkey, encouragingly.

When he was dressed, Jacko nimbly skipped off a few paces, to see the effect. "You must walk on your hind legs all the time," he recommended; "that 's the way the men do."

Bruin looked very funny in his clothes, with his cap slipping down over one ear. The giraffe grinned, but said nothing.

"Well, now what shall we do?" asked the bear, who was getting used to his clothes, and who began to feel that he did look like a man, in spite of his first doubts.

"We 'll go back to town," said Jacko, "and try the scheme."

So off they started toward the village. Occasionally one leg of the trousers would unroll and get wound around the bear's foot, sending him sprawling. At last he got tired of walking upright, and dropped down on all fours.

"I can stand up when we come to a house," he said. "It 's too hard work here."

But now the blouse got around his fore paws and upset him, and the cap slipped down on his nose and he could n't see. "I 'm glad I 'm not a man," he said. "Clothes certainly are a terrible nuisance."

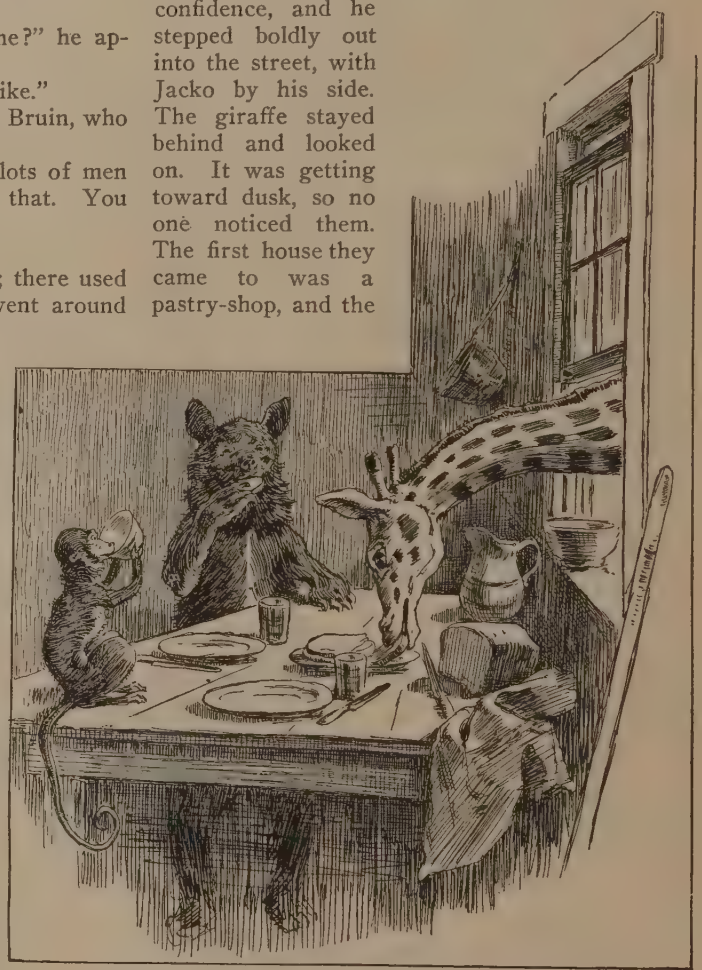
Jacko straightened up the cap and gave him a new start, and at last they succeeded in getting near the village.

"Now," said the monkey, "I 'll take your hand, and we 'll go in together. We can have some fun, anyway, for we 'll fool these people."

"I don't *feel* just like a man," said the bear. "How do I *look?*"

"Just like the boss of the circus, for all the world," Jacko assured him.

This gave Bruin confidence, and he stepped boldly out into the street, with Jacko by his side. The giraffe stayed behind and looked on. It was getting toward dusk, so no one noticed them. The first house they came to was a pastry-shop, and the window was filled with many delicious brown pies and cakes.



"LIFE SEEMED BRIGHT AND GAY AGAIN FOR THE ESCAPED PRISONERS."

"Here 's luck," said the bear. "I 'll have that nice big one," and he reached for it.

But crash! went the glass. Bruin did n't know

anything about windows, and so had put his paw through the pane. He was very much surprised, but had n't time to make a remark before he heard the baker's wife cry: "Oh, the thief!"

And the next thing he knew she had given him a terrible whack on the head with the broom-handle. Then she rushed out and caught him by the collar.

"You vagabond, you 'll go to jail for this!" But here she caught sight of Bruin's face. "A bear!" she cried, and dropped to the ground; she had fainted from fright.

"I guess that woman 's gone to sleep," said Bruin, wonderingly.

"She was wide awake a minute ago," said Jacko; "it certainly is very remarkable."

"What did she hit me on the head for, I wonder," muttered the bear, rubbing the bruised spot.

But here the baker's wife came out of her faint. She started up, shouting loudly for help, and dashed down the street.

"Now, that 's just the way the other woman did this morning," suggested the bear. "Things went wrong then, and I have an idea that things are going wrong again."

And things did go wrong; for pretty soon down the street came the whole village. The alarm had spread that a bear was at large. The dogs set up a furious barking.

"There 's a man with a gun again," cried Jacko. "Let 's run."

But the dogs were soon barking around them. Jacko picked up the cakes and biscuits and pelted the noisy dogs; but they only barked the louder. And then the men appeared.

"I think we made a mistake when we left our circus," sorrowfully said Bruin, as he cuffed the troublesome dogs to keep them from biting his legs.

The men were afraid to approach the bear, but they poked at him with long sticks, which worried him, for while he was defending himself from these the dogs would rush in and bite him. To make matters worse, the legs of his trousers came unrolled and fell about his feet, and he began to have a hard time.

Suddenly he caught sight of the man with the gun. He made a dash through the shop, with Jacko after him. And the dogs came, too. Straight out through the back window he leaped, carrying with him a heap of flower-pots. Clatter and crash! down they came together in the court. Up jumped Bruin and ran—anywhere to get away; right into a stable door he darted. But a donkey had seen him coming, and kicked out with both heels, sending the poor bear rolling out, nearly as fast as he had gone in.

"BRUIN LOOKED VERY FUNNY IN HIS CLOTHES, WITH HIS CAP SLIPPING DOWN OVER ONE EAR."

"I 'll never play man again," he groaned as he picked himself up.

But he had n't much time to spare for groaning, for already the men and dogs had come around the house and were looking for him. The fence was high, but he clambered over it, in spite of the hampering blouse and trousers. Once over, he put his best foot forward to get to the wood.

"Phew!" he puffed as he sat down to rest. "That 's enough for me."

Hearing a crackling in the bushes, he jumped up and stood on his guard.

"Well, you can run pretty fast when you 're in a hurry," said the giraffe, appearing. "I 've been trying to catch you since you left town. Did you have a good time?"

"See here," said Bruin, grimly; "if you think

this is a good time for joking you make a mistake. And," he added, "I 've had enough of being free. Liberty may be a good thing, but it 's much too wearing. I 'm going back to the circus."

"Wait for me," squeaked a panting voice from the branches of a neighboring tree. It was Jacko. "I guess I don't care as much for being free as I did; it 's too exciting."

"Well, I can't stay out here all alone," put in the giraffe. "I suppose I 'll have to go back, too."

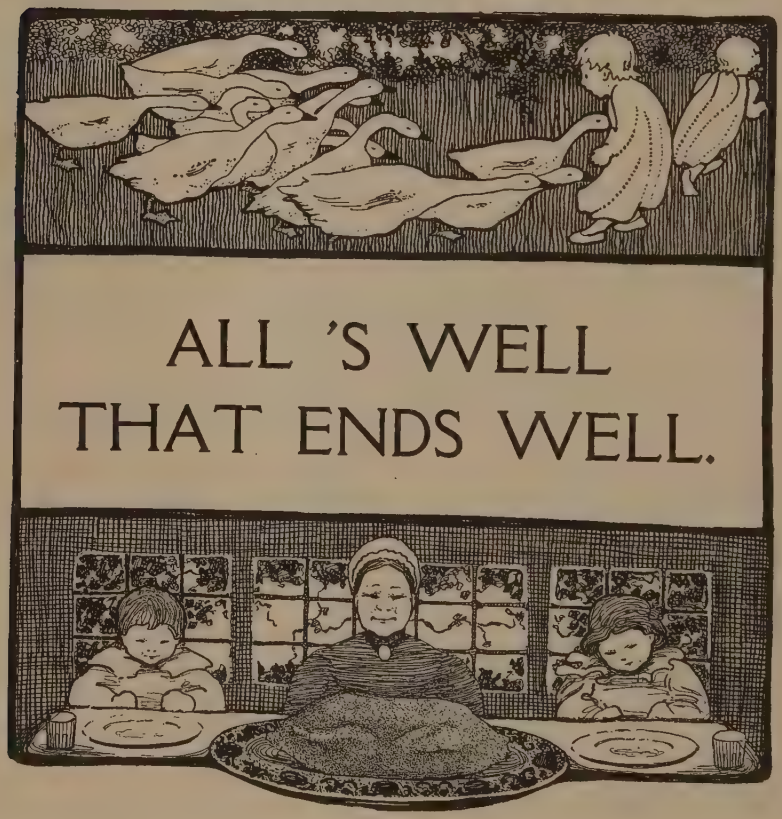
"Here, Jacko, take off these rags," said the bear, "and the next time anybody wants to play man, I won't be the one."

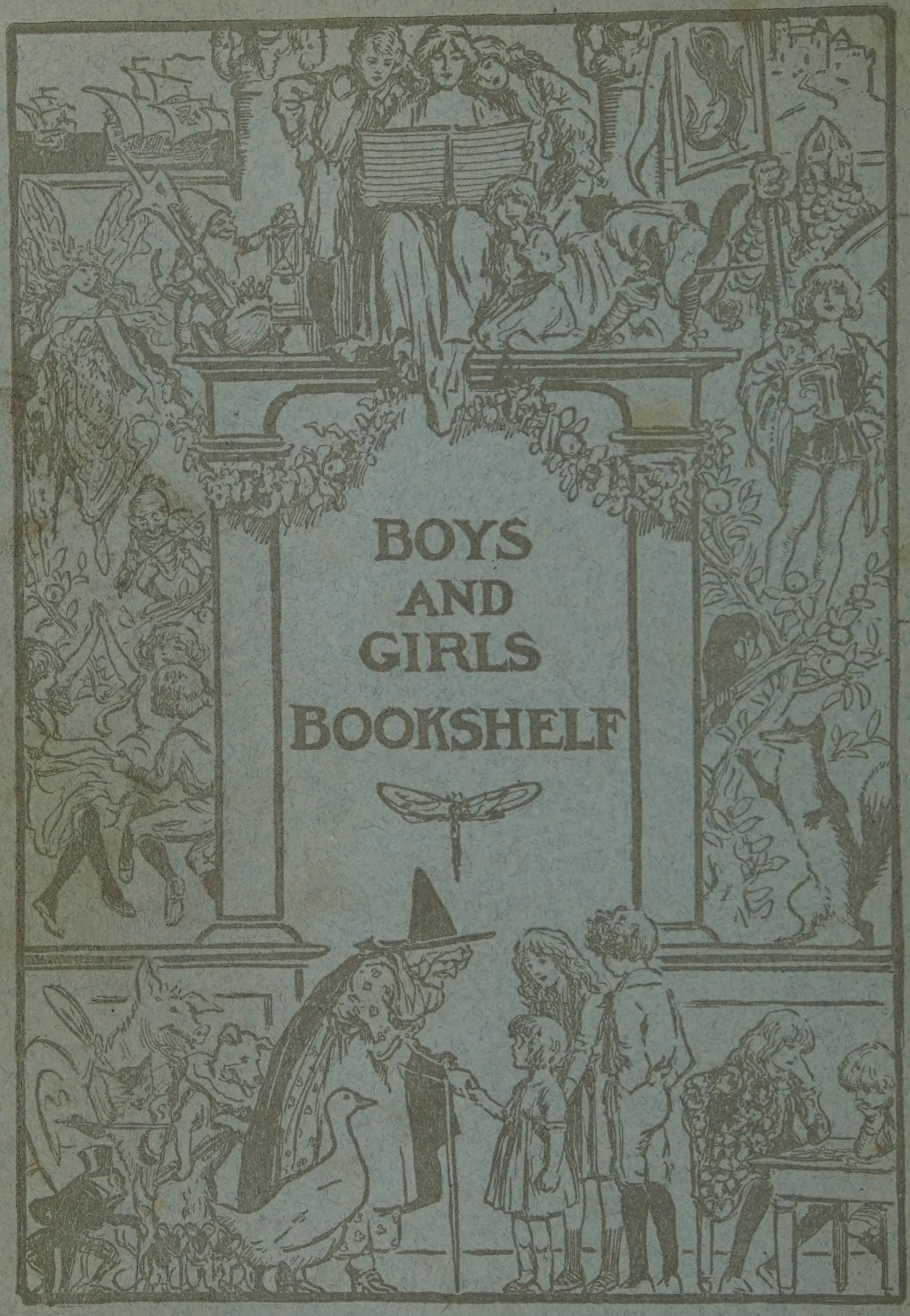
"But the idea was such a good one," protested Jacko; "only, somehow we had no luck."

Slowly and sadly the three set off to hunt for the circus. Bruin was feeling sore and stiff, and Jacko was very quiet; but the giraffe was as calm and dignified as ever.

Just before dawn they found their old home, and stole quietly in, feeling that perhaps they were not yet quite ready to enjoy liberty.

AN ILLUSTRATED PROVERB

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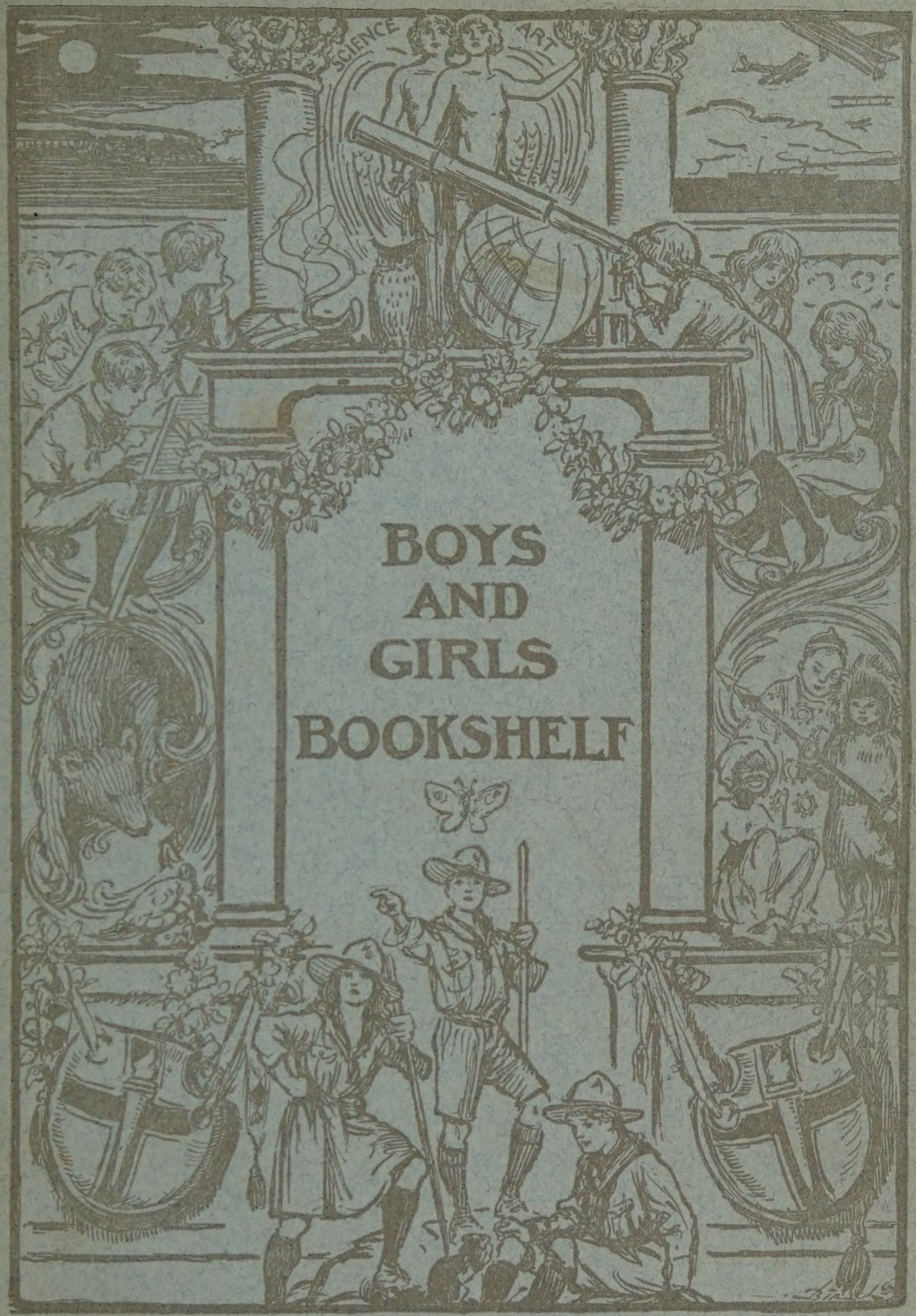
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